JUNE 18,
1938

Liberty

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I WAS
REJUVENATED:
How Science
lade Me Younger

PRACTICAL JOKES THAT LINDBERGH PLAYED
by Major
homas G. Lanphier,
His Flying Friend

OW MUCH IS A BALLPLAYER WORTH?
y Joe Di Maggio

RENDEZVOUS AT
RMS—A Novel of
ontraband Love
by Charles
Francis Coe

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

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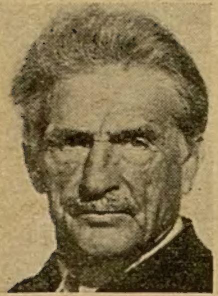
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

THE WORKERS ARE THE SUCKERS



BERNARR MACFADDEN

The bill for the wild extravagances of our governmental officials . . . the huge losses running into billions that business is compelled to assume at this time, will have to be borne largely by the workers.

Some of the unthinking masses will laugh at this statement, but we have governmental records to prove its accuracy.

As we stated in a recent editorial, the officials of the Department of Commerce have published the results of an exhaustive analysis of the business situation, and they state very definitely that the workers secure 84 per cent of the income accruing from business. And there are but few if any exceptions to this rule.

If you doubt the truth of this statement, secure a copy of this book, entitled National Income in the United States—1929-35, containing results of this elaborate investigation, by writing the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., enclosing twenty-five cents.

Every citizen who wishes to be thoroughly informed in this hectic period of our national life should read this book.

And how the workers are to bear the loss running into billions and billions may be a pertinent inquiry.

The government indebtedness, for example, which is now nearly forty billion—and nearly half of this amount has been incurred by the present administration—will have to be paid by earned wealth of some kind . . . from mines, fields, and factories. And before there can be net earnings from any source 84 per cent of the gross income goes to labor.

Every dollar that is spent over the counter of our various stores for factory products of any kind . . . 84 cents of every dollar has been paid to workers.

To particularize . . . to clear up any confusion that might exist . . . suppose we take a shoe factory, and in order to find out just how much money is paid to labor on a pair of shoes we will go back to the farm where the animals are raised that supply the hides. Either the farmer himself or his hired hands must be paid for their labor. The middleman who sells the hide to the tanner would have to be paid for his work. The tanner would have to pay his laborers. The salesman that sells the hide to the shoe factory would have his share, and the shoe manufacturer would have to pay all of his workers. The salesman who sells the shoes to the shoe store or the department store would have to have his salary, and the salesman who sells the shoes to the consumer must be paid.

When you follow the labor that is necessary to produce and sell almost any merchandise, the statement that 84 cents out of every dollar goes to workers does not appear to be exaggerated.

Therefore, when it is announced that business has lost billions, 84 cents of every dollar of this loss must be borne by the workers. In other words, they would have earned 84 cents of every one of these lost dollars if business had been up to normal standards.

And when workers gleefully endorse the attacks on business, it is not unlike a man punching himself in the nose.

The workers are the main sufferers. They lose 84 cents out of every dollar lost by business.

And don't forget that, out of the 16 cents business secures from every dollar, interest, insurance, rent, taxes, and many other expenses have to be assumed before there is an actual net profit.

Many great business enterprises are satisfied with a net profit of 3 to 6 per cent of the invested capital. When the workers wake up and clearly understand the present situation, they will have to acknowledge that supporting governmental attacks on business has cost them hundreds of millions—they are the suckers!

Bernarr Macfadden

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BEGINNING

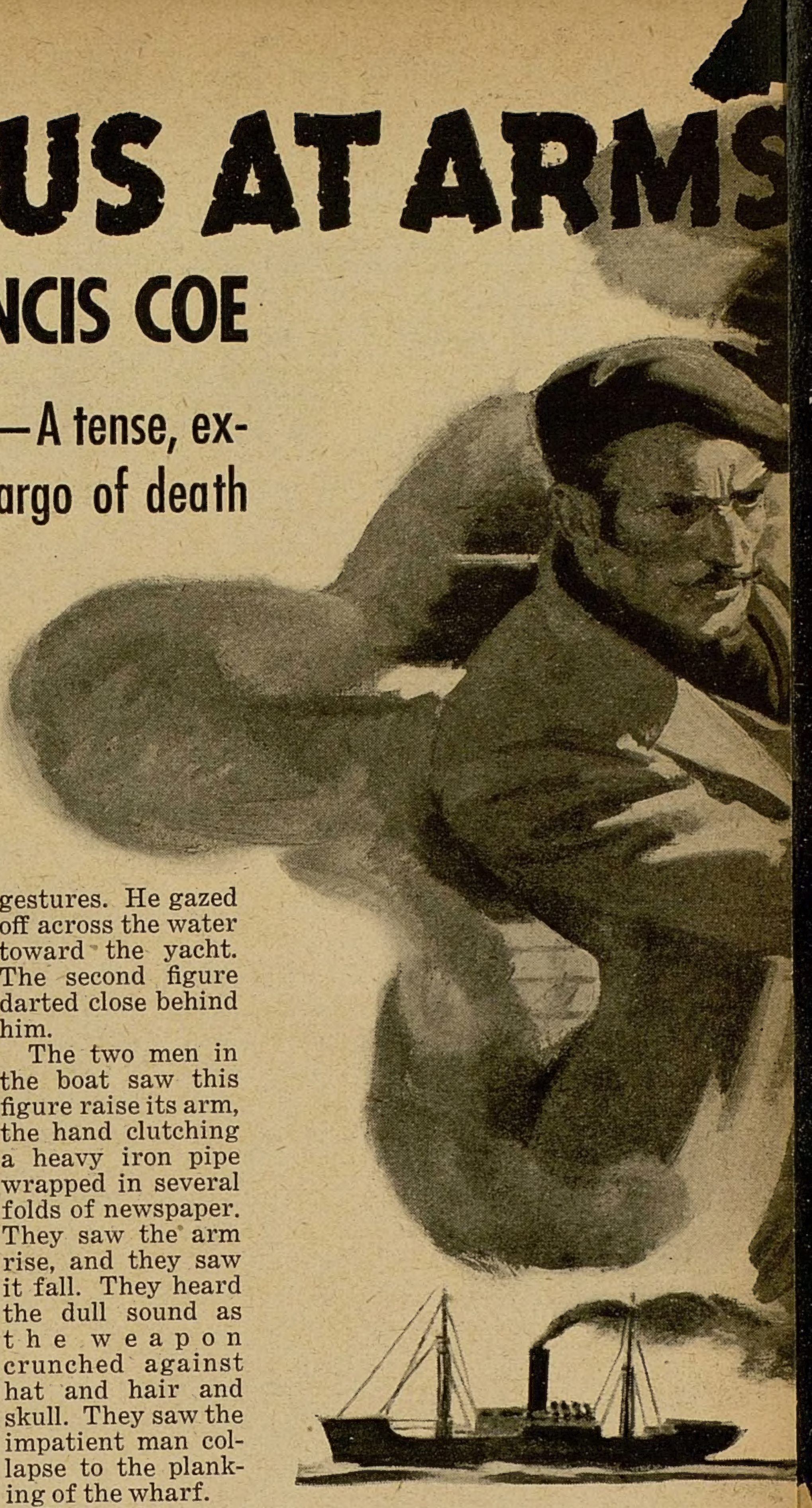
RENDEZVOUS AT ARMS

BY CHARLES FRANCIS COE

New thrills from a master of melodrama!—A tense, exciting novel of contraband love and a cargo of death

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 19 SECONDS



"You rotten coward!" the prisone

PART ONE—SHANGHAIED

IT was late November and the air was clear and sharp. The yacht, southbound, and in port only to provision, lay at anchor some half mile from the wharf. About her sleek white sides the tide swept with incessant whispering. Her rigging gave off sibilant twangings as the gentle wind caressed it, curled about its yardarms overhead. Along its water line lights glowed, as staterooms received their guests preparing for bed.

A few hundred yards away another ship lay at anchor. This was a stubby tramp, black and rusted, its deckhouse far astern, its bow disproportionately high above the water, its single riding light casting a baleful yellow glare over the dark waters. Between the two was the complete contrast so evident between commerce and pleasure. The tramp was a laborer with the brine of the seven seas bit deep into her steel hull. The yacht was a dainty bauble, plaything of the rich, disdainful even of the waters she rode.

Between the two there could be no possible connection; yet, even as they lay there, chance was drawing them inextricably into the same vortex. Events which had no conceivable place in life aboard the yacht, and which completely disrupted life aboard the tramp, were in the making. It was as though the whisper of rigging and the gurgle of tide were an unheeded warning of tragic things to come.

The lights along the water line of the yacht gradually disappeared. Late night settled over the water and over the docks at the shore line. Under one of these docks, deep hid in the black shadows, a dory lay still. In this little boat two men sat waiting. One of them now and then reached forth a huge grimy hand, with sinewy fingers pushed the boat away from a piling. Neither man spoke. Each seemed to know exactly what was expected of him. From their vantage point between the black and barnacle-crusted pilings they could see the far side of an empty mooring berth, and they kept their watch close upon this.

Shortly after midnight a single figure appeared on this wharf. The men in the boat tensed. The one with the great grimy hand reached forth and clutched the other's forearm. The gesture evoked an understanding nod. They waited, silent, tense. The man on the wharf walked through the deep shadow and leaned against a bollard on the wharf end. He appeared to gaze into the water, some six or eight feet below, as though looking for something he expected to find.

While he stood thus, another figure appeared. This man moved swiftly, stealthily, his footfalls absorbed by the vague and nondescript sounds of the water-front night. A long way off a trolley bell clanged; somewhere an automobile horn sounded. These distant sounds passed unheeded by the four figures. The man leaning on the bollard straightened and there was impatience in his gestures. He gazed off across the water toward the yacht. The second figure darted close behind him.

The two men in the boat saw this figure raise its arm, the hand clutching a heavy iron pipe wrapped in several folds of newspaper. They saw the arm rise, and they saw it fall. They heard the dull sound as the weapon crunched against hat and hair and skull. They saw the impatient man collapse to the planking of the wharf.

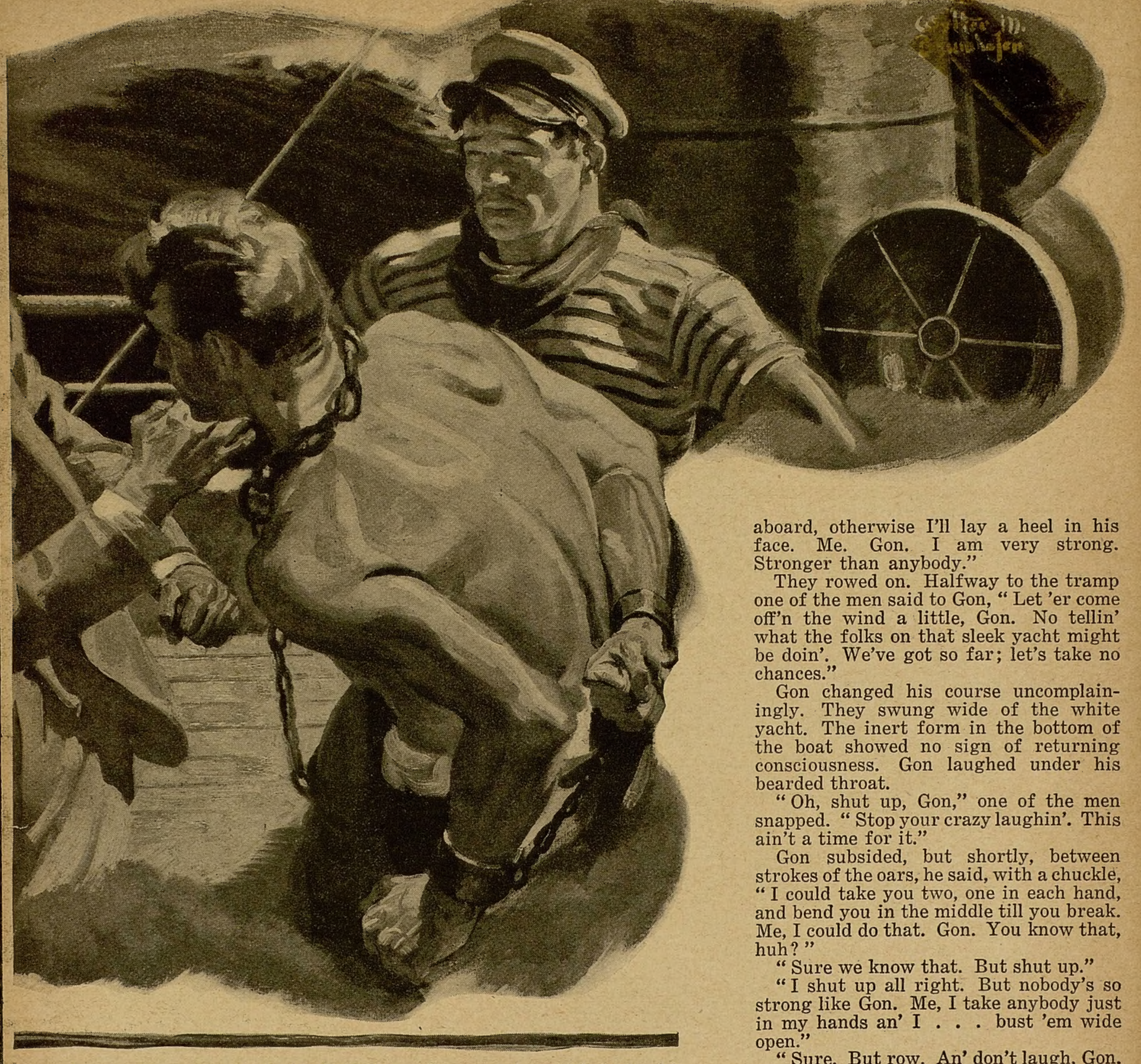
Then the man with the big grimy hand swung the dory clear of the piling and pushed it along the wharf, while the second man whistled softly and rose in the stern of the little boat and made ready for what was planned. When they had reached that point under the wharf where the two men on the planking were directly above them, they steadied their little craft.

"Get him?" the man in the stern asked hoarsely.

"Stiff as a nail," the man on the wharf said. There was satisfaction and something of laughter in his voice.

"Good. Then pass him over. This is the last place we want to stay. They'll get to wonderin' what's delayin' us if we don't haul and sail. . . . You, Gon, reach up and take this package. Lay him in the bottom. If he stirs, wipe off his face with that fist of yours."

The man with the great hands rose. He reached upward. With considerable effort the conscious one above was rolling the inert one to the edge of the wharf. With tremendous puffing and hauling, he managed to get the form over the edge. There it slipped into the great hands and was like a doll in the grasp of a grown child. The one called Gon laughed throatily. He spread the form at

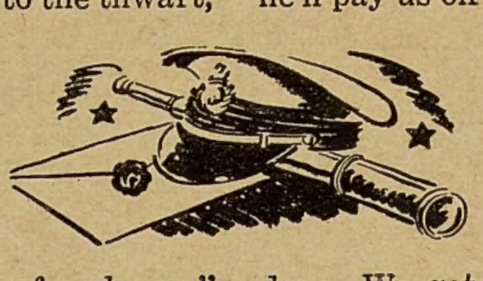


rasped after the unexpected attack. "You yellow rat! I can't fight back."

his feet, the little boat tipping and swaying as the man from above added his weight by getting aboard.

“ Now pull those oars, Gon,” the man in the stern snapped. “ This is the best place I know of to be gettin' rid of.”

Gon was chuckling throatily. He sank on to the thwart, shipped a pair of short narrow-blade oars, laid his weight and strength against these until they bent. The dory shot clear of the wharf, pointed its gurgling, slapping bow toward the black hulk that was the tramp steamer. Now and then Gon looked over his shoulder at the baleful yellow light.



“ Mebbe,” the man in the stern said thoughtfully, “ you've conked this mug fer keeps.”

“ Mebbe,” laconically. “ An' who'd be the loser for that? ”

“ I guess only him,” with a short laugh.

“ He ain't conked,” Gon said in his husky voice. “ I feel him movin' his chest when he breathes. I got him under my leg. It'll be better fer him if he sleeps till we get aboard, otherwise I'll lay a heel in his face. Me. Gon. I am very strong. Stronger than anybody.”

They rowed on. Halfway to the tramp one of the men said to Gon, “ Let 'er come off'n the wind a little, Gon. No tellin' what the folks on that sleek yacht might be doin'. We've got so far; let's take no chances.”

Gon changed his course uncomplainingly. They swung wide of the white yacht. The inert form in the bottom of the boat showed no sign of returning consciousness. Gon laughed under his bearded throat.

“ Oh, shut up, Gon,” one of the men snapped. “ Stop your crazy laughin'. This ain't a time for it.”

Gon subsided, but shortly, between strokes of the oars, he said, with a chuckle, “ I could take you two, one in each hand, and bend you in the middle till you break. Me, I could do that. Gon. You know that, huh? ”

“ Sure we know that. But shut up.”

“ I shut up all right. But nobody's so strong like Gon. Me, I take anybody just in my hands an' I . . . bust 'em wide open.”

“ Sure. But row. An' don't laugh, Gon. Wait till you get aboard, see? Laugh then. We got important business and can't stand a nutty laugh right now.”

“ Aboard. Then I'll laugh,” Gon said genially.

He laid to the oars and they drew close to the tramp. Not a light appeared, but over the quarter rail a figure was leaning watchfully.

“ That'll be Cardono,” one of the men said. “ I guess he'll pay us off well for this night's job.”

“ He'll pay, or we'll find out.”

“ Everythin' worked pretty enough. I was surprised it come along so easy. This guy,” prodding the crumpled figure in the bottom of the boat, “ may be as smart as Cardono says, but he sure stuck his head under a nutcracker for you. . . . But it ain't any of my business. Our job's done. We got him, dead or alive, an' we needn't give a darn which, if what I say counts! ”

“ That's right. I'm always a bit afraid of Gon. He never has talked, but how can you tell about a goof? ”

“ I wouldn't talk,” Gon rumbled. “ Not me. Not Gon. No, sir. Talk? Don't be as crazy as you think I am! ”

“ You ain't crazy, Gon. You just have spells. Mebbe the world is nuts an' you the only right thing in it."

They were alongside.

"Here's your prize booby, Cardono," the man in the stern called. "Heave us a line."

"All is well? You have the . . . hellhound?"

"We've got your man an' here he is. Heave a line."

A Jacob's ladder clattered over the grimy hull of the tramp, unwound until its end was near the bow of the dory. Beside this a line fell, an inch line. Gropingly, while Gon kept the little boat in place against the tide by clinging to a scupper, the man in the stern retrieved this line. He passed it about the inert body, made it fast.

"You, Gon," he said tersely, "get aboard by that ladder an' hoist this bum on deck."

Nimbly for such a behemoth as he was, Gon found the ladder, climbed it, took his place beside Cardono at the rail, and seized the line in his great hands. He hoisted the unconscious figure aboard, laid it at the feet of Cardono. Then he trotted along the deck plates to davits near the stern. He shook loose falls and lowered them away. The men in the dory dropped back under these falls and hooked on. They hoisted themselves aloft, two-blocks, and left Gon to swing the little craft inboard to deck cradles and secure it against the open sea.

Cardono, when they reached him, was standing above the crumpled figure of the man they had struck down. On his swarthy face, visible partially in the reflected light from a hatch, a nasty smile played.

"Satisfied?" one of the men from the dory demanded.

"Complete! This is the most infernal pest we've ever dealt with. I will enjoy handling him in my own way."

IT was dark on the deck but there was enough light from the hatch to reveal the features of the men. Cardono was the polished Latin. His teeth were white as pearls and he affected a small black mustache, curled at the points. He was dressed not at all like a seaman. The others were rough; obviously they were men of the water front, adventurers perhaps, when adventure offered; men ready to cash their limited talents in whatever, other than honest labor, presented.

"You hit him a good one," Cardono purred.

"I'll say. He ain't never guessed yet that somethin' crossed the part in his hair! Cold as a storage turkey, so he is. You said take no chances with him."

"Ah, yes. I said that. I meant it too. It shall be so now. Chain him. Get him below and put the best chains on him. He is a devil, this man. He thinks like a fiend, with the power to perform miracles."

"He didn't work at his trade when he walked out on to that dock," one man chuckled. "In my day I've shanghaied dozens, an' never an easier one than this."

"He was certain of his ground, you see," Cardono smiled. "That is the failing of most men. Overconfidence. We shall, in our own case, guard against it."

"Yeah. Now, about the payment for this little job? It may even be murder. You said to pour it on him, an' I poured, or my name ain't Hestin. Now, actin' on your say-so, I may have committed murder, in which case there'll be a prompt burial at sea, with the corpse well fastened to an anchor. . . ."

"You shall be paid—well paid. Have no fear of that. And you also, Mineg. Take this whelp below, and when he revives, I shall talk with him. Then we shall all know more about things."

"Mebbe his skull is cracked like a dish. We better give him a shot of somethin' to bring him round."

"Biston will look after that. Take him to the brig, chain him carefully, then let Biston minister to him. I would gladly let the devil die at my feet but for the information I expect to boil out of him. Be assured that, with this man free, our project had less than half a chance at full success."

"Gon, lug the stiff below. We'll chain him, then get Biston. By the way, where's the skipper?"

"With rare good judgment, he has remained in his room until I send for him. That way he will see nothing, hear nothing, know nothing."

"Well, you'd better get the hook up and put to sea. There's never any tellin' what may happen to gum plans."

Gon seized the still inert figure, lifted it in his grotesque arms, carried it to the steep hatch. Under his hairy throat rumblings of laughter sounded. In his blank eyes there burned a faint light of pleasure. Cardono, still smiling, cast a glance over the dark waters about the ship. The near-by yacht was growing steadily darker. He smirked in its general direction, went quickly to the underbridge, and rapped sharply at a cabin door there. The captain, in uniform, appeared instantly.

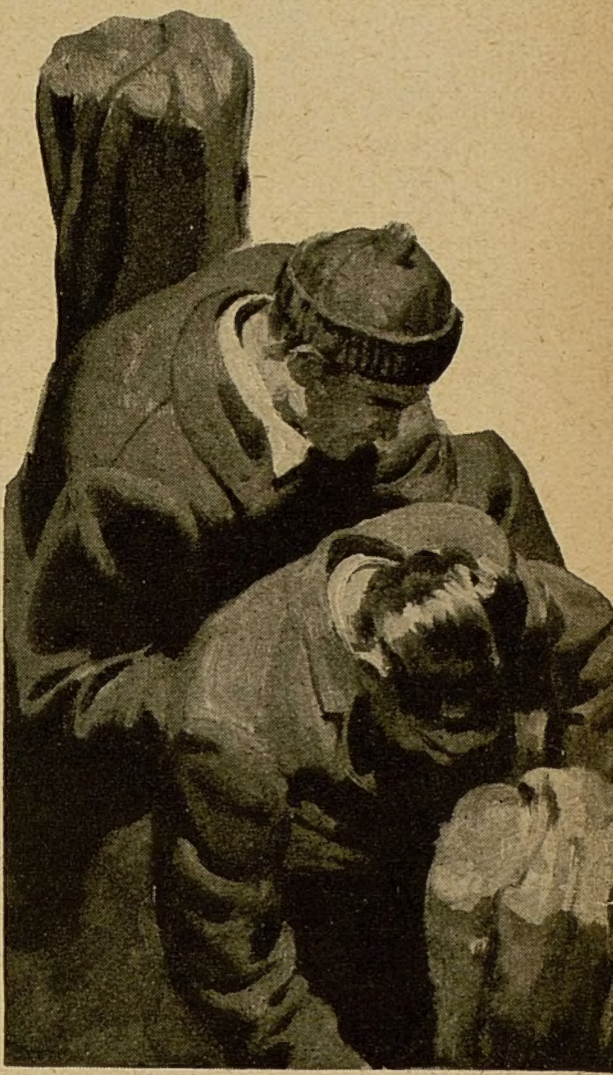
"I think we are ready to sail," Cardono said simply.

"Very good, sir. We'll be under way in a jiffy. . . . I'll call the hands. . . ."

"You have your sealed orders, captain. You will proceed to the nautical point described, and there open the orders."

"That's the way it'll be, sir."

Cardono bowed stiffly, turned away toward his own cabin. The captain went on to the bridge, there spoke into tubes and jerked signal-bell cords which resounded in the engine room. From the forecastle the boatswain appeared, followed by a motley crew intent upon rubbing sleep from their eyes. They went about the business of clearing ground tackle, meshing the capstan gears, making ready to weigh anchor. On the bridge, well aft, the captain regarded the weather, the tide, the lights of vessels about him. He ordered running lights on; at word from the boatswain, started the anchor engine, and the stud links of the chain rumbled upward, complaining sharply through the hawse, across the deck plates and clatteringly into the odoriferous chain locker.



"You, Gon, reach up and take this package. If he stirs, wipe off his face with that fist of yours."

Clouds of black smoke swept from the funnel of the tramp. She seemed suddenly to begin breathing deep within herself. The anchor broke clear, swung to the hawse, and the forecastle crew set about lashing the chain with pelican hook and rope preventer. The steady slow drumming of the propeller churned the black waters abaft the ship into a white wake. The captain set his course, spoke soft commands to the helmsman. The white yacht fell behind the moving tramp. The first and second officers appeared on the bridge, but the captain sent both below.

"I'll take a watch, Fenton," he said. "You fellows will get enough of it later on."

In an hour the tramp had cleared the inland waters. Her bow was rising and falling to a gentle but heavy ground swell. Under her dripping anchor lay an ocean to be conquered. The rigging whistled a litany beloved to a sailor's ears. When the captain sounded eight bells of the morning watch, his relief found only a heaving watery world, the center of which was the shaggy little tramp steamer with its mysterious owner, its motley crew, and its unconscious and unwilling passenger.

CARDONO roused from a pleasant sleep to the merry splashing of a hose being played along the decks, the scraping of scrubbers as the crew cleaned ship after clearing port. His quarters were comfortable, a thing he had been at particular pains to arrange when the tramp was chartered. He slipped from his bed, stretched luxuriously. From a table stand he took a cigarette and inhaled deeply. His pointed mustache twitched as he smiled reminiscently.

His cigarette finished, he rang for the cabin boy and ordered breakfast. Then he shaved and slipped into a small shower bath equipped with both fresh and salt water. He immersed himself and remained under the darting spray until his entire body tingled. It was good to be alive and feel as Cardono felt.

Breakfast over, he sent for Hestin.

"What of our delightful patient?" he queried sarcastically.

"Gon says he's not conked too bad. He's got a head that looks like an anchor fell on it, but he's conscious, an' Gon said he drank some coffee an' demanded to see the captain."

"So he's demanding already? How inconsiderate. It shall be that he will learn better manners, Hestin."

"That ain't my affair."

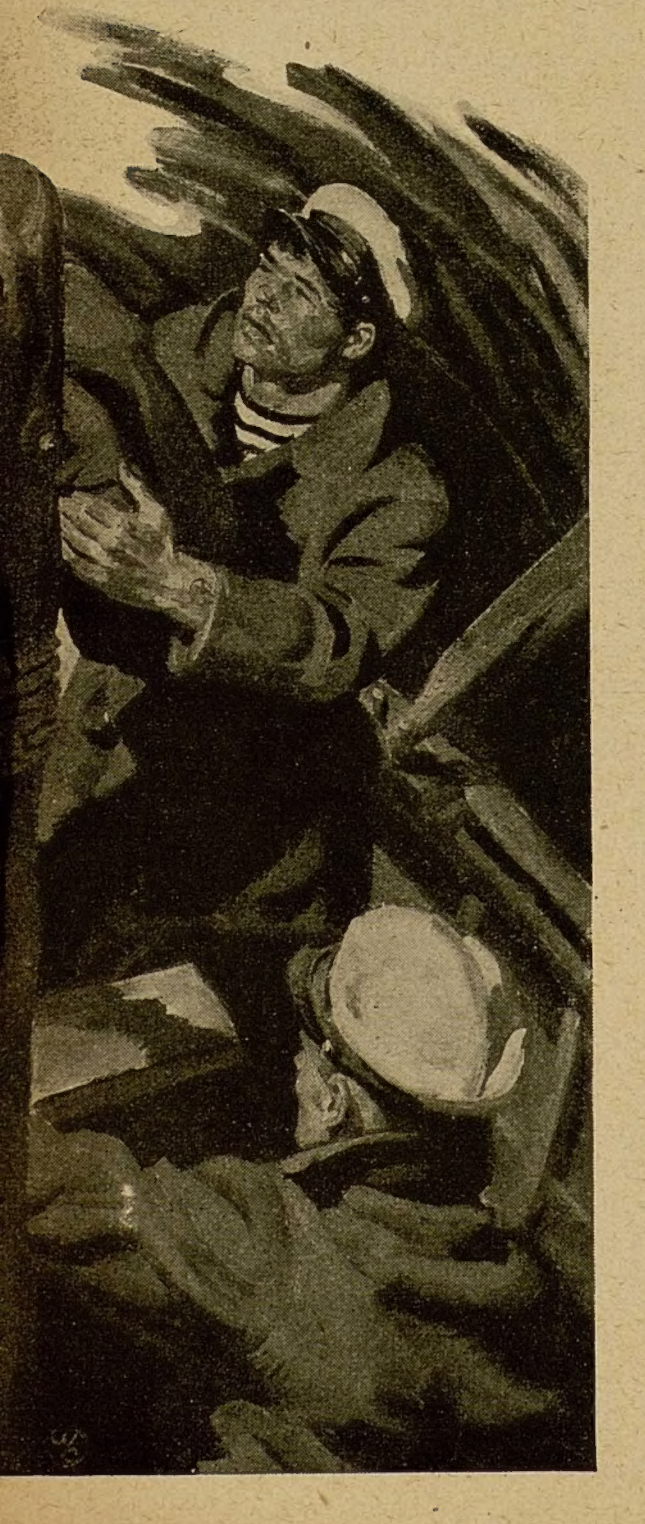
"I shall make it mine. Think of teaching Mr. Terrence O'Houle better manners! A delight indeed!"

"Who is he—Terrence O'Houle? What a name!"

"Yes, and what a man. He's cost me millions, that fiend. But I'll have my innings now. What will he think when he realizes that he walked right into my little trap, Hestin? What will the great agent of the government feel like when I, Cardono, snap my fingers in his face, taunt him, spit on him?"

Cardono laughed uproariously. "I can scarce wait, Hestin. Go you and tell Gon to bring me my pigeon. Open his gilded cage and bring him to me—chained, you understand. Take no chances with this man at any stage. I tell you he is bewitched of the devil himself. . . ."

"You Spaniards go for them strange curses and bewitchments," Hestin shrugged. "We don't. There ain't no guy no different than no other guy. He didn't show no partic'lar powers to resist the iron pipe I conked him with! They all look alike to me."



"You know not this Terrence O'Houle. But stay here and I shall remedy that. You will see him at his worst, but you will see him. And you will see Cardono enjoying an innings of which he has dreamed for moons —for moons. Come, bring me my O'Houle. 'Twill be better than breakfast, better than the sea, the sky, the air . . . better even than the señorita!"

Phlegmatically Hestin turned away. Cardono had chosen the port quarterdeck for his pacing and his interview with the prisoner. This was a secluded part of the ship denied the crew and reserved for Cardono and those he chose to specify. He took to pacing this deck as he waited. He puffed at a harsh-smelling cigarette of black tobacco, but from the weed drew evident relish.

In due course Gon appeared with the prisoner. The latter was disheveled, his hair matted with salve and blood, and his face ghastly. His arms were pinioned behind him by chains. He had been stripped to the waist, and about his biceps and wrists there were angry red marks from these chains.

"Good morning, my stowaway," Cardono greeted through a sneer. "So you would use my ship for your own purposes and expect us never to find you?"

"There has been a grievous mistake," the prisoner said in trembling voice. "A tragic mistake. I did not stow away on your ship. I was cruelly beaten and brought aboard unconscious. There is no reason under the sun why I should be here. You must set me ashore at once. I am a man of some influence. There will be a strict accounting for all this. . . ."

"Ah, you speak wisely and well, my stowaway. Your influence I have excellent reason to know. Your accountings are assured. Believe me, the strictest of them, assured."

Cardono almost hissed the words. They clearly were a threat.

I TELL you," the prisoner said, almost pleadingly, "there has been a ghastly mistake. I never heard of you or of this ship. I was returning to my yacht, waiting for the tender, when suddenly the world seemed to burst into flames about me. The next thing I knew I was aboard this ship with that . . . that . . . ape of a keeper gloating over me, promising me the most horrible punishments . . ."

"Really," Cardono interrupted cynically, "your histrionic talents are all that I have been led to believe, but you must refrain from belittling my Gon. His talents are of the flesh rather than of the mind, but they are rare because of the degree to which he possesses them. . . ."

"I'm strong," Gon laughed throatily. "Strongest man in the world, sure enough. . . ."

"Gon, shut up. I shall do the talking," Cardono snapped.

"Sure, I'll shut up. Always Gon must shut up. But look at my arms, my hands . . ." He laughed again. "Strong? I'm strong enough to tie tight together by their own arms any two men of the ship. Me, Gon."

"This man is mad," the prisoner urged. "You are a man of intelligence, of breeding. Surely you can see that a terrible mistake has occurred. I am badly injured. My head is lacerated. I've had at least a concussion, I'm very sure. I require medical aid, and I demand . . ."

Suddenly Cardono snarled as a cat snarls. He leaned close and, without warning, spat in the face of the prisoner. Then he struck the man's cheek with his open hand, so that the bound man staggered under the impact, struggled desperately but hopelessly against the chains.

"You rotten coward!" the prisoner rasped after he had recovered from the unexpected attack. "You yellow rat! I can't fight back . . ."

"Isn't that quite the truth!" Cardono taunted. "Surely it is. How many, many times have you struck me when I could not strike back? How many times have you pried loose the most careful of my plans? How many times, O'Houle? How many? You call me coward. I call you sneak. You call me rat. I call you mouse—white mouse—cheap, spying, snooping white mouse! After all your innings, you would begrudge poor Cardono his one little moment in the sun?"

"You are mad," the prisoner panted. "As truly as the sun shines, you are mad. What the devil have I fallen into—an asylum afloat? A den of maniacs marauding the seas and shanghaiing innocent people? I swear that you will answer for this kidnaping. Remember the word: Kidnaping. There is a new law for it, you see. Before you're done, they'll hang you for this. I demand to be set ashore at once. . . ."

"Demanding again? Great Scott, my O'Houle, so recently come among us and demanding? Forget it. You are in my hands now. I've dreamed of this day. I planned well for it. It has come to pass. Not all the threats you or your government can think of will affect me in the least, or help you. I'm the kitten now. You're the mouse. We have a long cruise ahead. I shall play with you before the kill. Perhaps, after you have come to your senses, O'Houle, you will redeem yourself. When your balance is restored, I may trade you your life for information you can give. . . ."

"I say you are mad. I never heard of you in all my life. I've never had the slightest thing to do with you. My name is not O'Houle. I am Allison Timms of Long Island. My yacht was moored near this craft when I went ashore yesterday to oversee some provisioning. I was bound for Palm Beach for the winter season. . . ."

Cardono laughed purringly. "And I," he taunted, "I am Alexander Hamilton, returned from the grave to straighten the financial messes of the world. I am taking this cruise solely to while away the weary hours until I may return to the grave and rest in peace. . . ." He laughed again. Said, "Do not tempt me to slap your wicked face again, O'Houle. I too much enjoy doing it to resist. There is in my heart hate enough of you to impel me to sudden murder. If you've the sense I know you have, you'll be quiet."

"Be quiet, while you madmen accuse me of things I never heard of, call me names I never knew?"

"Come, little Terrence," Cardono purred with mock gentleness. "Would you attempt to deceive your old friend Cardono? After all the jousts we've had, this is the first time we ever have faced each other. You have been a mystery to me, and, to put it mildly, a dire and troublesome one. Come, turn sidewise that I may appraise you. I'll admit you are less for looks than I had imagined, but you appear at a disadvantage this morning. Your hair seems neglected, your face drawn and pale. . . ."

"Before God," the prisoner said vehemently, "I am not any one on earth but Allison Timms. I am a man of wealth. My name is well known in financial circles. My yacht is back in the port we just left . . ."

"A generous government that gives to its policemen yachts," Cardono smiled. "Yankee ingenuity, no doubt."

"But I'm *not* a policeman. The yacht is my own. It was my father's before me. Haven't you a register aboard? Can't you check with me—identify the owner's pennant? The registry? I can prove in a minute what I say is true."

"I had expected anything from you but ridiculous denial," Cardono snarled. "Already you are an exploded myth. How in the devil you contrived so fiendishly to disrupt every plan I ever laid, I'll never even guess. I expected to meet a man after my own heart. A man who loved a fight. . . ."

"If that's all you want, you greasy little pup," the prisoner snapped, "take off these chains. I'll fight you in spite of my injuries, and fight you right here."

"Fight!" Gon shouted raucously. "Fight. Let's fight. Gon will fight. Gon will fight three men."

He laughed derisively, spread wide his arms in invitation to all and sundry. He was squat of appearance, yet he stood nearly six feet. His shoulders were abnormally wide, his chest deep and high, his arms dangled almost to his knees. The vacant light in his eyes stamped him for what he was.

"Shut up, Gon. Cardono will whisper the words if you make trouble. . . ."

GON dropped his arms, ran his enormous dirty hand over his blank eyes, and shrank from Cardono. "No," he muttered under his hairy throat. "No. Don't whisper. Gon will be quiet, won't you, Gon? Yes. Gon will be quiet."

"I swear that I am disappointed in you," Cardono said then to the prisoner. "Deeply disappointed. I had planned finding so much more of a man; so much better the sport. Now you lose the very first round of our jousting you ever lost, and you whine. You threaten about governments, you whimper of yachts. Am I the fool? Of course I saw the yacht, a fine one it is, too. Of course I know it is the yacht of one Timms. Would I lie alongside her without knowing my neighbor? Would I, Cardono, be thus stupid? Of course you know the yacht too, little O'Houle. Naturally, you checked her as I did. So you concoct this pretty tale of ownership to stall me off. But you are too late. We are embarked. We are *en voyage*, O'Houle. You and Cardono, and Cardono has the whip in his hand."

The prisoner made a mighty effort for self-control.

"Look here," he said cajolingly. "Let's use our common sense. Let's not argue about things which will settle themselves without argument. I swear to you as a gentleman that I never heard of Terrence O'Houle. I swear that I am Allison Timms and that I own the yacht you saw."

"O'Houle is swearing now to Cardono?" The Latin spoke with a leer.

"O'Houle and Cardono both may be hanged!" The prisoner roared. "Unless you are an utter fool, you will send this giggling ape to the hellhole you placed me in below. There you will find my credentials. You will even find the receipted bill for the provisions I purchased for the yacht. . . ."

"The . . . what?"

"Just what I say. Look over my effects. Study what I had on my person when you felled me. . . ."

CARDONO suddenly had paled. A look of doubt flashed across his swarthy face. He glanced angrily at Hestin, turned to Gon and gave instructions to have the prisoner's effects brought at once to the deck. There he found everything which the injured man had said was true. The proof was incontrovertible. It was also stunning. Cardono actually staggered to the rail and braced himself for support.

"You see," the prisoner said, "I am Timms. You have kidnaped an innocent man, injured him, and now are depriving him not only of his liberty but of required medical attention as well. I demand that you . . ."

Cardono was like a snarling leopard. He completely lost control of himself. He struck the bound man across the face again. He cursed violently in Spanish; called upon a variety of saints to witness that the forces of heaven were against him, and the forces of hell in league with O'Houle. This time Timms refused to take the blow without a retort. He lashed out with his foot and sent Cardono howling along the deck, one shin caught between his palms. Gon roared with delight. Hestin muttered uncomprehending imprecations.

"Take him below again," Cardono howled at Gon. "Take him below! You, Hestin. Jackass! Fool! Lout that you are. The wrong man! Timms. Who should care about this Timms? Bungler! We have aboard an idiot we don't want, and loose, loose, and probably laughing up his sleeve this very minute, is Terrence O'Houle!"

Frenzy seized the volatile Spaniard. He dropped his smarting shin, speared an accusing finger at the bewildered Hestin.

"He was the guy that come down the dock," Hestin protested. "You told me he would appear that way. I waited. When he come, I conked him an' brung him aboard. Can I help it if you don't know your own stuff?"

"Gon!" Cardono shrieked suddenly. "Gon, hit him! Hit Hestin the bungler, Gon. Hit him hard!"

Gon lashed out with his empty fist. It thudded against Hestin's spine, and the man crumpled into the rusted waterway of the vessel. He lay there gasping. Gon roared with laughter. He caught the prisoner by the arm, and Timms, stricken with terror of this Goliath with the blank mind, permitted himself to be led away. As he went below he could hear Cardono, still standing above Hestin, pouring upon the groaning man a torrent of foreign oaths.

Timms attempted to speak to Gon, to reason with him. Gon merely laughed under his hairy throat.

"Me," he said, "Gon, I hit him. He fall. Everybody fall from Gon. I break his back next time. In my hands. Twist. Me, Gon."

Timms stumbled down the steep ladder into the smelly ship. Something like a sob crossed his lips, but it was absorbed in the wild laughter of Gon.

Has Cardono bungled in having the wrong man shanghaied? Or is O'Houle playing successfully the part of Timms? What will be the Latin's next move in the desperate game? Next week's Liberty holds a few surprising jolts for everybody concerned—including you.

I WAS REJUVENATED

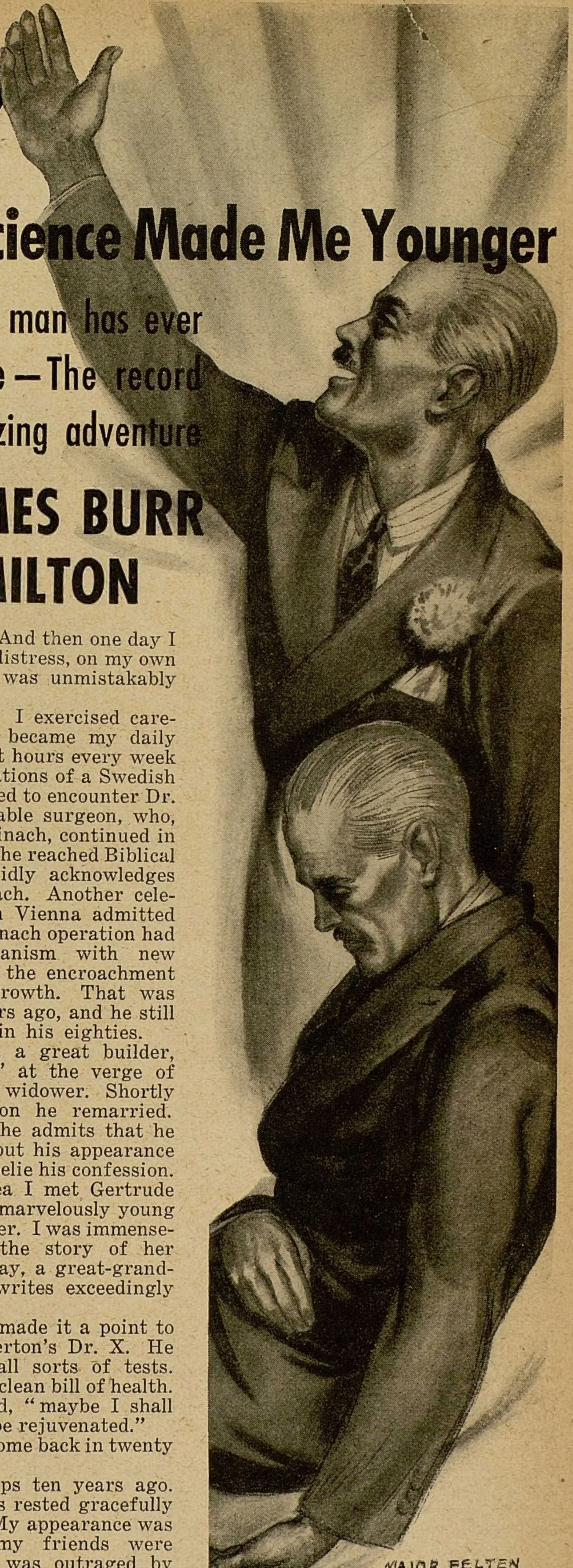
How Science Made Me Younger

A story no man has ever told before—The record of an amazing adventure

BY JAMES BURR HAMILTON

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Editor's Note: Although the name signed to this article is fictitious, the account itself is true in every essential. Investigation has convinced Liberty that the story is told in good faith. "Dr. X," who performed this Steinach operation, was the same specialist who rejuvenated Gertrude Atherton, the novelist. Mrs. Atherton was the first woman to tell publicly the story of her reactivation. This is the first account by a man of the Steinach operation's effect upon him.



I AM white, Protestant, American, an architect. I shall soon be fifty-four. Like thousands of professional men—and professional criminals—I belong to the "Steinach Club," that mysterious organization whose members rarely know each other. Fear of ridicule accounts for the reticence of "rejuvenates" to admit their membership, even in private. (The criminals, let me add in parenthesis, belong mostly to the San Quentin chapter, where experiments with rejuvenation, mainly by glandular implantations, have been conducted by Dr. Leo Stanley for ten years.)

Ever since I first heard of Steinach's experiments years ago, I had been interested in the subject of rejuvenation. It never occurred to me that I myself would ever be "Steinached." In 1920, when rejuvenation first came to my attention, I was hardly thirty-five. Life beckoned to me ecstatically. I resented the idea that I would ever grow old. I was more than moderately successful as an architect, as a husband, and as a lover. My marriage, incidentally, was a love match. Three children, two boys and a girl, and a marriage undisturbed by violent storms were my reward for not departing too far from conventional standards.

My reputation grew beyond the confines of my native town, Chicago. After the war, even foreign governments consulted me on city planning. The years raced by unheeded. Even after I passed forty I retained the enthusiasm of early youth. Meanwhile my contemporaries seemed to grow older. The athletic lads who had gone to school with me developed ungainly paunches. Feet flattened. Cheeks sagged. I noticed an ever-increasing bald spot on the head of my oldest friend. And then one day I discovered, to my distress, on my own head a hair that was unmistakably gray.

I began to diet. I exercised carefully. The scales became my daily consultant. I spent hours every week under the ministrations of a Swedish masseur. I managed to encounter Dr. Lorenz, the venerable surgeon, who, reactivated by Steinach, continued in practice long after he reached Biblical age. Lorenz candidly acknowledges his debt to Steinach. Another celebrated scientist in Vienna admitted to me that the Steinach operation had fortified his organism with new strength to resist the encroachment of a cancerous growth. That was more than ten years ago, and he still lives and works—in his eighties.

Another friend, a great builder, was "Steinached" at the verge of eighty. He was a widower. Shortly after the operation he remarried. Today, at ninety, he admits that he is "getting old," but his appearance and his activities belie his confession.

At a literary tea I met Gertrude Atherton, looking marvelously young—for a grandmother. I was immensely interested in the story of her rejuvenation. Today, a great-grandmother, she still writes exceedingly readable books.

In New York I made it a point to look up Mrs. Atherton's Dr. X. He put me through all sorts of tests. Then he gave me a clean bill of health.

"Doctor," I said, "maybe I shall come some day to be rejuvenated."

He laughed. "Come back in twenty years," he said.

That was perhaps ten years ago. My forty-odd years rested gracefully on my shoulders. My appearance was youthful. Only my friends were growing older. I was outraged by their increasing baldness and their increasing girth. But one day, caught by accident between two mirrors, I detected an incipient bald spot of my own. Soon I realized my own stomach was beginning to protrude. That was a major defeat.

Another catastrophe was to follow: a noticeable reduction in my zest for life. The "pleasure premium" diminished. The *élan* was missing. Perhaps—I almost welcomed the thought—I was suffering from some mortal illness. Curious flutters of the heart alternated with strange spells of weakness. After walking a few blocks my breath came hard. When I turned on my left side in bed, my blood began to thump wildly. Our family doctor advised a long rest.

After six weeks in bed, on a saltless diet, the heart flutters died down. But new enemies appeared—rheumatic aches and unaccountable headaches. "Death-in-life" most aptly describes my condition. I was seized with morbid listlessness. Work accumulated in my office. I could not discharge my duties; my partners shouldered the burden. I often lay awake for hours after going to bed. Sometimes I awoke after a few hours' repose, and could not charm sleep back except with soporifics. Colitis drained my vitality and filled every moment with agony. The doctors whispered something about "focal infection." My tonsils were liquidated by electricity. That stopped my rheumatic twinges. It did not change my basic mood.

My dentist insisted on pulling several teeth, and provided me with a movable bridge. There was hardly a moment when I was not conscious of its presence. It was a constant reminder of defeat, of my age.

The idea of suicide became an obsession. Our family physician suggested a trip to Florida. I consented, for a plan had shaped itself in my head.

Brightly the sun beamed over Florida. The air was laden with balm and perfume. I was completely at ease, without pain and without regrets, when I walked down the beach from my cabaña, determined to die. Smiling, I swam resolutely far beyond the safety line, out, out to sea in the wake of the tide. With one last look at the sky, I dived deep for Nirvana.

I do not know how long I remained under water. When I came to, I found myself on the shore under the ministrations of two coast guards. To my consternation, I learned that I had been struggling *against* the tide, trying desperately to regain the shore, when I was rescued. The moment I lost consciousness, the unconscious desire to live had exerted itself.

But I could not go on living in the old way. I must rekindle the lamp of heart's desire. My thoughts turned to Steinach. I called up Dr. X. Within two hours a plane took me to New York.

DR. X once more examined me and listened patiently. "It is perfectly obvious," he said, "that you are going through the male menopause. To men, as well as to women, there comes shortly before or after fifty a crisis. Until adjustment is made, psychic and endocrine disturbances rage. Once it is completed, life runs smoothly once more."

"But I suffer from innumerable ailments—"

"You are sound organically—for your age."

"Would you suggest a Steinach?"

"Not yet. Let us see if we cannot reactivate your organism by less drastic expedients."

For some weeks I received various injections of male and female hormones, aided by treatments with the ultra-short wave, which sent the blood tingling through my veins. I returned to Chicago another man.

But after two or three months I was seized by the same old weariness. Exhaustion alternated with explosive irritability. In my moods of exhaustion nothing interested me. Once more I could not sleep. The suicidal depression returned.

Dr. X, whom I consulted by long-distance, suggested injections of a hormone secreted by the rind (cortex) of the adrenal gland, the seat of combativeness. These raised my spirits temporarily, but they also increased my irritability.

I went back to Dr. X, who refreshed my memory as he explained, step by step, the process of reactivation.

"Are you sure," I said, "that the rejuvenating does not originate primarily in the imagination?"

"The imagination," he assented, "enters into the picture and we welcome its aid. But the reactivation is not purely mental. In your case, your brain will help us to rally the forces within yourself. But what about a rat or a guinea pig? The results in their cases are even more startling than in human patients'."

He let me see motion pictures taken in Steinach's laboratory. I saw melancholy senile rats. Then I saw the same rats after the operation. Now they battled for the favor of rodent Juliets and fought ferociously for a chunk of cheese!

The Steinach operation I underwent is much simpler than most people suppose. There is no "monkey business," no gland transplantation into the body. The operation consists in severing and tying up one or both of the small ducts which transmit the fluid from the male gonads. This fluid is the external secretion of the gonads. They also produce an internal secretion, or hormone, which is poured directly into the blood. It does not travel through any duct. The external secretion perpetuates the life of the race. The internal secretion replenishes the vitality of the individual. Steinach found that when the supply of the sex hormone diminishes, symptoms of old age appear. If the flow of the hormone is increased, these symptoms vanish. Within certain defined limits, the subject becomes actually younger.

STEINACH made the amazing discovery that he could stimulate the internal at the expense of the external secretion. When the surgeon blockades the duct, the cells which produce spermatozoa shrink and make room for those interstitial cells which produce the hormone. The new hormonic energy recharges the batteries of the body. There is a distinct reactivation of all impulses, including the sex impulse. It is only when the operation is performed on both sides that sterility ensues. The patient is still a lover even then, but he can never again be a father (except, perhaps, after a new operation).

One morning I presented myself at the hospital, feeling somewhat like a self-conscious guinea pig. Dr. X himself applied a local anesthetic. As he operated, there was no pain whatsoever, and I continually joked with the doctors. The operation is simple enough but it requires finesse. Steinach calls surgeons who are unfamiliar with his special technique "butchers." Dr. X was no butcher. He had learned his trade in Berlin and Vienna and had received the apostolic blessing of Steinach himself.

After the operation I slept. There was no pain, no inconvenience. Nor was there for several weeks the slightest change in myself. There was, in the first few days, a certain enhancement of the libido. But this, as Dr. X explained, was merely due to the local glandular shock. The actual process of "reactivation" was likely to take many months.

A year has now passed. There has been an appreciable improvement in the sphere of sex. My account in the countinghouse of pleasure is now what it was when I was between forty-eight and fifty. But my mental and physical resiliency has returned. I can work again, not only a few hours in the morning but in the afternoon and, if need be, at night. I no longer have the slightest inclination to suicide. The intense fatigue that paralyzed me for years has vanished.

My blood pressure is completely normal. My pulse holds steadily between 70 and 74. My legs, my ankles no longer cry out against long walks. There are no gastric nor intestinal disturbances. The advance guard of old age has been brought to a standstill. The bald spot still bothers me, but my wife claims that she has discovered the first sprouts of new baby hair! Certain lines which hollowed my face have been ironed out.

My friends are amazed by my youthful buoyancy. It is real—not a pleasant fantasy originating in my own mind. I may not live longer on account of my rejuvenation, but I shall live more intensely! The operation may not have added years to my life but, to borrow a phrase coined by Dr. X in one of his Steinach lectures, it has given new life to my years.

THE END

Will ROOSEVELT RULE in 1940?

BY WALTER KARIG

A Forecast from Behind the Scenes

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

JOHN NANCE GARNER, and not Franklin Delano Roosevelt, will dominate the 1940 Democratic Convention.

The nominee will be a man from the left of the Mississippi and to the right of the New Deal, one who is "liberal enough to be nominated, conservative enough to be elected." He will be elected, no matter what the Republicans or the newborn National Progressives do.

These are the conclusions reached over coffee and liqueur in the dining room of a Washington home on a night when Governor Philip F. La Follette of Wisconsin was inviting all genuine New Dealers to desert the leadership of the man who coined that title. Five men sat around that dinner table and concurred in that opinion, and if any one of four of them had uttered the prophecy for quotation the headlines would have been eight-columns wide in the newspapers to herald the forecast.

Two of the men were high-ranking Democratic members of Congress but of divergent political philosophy. A third was one of the master minds of the New Deal. The fourth was a foreign ambassador, one of the keenest students of American politics and of the American social and industrial scene you can find anywhere. The fifth was a writer whose theme is national politics, and who, like the ambassador, had the advantage of a necessarily detached nonpartisan point of view.

Hospitality's rigid rules protect these men from identification. Without that protection the conversation would not have been held. The conclusions reached, and here made public, are none the less important because of their anonymous source.

Washington still subscribes doggedly to the bluebook of social behavior. Men still don black tie and dinner coat when they sit at table with friends, and after the dessert course the ladies still withdraw to the parlor for coffee and gossip while the men cluster at one end of the rumpled linen for cigars, brandy, and a discussion of "the inside dope." Thus it was upon the occasion under observation here.

Naturally the masculine conversation was immediately centered upon the La Follette brothers' apostasy and its effects upon 1940, a date more in Washington's consciousness than 1938. To one of the legislators at least, the Progressive movement was of direct personal importance.

It might have seemed rude, then, for the member of the New Deal's 1936 general staff to have said at once that a radical Third Party was no threat to the Democrats; might, paradoxically, be of distinct aid in electing their Presidential candidate. Yet both other practical politicians nodded their confirmation of that statement, and the ambassador said, "Logically, logically."

"How so?" demanded the writer. "Popular opinion is that the Progressives, if they nominate a Presidential candidate of their own, will draw all their support from the New Deal voters of 1932 and 1936."

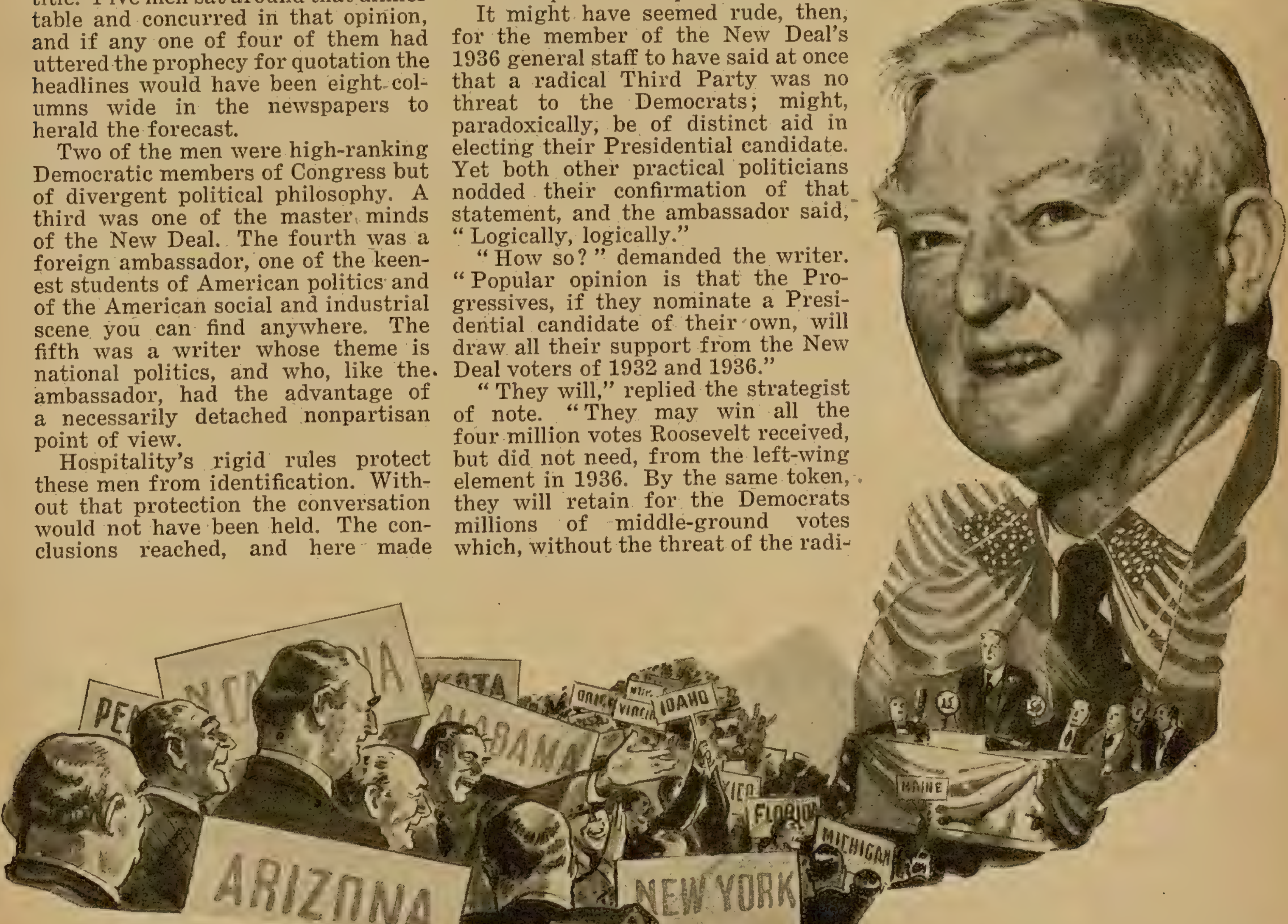
"They will," replied the strategist of note. "They may win all the four million votes Roosevelt received, but did not need, from the left-wing element in 1936. By the same token, they will retain for the Democrats millions of middle-ground votes which, without the threat of the radical party, would be tempted to the more conservative of two candidates. However, the Democratic candidate will not be a New Dealer, to begin with. He will not be conservative, although probably more conservative than the platform—"

"How do you figure that out?"

"Jack Garner will see to it," said one of the others.

"What about a third term for Roosevelt?"

"He is not a candidate!" This positively, in chorus. One picked up the theme for enlargement. "Roosevelt is not a candidate, all present factors remaining constant. If, however, the Democrats make the mistake they did in 1924 and 1928, and are frightened into trying to look, act,



and speak like Republicans, Roosevelt might be nominated by the Third Party—or *a* third party."

From this point on, the talk is divested of quotation marks, without being the less faithfully reported.

John N. Garner will control, on the table or close to his vest, the biggest bloc of delegates at the 1940 convention. He will have command of the South, the Southwest, some of the Pacific Coast and Mountain states; and his influence will reach far up the Mississippi valley. He may even have his thumb on a Northeastern state or two, such as New Jersey, whose favorite son inevitably will be A. Harry Moore, ex-Senator, thrice Governor, and not a bad bet for the Vice-Presidential nomination.

Now, Garner by no means sees eye to eye with Roosevelt. They have argued and fought; although never as bitterly as some newspaper reports have intimated, because Garner takes seriously his office as that of assistant to the President. Given orders when compromise fails, he carries them out; given no explicit command, he manipulates the Senate's business according to his views even though he knows it is contrary to Roosevelt's concepts.

At the convention, Garner will not be the Vice-President, nor a Presidential candidate, nor anything but the canny politician directing a drama having its denouement November 5, 1940, and its climax on the Inaugural Day following. His business will not be with the Roosevelt administration but with the succeeding one.

IS it forgotten that Garner made Roosevelt's nomination in 1932 possible? No one can be nominated in 1940 without his consent. It follows, then, that the Democratic nominee will be a man of Garner's stripe, liberal in thought, conservative in deed, practical in policy; a plain man concerned with the present more than the future.

Who? Well, it is too soon to say. Possibly Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, the anathema of business men in 1924 and their darling today. Or perhaps Senator Bennett Champ Clark of Missouri; and what ironic justice there would be in the nomination of the son of a father who lost to a silk-stocking idealist in 1912!

But—and again, but! Wheeler and Clark both fought the President on the issue, dear to Roosevelt's heart, of enlarging the Supreme Court. Wheeler led the fight against the reorganization bill. Clark—

"Son, this is 1940 under discussion, not 1937 or 1938 or 1939. Live issues, not dead ones, will prevail. Anyhow, it may not be Wheeler or Clark, but it will be a man very like them."

If either Garner or Secretary of State Hull were ten years younger, he would be the prime possibility—and he could win, too.

The Republicans? The Gaunt Old Party will have a stimulating experience this coming November. Not less than thirty seats in Congress will be regained by Republicans—probably twice that number. Give them 75 or 100 victories; they still won't have a majority on strictly partisan divisions, and yet Roosevelt's grip on the 1940 convention will be that much more weakened.

Yet the false rejuvenation of 1938 holds no promise for a 1940 dominating vitality. Whom have the Republicans for a candidate? Their best men are tucked away in the upper right-hand corner of the map from whence only Vice-Presidents are drawn, and that rarely. Senator H. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire and Governor George D. Aiken of Vermont could not only put on a whale of a campaign but could give the Democrats very serious trouble, and the country very good government. It's just too bad (for the Republicans, inferentially) that their geographic position rules them out.

And so the Republicans have Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan. He will probably be nominated, and he will probably get more electoral votes than Landon's almost irreducible eight; but he won't get the Presidency.

Why not? Well, let's have another cup of coffee. The pendulum is not going to swing that far away from 1936, to begin with. It will not be given the impetus of a New Dealer as the Republican's opponent. The Republicans will never be smart enough to adopt a sincerely liberal program. They, like the Democrats, are going to overvalue the recession of Roosevelt popularity anyhow, and to produce a platform and a campaign more conservative than the voters will entertain.

Another factor hampering Republican effectiveness is the factionalism in the party—lines of cleavage as deep as those which today divide the Southern Democrats from the New England Democrats, and separate both from the Westerners. It is the Western Republican leadership that is conservative, the Eastern—as represented by Governor Aiken—that is liberal. The Democratic leadership is the opposite: liberal to radical in the West, conservative to reactionary in the East. The set-up is to the advantage of the Democrats, given the anticipated Presidential nominee. Or so they say.

"But *what* about the Third Party?"

It fits into the picture perfectly. Of course, there always has been a much-advertised Third Party. Remember the hoop-la raised about the Socialist chances in 1932? The newspapers prophesied 2,000,000 votes for Thomas, and he got about 800,000. For all the advertising given Bill Lemke's Union Party in 1936, and with all the inflated influence credited to Father Coughlin, how far did the Third Party get last election? Not as far as Norman Thomas got four years before.

True, the Third Party of 1940 seems at present to have the asset of big names—the La Follettes, Governor Benson of Minnesota, Mayor LaGuardia of New York City. John L. Lewis may even join the aggregation, if he is less smart than is generally credited. In those names is presented the fundamental fallacy of the Progressives' scheme. They are trying to compound oil with water, to mix soda with vinegar.

The farm vote and the labor vote won't hitch.

(At this, the Ambassador took more active part in the discussion, for the theme was no longer academic to him and to his knowledge was now added experience.)

The Progressive Party is predicated on a union of LaGuardia's American Labor Party, a New York City outfit for all its title, and the Farmer-Labor organization of the North-Central states—a misnomer again, because it is predominantly an agrarian movement. The Third Party hopes to win the farmers and the labor vote not affiliated with either nucleus. It can't happen here.

NOT only is the American farmer a natural conservative, but he is a capitalist of the small-business category, and with the employer's philosophy, not the laborer's. Emil Hurja's analysis of the 1936 election proves mathematically that the farm vote was not with Roosevelt, that the New Deal lost 55 per cent of its 1932 agricultural supporters. Farmers constitute the largest conservative group in the nation. All the evidence is that the anti-New Deal trend of 1936 out in the corn and wheat fields and pastures has grown.

By falling into step with that march to the right, the Democrats expect to win back farm votes. They can give the Progressives the crank votes and the Republicans the grouch votes up to half of their 1936 urban totals in the ten agricultural states, and still carry them all. In fact, the Democrats can give away the 1936 Roosevelt surplus and still carry forty-seven states. Not that they expect to win by any such margin. Certainly the dispassionate after-dinner analysts were willing to concede a "fairly close" election even on their premise of a non-New Deal Democracy in 1940.

The election is not "in the bag," a phrase that recalls Jim Farley and elicited the opinion that the Postmaster General is decidedly a 1940 candidate, although torn between the dictates of common sense and the lure of fame and prestige. Farley's internal compromises will make him a candidate of the kind Garner will be, for the control of a bloc that can be traded, at the opportune moment, to a winner.

Empty, by now, was the coffeepot and full were the ash trays. "Shall we join the ladies?" suggested the host. The five men pushed back their chairs, dusted their lapels, tugged at black ties, and filed into the parlor to talk of—

Politics, of course!

THE END

BY JOHN ERSKINE

Casanova's Women:

SANTINA IS LOVED AND LOST

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

CASANOVA was sorry he had keyed the evening to so high a moral tone. The error was perhaps inevitable at a first encounter with her dazzling innocence, but how could he shift over now to a practical footing?

She stood at the rail of the balcony, contemplating the Florentine night, and he was contemplating her. From the ballroom the violins spun the plaintive thread of a minuet.

She was tall, she had the kind of black hair he always admired, undulating but not curly, and such dark eyes as he would have admired always had he ever seen their like before. She was slender on the whole, but from the upper part of her white satin gown rose, as from a vase, a shapely miracle. Even he, who had seen shoulders before, looked twice. Her hands were long, her fingers slender and sensitive, her forehead high, her eyes clear and wide, her smile serene and kind. He had overlooked nothing.

But she was a lady to the core, if he was any judge; and trying instinctively to match her fineness, he had overdone it, had in fact spoiled the evening. She thought he was a good man, though eccentric. Worse, she detected a vein of prudishness, and admired him for it.

He had lacked an invitation to the ball, but the flunky at the door had consented, for a price, to recognize him as a friend of the house. Twice within half an hour the balcony had served as a refuge to avoid colliding with his hostess. He preferred not to be put out before he found the game room. Grant him but ten minutes' start, and he would outdistance poverty for a week.

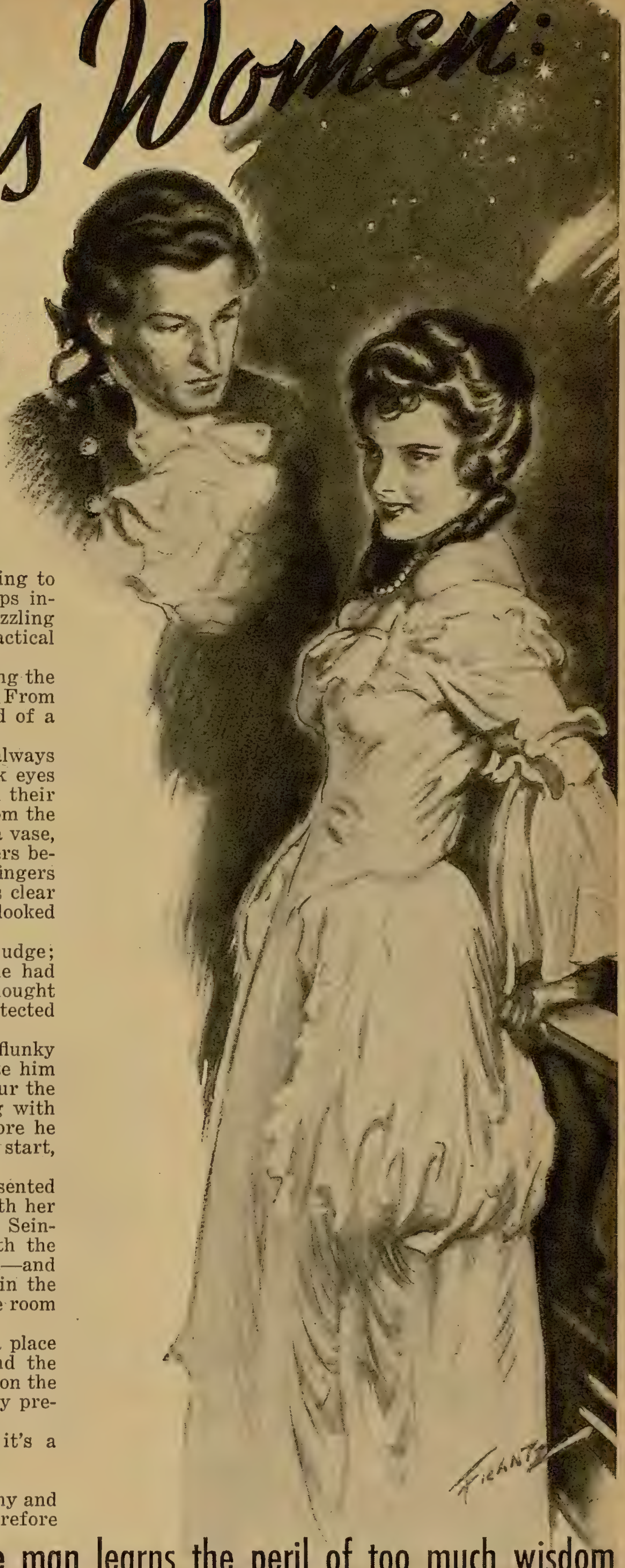
Then he had caught sight of the girl. He had presented himself to her mother, seated against the wall with her eyes open; he had called himself the Seigneur de Seingalt; he had craved the honor of one dance with the adorable young woman—her name was Santina—and they had just completed the preliminary bowing in the minuet when the hostess appeared at the end of the room to look her guests over.

With that presence of mind for which he has a place in history, he had inquired if Santina didn't find the room overheated. Before she could pass judgment on the temperature, he had led her, you might almost say preceded her, to the balcony.

"If there's one thing I adore," said she, "it's a minuet."

"My own taste precisely," said he.

It was at that point that she leaned on the balcony and surveyed the rooftops, being inexperienced and therefore



Hoist by his own petard!—A wise man learns the peril of too much wisdom at a loss to keep up conversation. For once too sure of himself, he blundered.

“To taste the flavor of an evening like this, signorina, the soul should withdraw from distracting excitements.”

She turned on him her frank eyes. “I thought of that when the men went off to gamble. You never gamble, do you, seigneur?”

“Rarely, signorina.”

“I thought not. You couldn’t enjoy it. You’re not the type.”

From there on, as he detected one by one the infallible signs that he was falling in love, and as he began as usual to plan for the immediate future, he remembered with a pang the emptiness of his pocket. He couldn’t leave her now to play, and if he couldn’t reach the gaming table his purse would remain a wreck and he might as well say good-by to Santina.

“Signorina,” he ventured, “I would not go so far as to condemn gambling altogether.”

“That is because you are charitable,” she assured him. “A gentleman, of course, plays merely for pleasure; but, even so, in a world which provides noble employments for the mind—”

As she paused he saw on her face an expression of fright, and he turned to see what was the matter. It was her mother.

“Santina, why are you not dancing?”

“The fault is mine, signora,” said Casanova. “I was seized with a sudden faintness.”

“We will leave you to recover,” said the lady. “Come with me, Santina.”

“I ask pardon of you both,” said he, bowing low. “I shall hope to offer my apologies more adequately when my health is restored. I’ll slip out now, so as not to interrupt the evening.”

As he reflected next morning, it was a discreditable performance. Munching his breakfast roll and sipping his chocolate in his lodgings in the Via di Vigna Nuova, he was ashamed of himself.

Ah, well! He would learn Santina’s full name and where she lived. Then, as soon as he had filled his purse—

Some one knocked timidly—perhaps the waiter.

“I still eat! Come back in a half hour.”

Again the timid knock sounded. With a sigh, Casanova got up from his chair, pulled his dressing gown around him, and opened the door. In the hall stood a handsome young man of admirable figure, simply but richly clad.

“Signor Casanova?”

“At your service.”

The young man hesitated. “May I enter?” he asked.

“Consider the room yours,” said Casanova in a tone of mingled resignation and courtesy.

The young man came in and put down his hat on the table. “Signor, my name is Marco di Morosini. May I inquire if you ever give lessons?”

“Do you mean instruction? In what subject, pray?”

“Love,” said Marco. “The art of courtship.”

Since he provided no other reasons to suspect an unbalanced mind, Casanova urged him to sit down and explain his errand.

“In the other arts,” said Marco, “the masters hand the tradition on to chosen disciples. It is one of the ways the masters keep alive. I should therefore expect to pay you well, according to my means—one gold piece each lesson, preferably a lesson a day but at least three a week, and the first installment in advance—now!”

He laid a shining gold piece on the table, beside his hat. Casanova was interested.

“The subject might be approached from various angles,” said he. “Where do you find yourself deficient?”

“I met her three weeks ago,” said the youth, “and I’ve made no headway at all.”

“Ah,” said Casanova, putting his fingers together, “we are not dealing with love in the abstract.”

He smiled; then, observing the pathetic worry in the boy’s face, yielded to an honest impulse. “There is no art of love-making, my dear friend. There are no rules.” He reached his long arm to the table and with an effort pushed back the coin. “I have nothing to teach, Signor Marco. Appropriate the lady if she will let you.”

Marco took up the gold piece, then laid it down again. “If *you* can’t help me, nobody can. Tell me, for example, how to act on inspiration. I mean, how do you get inspired?”

Casanova settled back again, submitting to benefits he could not longer avoid.

“I must first know what the lady is like—her looks, her manners, her station in life, and, what is far more important of course, her character, her tastes, the approximate level of her intelligence. After I have a clear picture of her and of you, I shall imagine myself in your place and allow the lady to inspire me. Diagnosing the type of inspiration, I will then suggest a plan of campaign.”

“She is beautiful, very intelligent, and her skin is white,” began Marco, driving at the essentials. “She belongs to a branch of the Guerra family. I am afraid she will never care for me.”

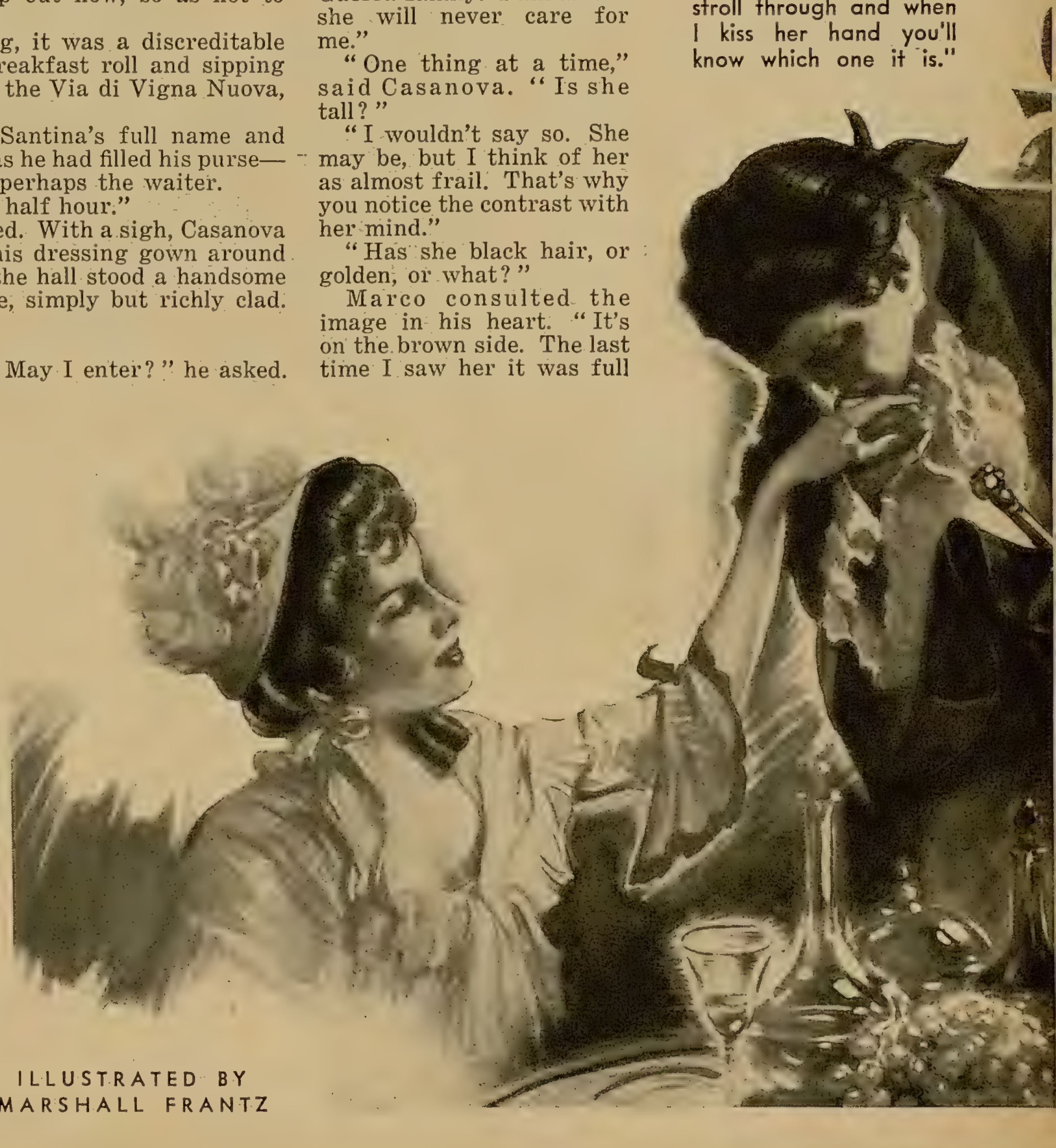
“One thing at a time,” said Casanova. “Is she tall?”

“I wouldn’t say so. She may be, but I think of her as almost frail. That’s why you notice the contrast with her mind.”

“Has she black hair, or golden, or what?”

Marco consulted the image in his heart. “It’s on the brown side. The last time I saw her it was full

"Stand and watch. I'll stroll through and when I kiss her hand you'll know which one it is."



ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

of sunlight. I shall always remember that shining light!"

"Can you tell me anything about her lips?"

"I've looked at them," said Marco. "The lower one is rather full. That's a good sign, isn't it?"

Casanova summed up. "She's rather small, she has a sensuous mouth, her hair is brown with glints of light in it. Those may be gray hairs, of course."

"Good heavens, no! She is youth itself."

"What kind of eyes has she?"

"I think they're brown too," said Marco; "but what I recall chiefly is their wise look."

"In what sense wise?"

"Signor Casanova, she is far too clever for me. I believe there is nothing about life she doesn't know."

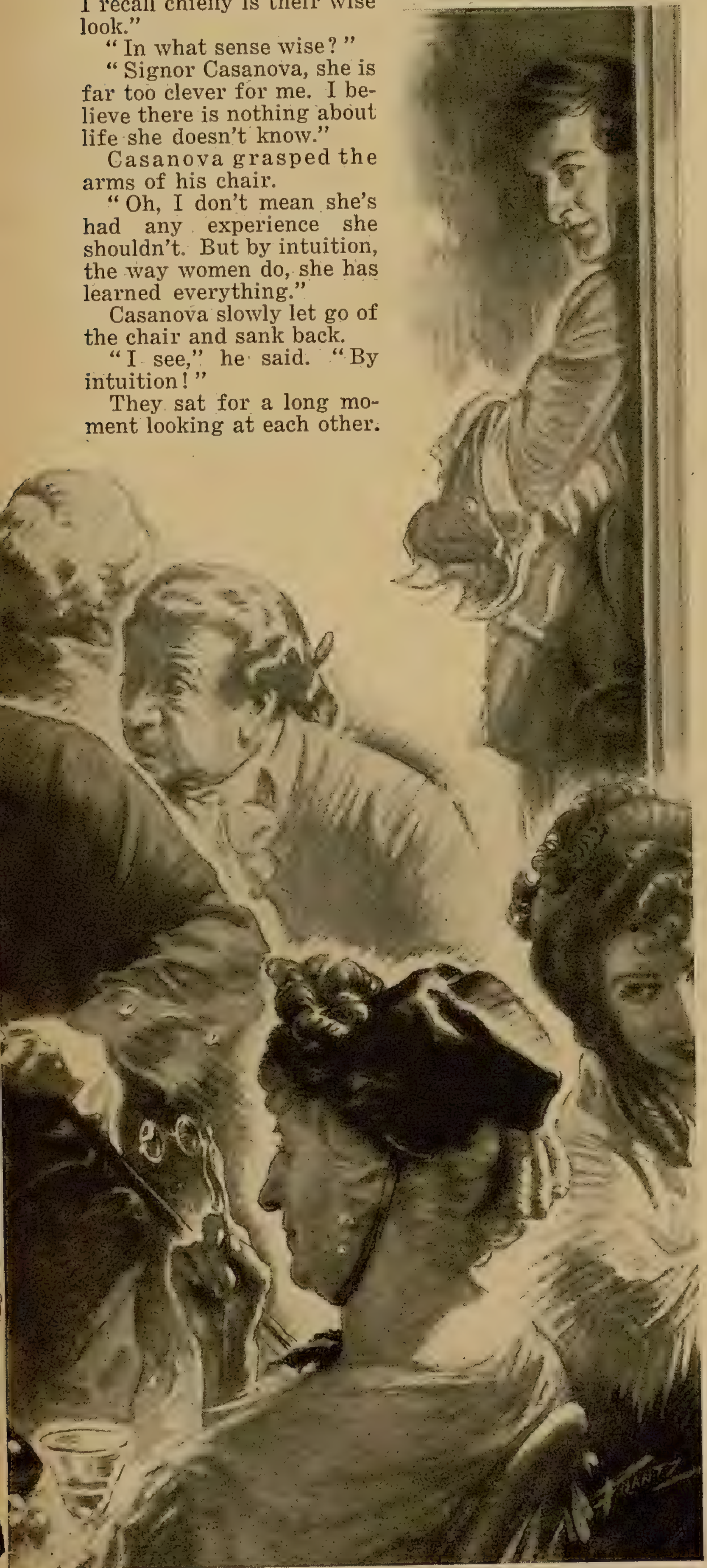
Casanova grasped the arms of his chair.

"Oh, I don't mean she's had any experience she shouldn't. But by intuition, the way women do, she has learned everything."

Casanova slowly let go of the chair and sank back.

"I see," he said. "By intuition!"

They sat for a long moment looking at each other.



"You—you might think me indelicate," said Marco—

"I couldn't!" said Casanova.

"Well, then," said Marco, "she has great charms. She always wears her gown so they are emphasized, and I sometimes think she does it intentionally."

"It may be, it may be," said Casanova. "What other charms can you report on?"

"Not report, exactly—but last week, at her father's house, I—I—"

"Go on!" said Casanova.

"I saw her fall downstairs."

Casanova looked grave. "You need no instruction. You need only say yes when that woman asks for your hand!"

"I've asked for hers," said Marco, "but she wouldn't think of it."

For a moment Casanova stroked his chin, with his gaze on his disciple. Then he rose. "I must reflect on what you have told me. Tomorrow you shall be spread open like a book. We'll need the morning for it. The portrait you drew is not without appeal. I feel the inspiration already beginning. It will take me longer to put myself in your place."

When Marco had left him, he sat for an hour, half amused, a trifle weary. He could always make a fool of himself over a woman of this kind—ardent, dangerous, daring, unscrupulous. How did that simple fellow discover her overwise charms? What a triumph of pedagogy—if only it were possible—to equip the boy with an irresistible technique. How astonished she would be!

NEXT morning Marco presented himself early. He sat stiffly, his hands clasped firmly and a slight pallor on his face, as though he were up before the police.

"Question number one," said Casanova. "What is your favorite form of exercise?"

Marco looked at the ceiling. "I shouldn't know how to choose—I'm not terribly good at anything." He screened himself behind dialectic. "What do you mean by exercise?"

"I was hoping," said Casanova, somewhat coldly, "you'd know what I mean. I mean riding, fencing, wrestling, swimming—need I complete the list?"

"Oh!" said Marco. "I'm moderately good with a rapier, I'm no more than a fair rider. But you ought to see *her* on a horse! She really is the most remarkable—"

"Coming back to you," said Casanova, "we might proceed to the second question. In which of the arts do you excel?"

"Arts?" echoed Marco.

"Do you compose verses—to her, of course? Did you ever try to paint her portrait?"

"I dance quite well," said Marco. "That is, I thought it was well till I saw her. You should see *her* dance—not so much see as feel. A chill shoots down your spine."

"Shall we go on with my third question?" said Casanova. "I attach to it great importance. Suppose you were married to her; suppose the honeymoon had proved happy. What would you do next?"

"Nothing," said Marco firmly. "I'd be content to live."

"The probability," said Casanova, a trifle bored, "is that you would find yourself living in some particular way. You would become an ambassador, or an explorer, or just a traveler—"

Marco interrupted: "I would stay at home."

"Even then," said Casanova, "you would cultivate your vineyards or you would eat too much; you would waste your substance or you would become a housekeeper. You might even fall in love with another woman."

"Never!"

"Please understand," said Casanova. "I do not pry into your future. These are the usual test questions. I was wondering what you talk about when you meet the lady. There's no surer method of attracting a woman's interest than to be interested yourself in something or somebody. I hoped I could suggest a few conversational maneuvers based on outdoor sport or the arts, even on love—if it had to do with another woman."

"That," said Marco, "would be indirect and insincere, suitable neither to her temper nor to mine. She goes after what she wants.

"What she wants at all, she wants badly."

Casanova got up and paced the floor. "The more you reveal, the more clearly I perceive the rareness of her quality."

He came to a stand, feet apart, before his pupil. "Signor Marco, I am loyal to the trust you impose on me. Don't come here again! I could tell you now the right method, but you wouldn't practice it."

"You don't know me," said Marco. "I'll try whatever you advise, and if it succeeds I'll give you a hundred gold pieces by way of bonus."

"The contingent and speculative element in your generous offer," said Casanova, "does not attract me. I have already pledged myself to teach you what I can. But, frankly, I doubt if you can learn. There is no adequate basis in your experience. You don't care for violent exercise, nor for adventure, nor for the out-of-door life; you pursue with enthusiasm none of the arts; and though you say you are in love, I don't believe your passion has reached the necessary pitch."

Marco resented the challenge. "Have the kindness to tell me the formula, Signor Casanova!"

Casanova resumed his indolent posture on the couch. He rubbed the side of his long nose, then put his fingers together. "Assuming that you have drawn a true portrait, she is a powerful character, ruthless and predatory. She couldn't possibly care for a man who was gentler than herself. If you want her, take her."

"SHE may not wish to be taken—not by me."

"There you go! Knock her down, man—carry her off!"

Marco moistened his lips. "She wouldn't like that."

"Well," said Casanova, "that's all I can do for you."

Absent-mindedly the pupil laid a gold piece on the table.

"You are right in one thing," he said. "She admires firmness in any form, but if I know her— Signor Casanova, I wish *you* knew her better!"

"I wish I did."

"Perhaps you ought to meet her."

"You've an idea there," said Casanova.

"It is her habit," said Marco, "to lunch at least once a week with her mother in a choice café. You may know it—in the Via Porta Rossa."

"With her mother?" said Casanova, pricking up his ears. "I believe you mentioned the lady's name?"

"Guerra—Santina Guerra."

There was hardly a flicker in Casanova's face. "Ah, yes. Santina Guerra!"

"I could find out when next she expects to be there."

"It's not necessary," said Casanova. "I don't care to meet her."

"But you could at least look at her," said Marco. "Then you might be able to advise me better."

Casanova hesitated.

Marco took up his hat. "I insist! See her for yourself, only once!"

Two days later master and pupil came to the café door. "Stand here and watch," said Marco. "I'll stroll through, and when I kiss her hand you'll know which one it is."

Half an hour later Casanova was back in his lodgings alone, doing what he could with his jealousy. Of one thing he was sure—the boy was far gone in love. In no respect had the portrait of Santina been correct.

Another point was now clear—no wise man of his free will should ever enter the teaching profession. To be an honest teacher you must surrender part of your own hope to live.

Furthermore, Casanova wondered how honest it was to trap a girl like Santina for the satisfaction of a weakling like Marco.

But this time the knock on the door was far from timid.

"Why didn't you wait for me?" said Marco.

"I saw enough," said Casanova. "My advice was wrong anyway. I stayed long enough to see that you had overlooked several of her traits. I now doubt whether the direct method would work. I would even advise a little subtlety and more than a little caution."

Marco sank into a chair, plainly disappointed that there was so much to learn.

"If you don't care to hear this," said Casanova, "you don't have to. I shan't enjoy it myself."

"Continue, I beg!" said Marco, with deep humility.

In spite of himself, Casanova yielded to the lure of the teacher's craft. "Let me explain the underlying principle. The strong approach should be employed only against stubborn resistance. From your description of her, I imagined a fortress, to be taken only by storm, the sort of town that would appreciate being sacked. Now I shudder to think of my error. She must be won by siege—a siege without violence, a siege so companionable that she'd miss the beleaguering army if it marched away."

"Do you know," said Marco, "I like the other advice better."

"Now don't lose your wits!" said Casanova. "The method I now suggest is fitted to your talents, and it's the only program likely to achieve results."

"I disagree," said Marco. "At first I did indeed lack the necessary resolution; but I have done nothing but strengthen my will every minute of these four or five days, and it's now so strong that I'd hate to—to—"

"To deflate it," suggested Casanova dryly.

"I must go on," said Marco. "I owe it to myself."

Casanova wrestled with temptation. For once, he had tried to play fair. If the young fool insisted on being a nuisance, Santina's mother would probably take care of him. Casanova could wait patiently till what was left of Marco was carried from the field. Victory would render Signora Guerra overconfident, less vigilant.

The pupil, however boldly he had talked, was waiting for more advice.

"My dear young friend," said Casanova, "since the instruction I gave you does not fit the case, I will return your gold pieces and we will begin the course over again."

Marco raised a gentlemanly hand. "Quite impossible! I owe you more than I've paid for."

"Take back your money," urged Casanova, "and I'll teach you for nothing."

"You have taught me already," said Marco.

Casanova approached and put both hands on his shoulders. "My dear friend, if you will study with me a day or two longer, I will not only return what you have already paid, but I will gladly give you a gold piece each time you come!"

"Signor Casanova, you are generous. I only wish you had more faith in me, in your own extraordinary knowledge. If success and happiness are mine, I will remember always who it was that made me what I am!"

IT was a handsome parting on both sides. For almost a week Casanova led a quiet life, making his gold pieces last out and thinking tenderly of Marco. Since the boy wouldn't be warned, conscience was at rest. After all, the disappointments of the young, in the merciful balance of nature, heal. But at Casanova's age—the middle thirties, let us say—you can't afford to accept defeat.

He planned each minute circumstance of his next meeting with Santina. Nothing would be left to accident. No interruptions would be unprovided for, no exits or entrances overlooked; there would be no pause in the slow, irresistible closing in.

His campaign was ready to set in motion when Marco called again. He came in without knocking. His eyes were shining and his smile was from ear to ear. The bag of gold which he dropped on the table made a magnificent thud.

"Rejoice with me, Signor Casanova!"

"Good morning," said Casanova, not yet collecting his wits. "I hope you are well?"

"May Heaven grant you beatitude now and hereafter!" said Marco. "She is mine!"

It's extraordinary how interested, even amid tragic distractions, a teacher can be in his work. "Which advice did you follow?"

Marco laughed. "I took her by the throat!"

From motives not clear to himself, Casanova sent him away not only with a cordial blessing but with the bag of gold intact. When you teach your rival to beat you out, there's no reason why you shouldn't take his money for it. Yet you never do.

And it's odd how a pupil can get on by not doing what you told him!

THE END

When holdout DiMaggio surrendered to owner Ruppert's 1938 terms. "From the books, I was worth $40,000," said Joe.

HOW MUCH IS A BALLPLAYER WOR

BY JOE DI MAGGIO

A famous battler for a higher wage tells you why 'holdouts' do their stuff

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

I WOULD like to talk about ballplayers' salaries. After the long discussion which led up to my signing with the New York Yankees as late as April 25, I suppose you expect me to have something to say on that subject. Of course everybody is interested in money, and fans want to know what the average big leaguer thinks on that subject.

Club owners, as a class, like to put the muffler on publicity about contracts before they are signed, and some of them are against publicity even after that. There are some to whom the word "holdout" is like a red flag to a bull. But there is a lot of talk all over the country about salaries in general, and I don't see why I shouldn't join in.

First let me get very personal about a player by the name of Joe DiMaggio. I have signed my contract and I can tell you there wasn't a happier man in the U. S. A. the day I went back to work. I count myself a very lucky man to be with a great club like the Yankees, working for an owner like Colonel Jacob Ruppert.

What I say about the Colonel is not a lot of soft soap. He offered me $25,000. I believed I was worth as much as $40,000. At no time was there anything personal in our disagreement. If you offer $8,000 for a house and the seller insists it is worth $10,000, does that mean you are deadly enemies?

I kept holding out because I thought I was right. But as the season approached I began to weaken. Not because I had changed my mind about what I was entitled to, but because the game gets into your blood. When the Yankees dropped two out of three in Boston, I decided that my place was with the club and that money no longer was the first consideration. So I called up the Colonel, and in five minutes everything was straightened out.

I accepted the contract for $25,000, but did so without giving up my idea that from the books—not only the American League records but the attendance figures of the New York club—I was worth $40,000 to the Yankees.

While still holding to this thought, I assure you it has nothing whatever to do with my daily job. I work as hard and as earnestly as if Ruppert had signed me for $100,000.

That's one of the funny things about baseball and baseball players. If you are selling gas pipe and your employer fights you on salary, you may have some sort of grudge in your mind, and it possibly will affect your work.

But in baseball, the man who carries a salary grievance into the field with him is as rare as an Italian who isn't nuts about his spaghetti and *vino.*

Now, then, how much money should a big-league club pay an outstanding player? That question is about as easy to answer as it is to settle the argument about blondes and brunettes.

There are sixteen clubs in the two big leagues. They are located in cities with different populations, different enthusiasms about baseball, and, above all, different results in competition. Generally speaking, the financial success of a team depends on where it is located in the standing.

It is not possible to draw up a uniform scale of salaries. If there were such a scale, it would not be fair to the best players. They would be held down by the average performers.

Many years ago the National League tried out a salary system whereby no man could be paid more than $2,500 a season. Yes, believe it or not, they used to pay that kind of dough in baseball. The scheme not only collapsed but brought on a big strike which resulted in the organization of the Players' League, better known in baseball history as the

A hit—Joe's first of the season—against Washington.

hat association ran one season—1890—
igher than a kite.

e strike and the Brotherhood came a better
g between the club owners and the players,
s improved year after year, until now we have
situation.

I would say that, in general, the ballplayer gets all the traffic will bear. In most cities he gets more than the club's books show him to be entitled to. That's because club owners are the world's champion optimists. They may finish in the cellar one season but figure on the first division the following year.

However, there are some cases in which the great player cannot get what he should be paid. He is held down by the league average and, what's more to the point, by the feeling that a star should climb slowly and be satisfied to take gradual increases.

I can't see why baseball should be different from the movies or selling locomotives or acting on the stage.

Suppose Hollywood gets a great attraction? He signs for $500 a week, makes one picture, turns out a sensation, and immediately expects more dough.

The studio doesn't say, "Look here, Jones, you haven't been with us very long. We will give you six hundred a week next year, and seven hundred a week the third year." No, it tears up his old contract and pays him what the box office says he is worth.

However, I know what the baseball club owners are up against. In 1937 the Yankees drew 1,850,000 paid admissions in New York. The Browns drew about 200,000 in St. Louis. I am not nutty enough to believe that, playing with the Browns, I could get as much as I would being with the Yankees.

In St. Louis an outfielder getting $20,000 from either club has to be the eighth wonder of the world.

But in New York, Babe Ruth climbed as high as $80,000 a year, which is the record salary for a ballplayer.

I'd like to stop here and tell a little story I got from Dan Daniel, the baseball writer, about Ruth's $80,000 contract in 1931. The Babe was holding out for eighty-five grand, but was down in St. Petersburg, Florida, where the Yanks were training. He was playing golf.

The night before the Yanks played their first exhibition game the Babe announced he would not play unless he got his eighty-five. It was raining hard, and Ruth was blue.

Dan went for the story—that if Ruth did not sign the next morning he would turn in his uniform.

BUT the next morning the sun came out, and the Babe changed his mind. He could not keep away from a bat. Dan heard about it and rushed to Ruth.

"Hey, you can't do this to me!" the writer hollered. "You told me you wouldn't play unless you signed. Now you make me look like a liar. Nothing doing. You sign or you don't play."

They argued for half an hour. Finally Dan said, "How can you turn down eighty grand? Yesterday, in New York, fifteen thousand unemployed, with nothing to eat, rioted in Union Square."

Ruth couldn't believe it. Dan brought him a paper. The Babe said, "My gosh, all those guys out of work, with nothing to eat. Gee whiz, find Jake! I'll sign."

So Ruth signed for eighty, and Dan got a better story, which held up his original yarn.

In 1931 New York was the only city which could pay Ruth that kind of dough. Now Chicago and Detroit could stand the gaff too. Detroit is the wonder of baseball. They tell me that the official figures in the offices of the American League actually prove that the Tigers last year outdrew us by something like 30,000. Imagine that, in a city with so many millions fewer than we have in New York, and with so many thousands fewer transients each day!

Detroit lifted Mickey Cochrane up to $60,000 last year, but he was manager as well as player. His playing career was ended when he was hit in the head.

In some cities in the major leagues a salary boost of $2,000 is regarded as a great break. But in another city a player offered an increase of as much as $10,000 may feel he should get more.

When you hit a lot of home runs, drive in a bunch of tallies, do a good job in the field and, on top of all that, bring in fans who never before went to ball games, you say to yourself, "Joe, you certainly meant something in that box office, even if you didn't mean a thing winning the pennant."

Ruth got that important dough because his home-run trick brought in people who never before had interested themselves in baseball. He changed the game, he changed the type of attendance, made parks bigger, and raised the salary standard of all the sixteen clubs—and the minors too.

There is something in this discussion about baseball salaries which is very important to the player.

In the first place, the average major-league life of a player is less than five years. Where do you go from there?

Then again, day in and day out, we risk our lives and our limbs. Suppose you break a leg. Suppose you crack your skull. Suppose you are beaned by a wild pitch. Where do you go from there?

Naturally, the club owners try to make the best bargains with their players. They must be careful not to upset the general balance of salaries—not to make the players of the less fortunate clubs dissatisfied.

WHILE hollering for more money, we know all this. We all know that in the matter of salary we must contribute toward the player who is in what we call the bread-and-butter class.

These men are in Class 3. They supply most of the playing strength among the twenty-three men who make the pennant fight for each club between May 15 and September 1, and the forty who are allowed on each team's reserve list before May 15 and after September 1.

In arriving at club salary limits we must not forget the player who, without getting any great publicity, does a marvelous job day after day, season after season. Those who are close to the game appreciate his class. But the newspapers rarely play him up and maybe the men in the press box do not realize how good he is.

Very often that type of player fails to realize his own class and value. When he does, he unconsciously affects the entire salary situation of his team.

Now, don't get the idea that this piece has been a squawk. I want to say again, in all sincerity, that I am happy to be playing with the Yankees, happy to be getting the salary I am getting.

I have managed to do pretty well for myself, and the saints be praised. I got $350 a month with San Francisco. I jumped to $8,500 with the Yankees in 1936, $15,000 in 1937, $25,000 in 1938.

With a club pay roll over $300,000, Colonel Ruppert did the best he could for me within his budget limits.

I am lucky to be a ballplayer. What would I be doing if I hadn't gone into the game? Fishing for a living, like my dad did for so many years? Driving a truck, working for a fruit company in San Francisco? What—compared with the opportunities I have with the Yankees in the greatest city in the world, with the champion ball club?

I call myself lucky when I go to bed. I call myself lucky when I get up in the morning and face a day doing the thing I like to do best in the world.

In closing, I want to say that my holdout was no gag. It was not done for publicity. And I did not sign last season or at any other time before April 25. Nor did Colonel Ruppert promise me any bonus for giving in. You see, baseball does things to you, and when spring comes, the sun shines, and you read about scores, you forget dough and grab yourself a bat.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by OLIVER SWIFT

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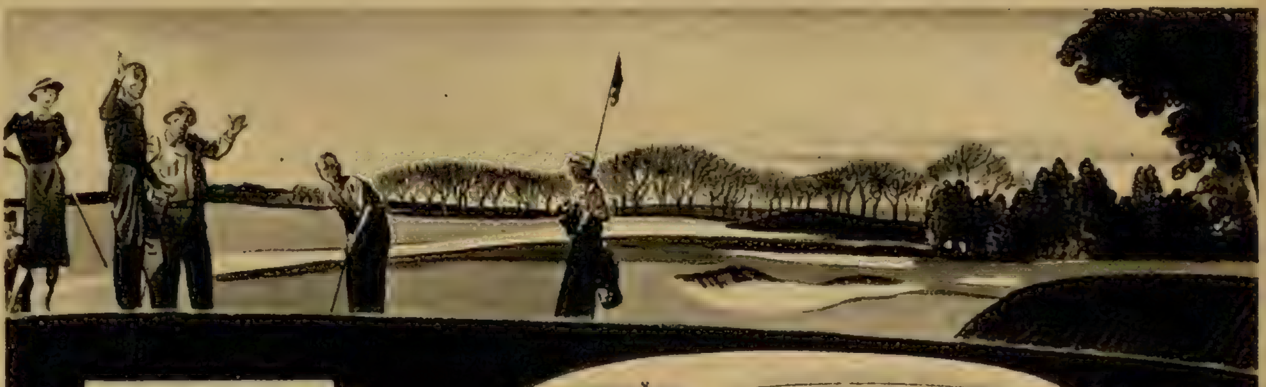
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Catastrophe—swift, surprising—slashes at two young hearts as a striking story moves vividly on

[illegible]G TIME • 29 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

[illegible] ROSS, young, charming, is part owner of a [illegible]g travel agency. Her husband, advertising [illegible]f a Fifth Avenue store, is proud of her but resents [illegible]occupation with business and her employment of a man secretary, Dmitri Vasilofski. Dmitri, as Jill discovers when the Princess Yassoroff, born Alix Barron, visits the office, is a count. Alix, beautiful, rich, and ruthless, makes it clear that she had—and still has—a more than friendly interest in him. But Dmitri, in Jill's presence, refuses an invitation to travel on the Barron yacht and tells Alix that his job with Jill has made him happy and independent for the first time in years and that he is done with accepting favors from rich women.

Another bone of contention between Jill and her husband is the presence of Hal's brother, Mike, in their apartment. Mike is an explorer with fantastic ideas and a habit of borrowing money. The situation at home is rather strained until Hal finally consents to ask Mike to leave. Jill is overjoyed and eagerly accepts Hal's suggestion that they go out together that evening to celebrate.

But the celebration never takes place. A big job comes into the office through Mrs. Seymour Shane, a social secretary to wealthy climbers, and Jill and Dmitri must stay and work on it. Hal is bitter when Jill breaks their engagement, and Jill is hurt at his attitude. But Dmitri's presence, tactful, admiring, appreciative, soothes her.

They have dinner in the office, alone except for Wee Willie Winkie, a honey-bear cub which Dmitri has promised to train for one of their clients, and the Russian tells Jill something of his life. Moved by the story of his grim experiences during the war, Jill stretches out her hand toward him. His, sinewy and compelling, comes to meet it, and she is filled with a deep and overpowering emotion.

PART THREE—THE PRINCESS STRIKES

IT was like being broken in two when suddenly, just before they came together, Dmitri dropped her hand and stood up. Jill sat for a moment as if dazed, only dimly aware that he was speaking. From his tone the idea gradually registered that he was apologizing.

"Don't apologize," she told him. "It makes everything seem horrible—when it wasn't!"

He turned and looked down at her, his arms behind him. "I am glad you said that," he said quietly. "For myself, I would as soon apologize because I have blood that beats in my body. It was as inevitable—as that." . . . .

Was. With the first shock over, she had room now for irritation. She found herself thinking that he might have been decently romantic and said "heart" instead of "blood." She also didn't like the calm assumption of the word "inevitable," and said so.

"Why not?" he said, sitting down in his chair by the desk and taking out his cigarette case. "I said earlier today—when a man and a woman are alone together, the values of being a man and woman alone begin to creep in and twist other considerations. It is inevitable because we are a man and a woman. If we know that, we can guard against it."

In a stifled voice she said: "You make everything sound pretty cut and dried."

"It is best that way, isn't it?" he said, looking away from her. "This place, what you have done for me here, is the most important thing that has happened to me in all my life. For the first time, in no matter how small a way, I am successful. It has not occurred to me until now—or perhaps I have not let it occur to me—how much of that success may be due to the fact that you are a beautiful woman, which has brought out in me to serve you many powers which I have never before been able to apply—in business. . . . I think I would better continue not letting it occur to me. For, whether it is you or the place or both together, I know now it means more to me than life itself, and I do not want to endanger it for what can only be an ordinary interlude."

How could he talk so glibly after such a moment? For a flash, her brain, which had been pretty dormant for the last few minutes, came alive. *He doesn't want to lose his job*, it told her. *He can think about that at a time like this.* Had he only been leading her on just far enough before he staved her off—the way a girl secretary had to do sometimes if her boss became too attentive?

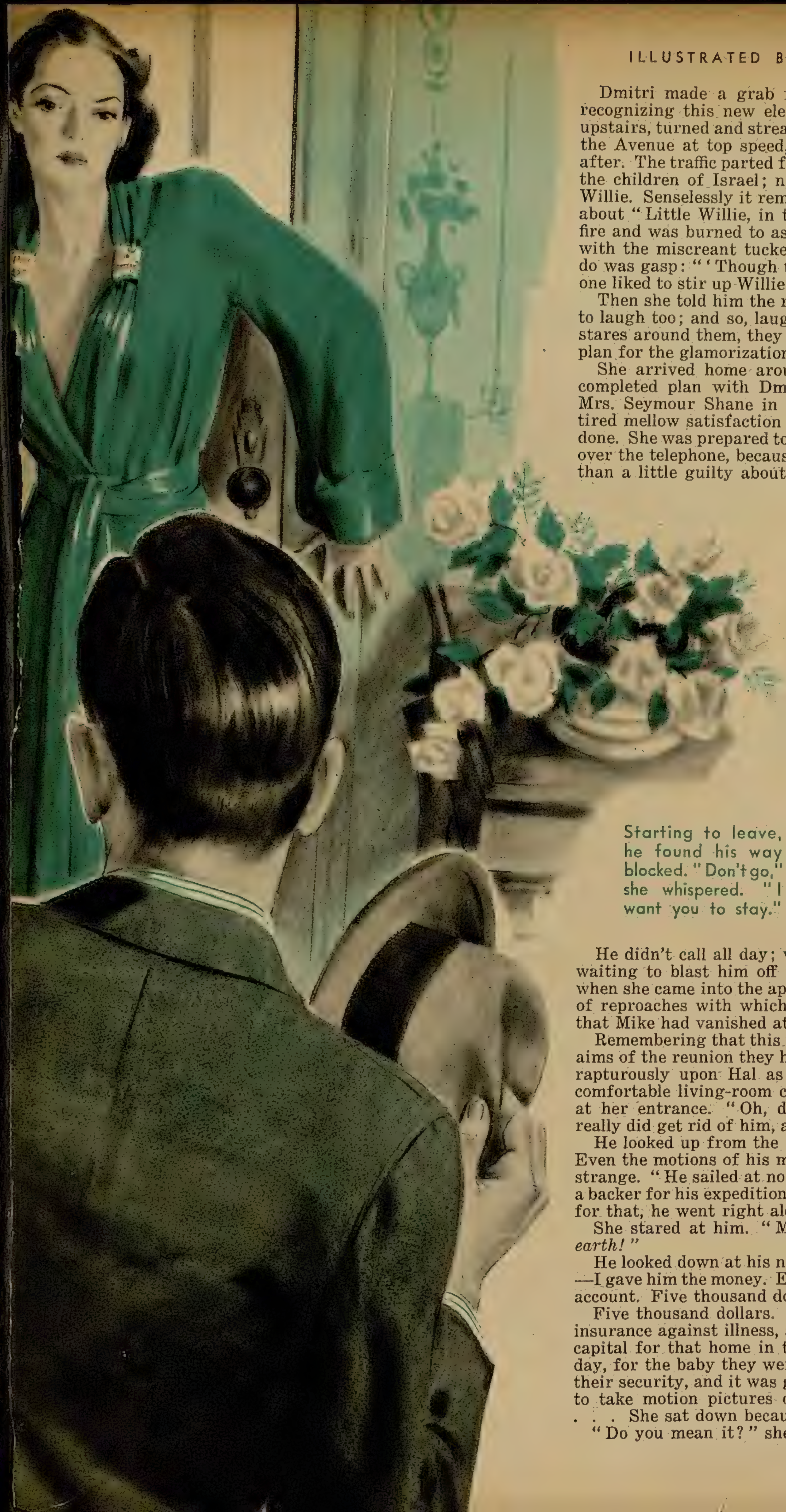
But this lightning presentiment, which for a moment made her see bare bones instead of vague enchanting shapes, died as he turned and looked at her again.

"I wish," he said, "that you would move a little. Not sit exactly as I left you. That would make things easier for me." . . . .

She couldn't remember how glib he had seemed a moment ago, or think that this was pretty glib too. She started to her feet. At the same time a mad clamor rising from the street below brought him to his. Together they dashed to one of the open windows that flanked the big plate-glass window fronting on Fifth Avenue. Together they whirled to gaze at the desk chair by which the little honey bear had been sleeping. The rope was still there. Wee Willie was not.

Frantically gazing down the long office room, they saw the door yawning open, mute testimony to Willie's progress toward the panic he was now causing outside on Fifth Avenue. Frenziedly they turned and dashed for the door, down the flight of stairs to the street. Outside a crowd rioted around Wee Willie. Screaming women, laughing couples, gaping idlers, through which they plunged to the center of attraction. Mercifully or not, there was nowhere a policeman.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF



Starting to leave, he found his way blocked. "Don't go," she whispered. "I want you to stay."

Dmitri made a grab for Willie and missed. Willie, recognizing this new element as belonging to the rope upstairs, turned and streaked off through the crowd down the Avenue at top speed, with Jill and Dmitri running after. The traffic parted for the chase like the Red Sea for the children of Israel; no one wanted to catch up with Willie. Senselessly it reminded her of a childhood rhyme about "Little Willie, in the best of sashes, fell into the fire and was burned to ashes." When Dmitri came back with the miscreant tucked under his arm, all she could do was gasp: "'Though the room grew rather chilly, no one liked to stir up Willie.'"

Then she told him the rest of the rhyme, and he began to laugh too; and so, laughing together, oblivious of the stares around them, they marched inside to continue the plan for the glamorization of Sieglinde Nottbarger.

She arrived home around midnight, having left her completed plan with Dmitri, all ready for delivery to Mrs. Seymour Shane in the morning. She was full of tired mellow satisfaction over work she knew to be well done. She was prepared to forgive Hal for being so selfish over the telephone, because by now she was feeling more than a little guilty about herself and Dmitri, although, as she told herself, that was foolish, because nothing had really happened. She must go in now and make herself and Hal safe against future quarrels by telling him uproariously all about the honey-bear chase along Fifth Avenue.

Filled with this glow, she sailed into the apartment—to find it empty. Neither Hal nor Mike had come home. They arrived, fairly drunk, at four in the morning. By the time she heard them at that hour meandering about the living room she was stiff with rage and fatigue and her foiled good resolutions. Hal neatly avoided the reckoning of this by not even so much as knocking at their door; he slept with Mike in the other guest-room twin bed. They were still sleeping when she departed for the office, not caring if they ever woke.

He didn't call all day; which was prudent, as she was waiting to blast him off the telephone hook. At night, when she came into the apartment, she was surprised out of reproaches with which she had been bursting to see that Mike had vanished at last, bag and baggage.

Remembering that this was to have been one of the big aims of the reunion they hadn't had last night, she gazed rapturously upon Hal as he sat sprawled in the most comfortable living-room chair, whence he had not risen at her entrance. "Oh, darling!" she cried. "So you really did get rid of him, after all!"

He looked up from the evening paper with alien eyes. Even the motions of his mouth as he answered her were strange. "He sailed at noon today," he said. "He found a backer for his expedition, and since he was all set except for that, he went right along."

She stared at him. "Mike found a backer? Who on *earth!*"

He looked down at his newspaper, turned a page. "Oh—I gave him the money. Everything I have in my savings account. Five thousand dollars."

Five thousand dollars. That was their backlog; their insurance against illness, accident, unemployment; their capital for that home in the country they wanted some day, for the baby they were in no hurry to have. It was their security, and it was gone. Hal had given it to Mike to take motion pictures of a South African priestess. . . . She sat down because she couldn't stand.

"Do you mean it?" she managed to gasp. "Did you

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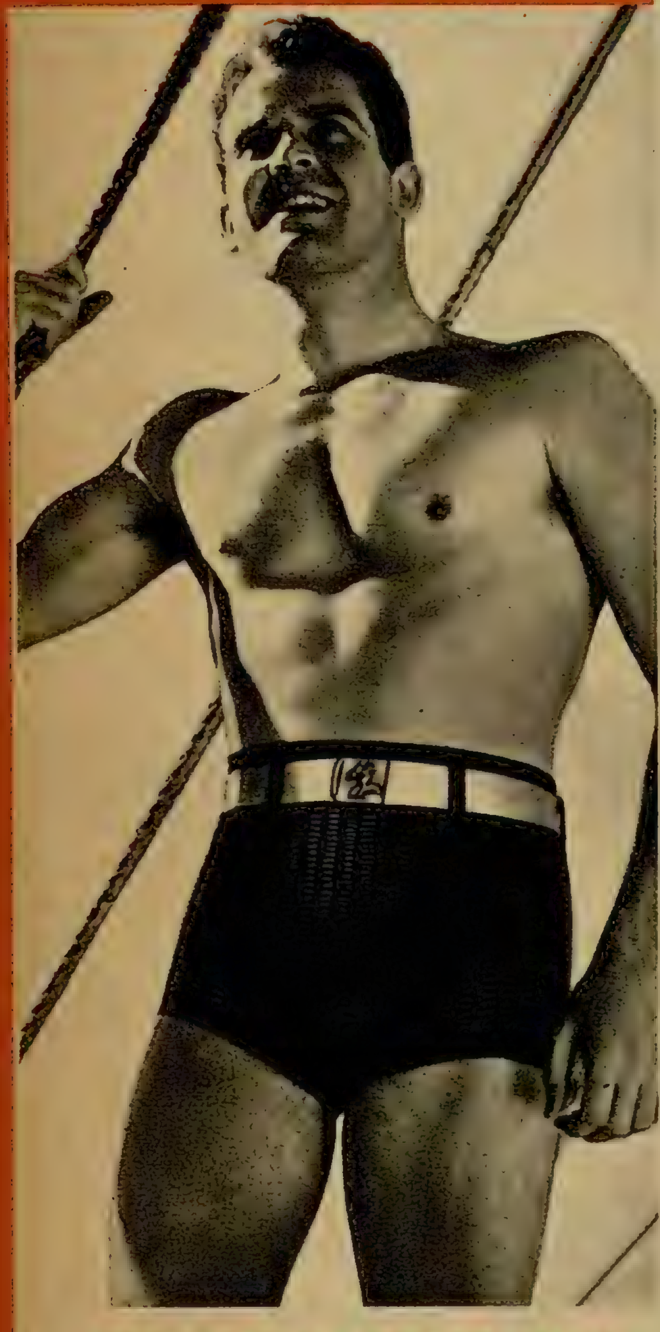

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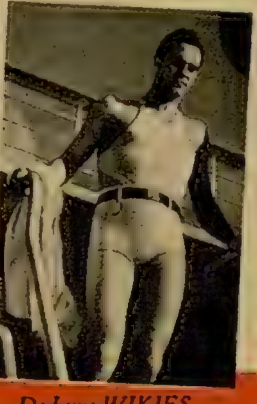

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really give him all we have in the world—if anything should ever happen to us?"

"I'm not particularly worried about anything happening to us," he said. "It's quite obvious to me, after last night, that you're going to be a big business success. If this plan you stood me up for goes through, you'll be practically the man of the family. That being the case, I ought to have a little of the freedom from financial responsibility that a wife gets in return for being stood up for her husband's business. You can't talk about being a brave free modern woman, and then crumple if I am as free to spend my money as you yours."

He hadn't once looked up from his newspaper.

"Oh, how could you?" she cried. "It was a symbol—a symbol of a security we had—and now it's gone! We're like two free lances just rooming together by chance, for as long as it's easy before the winds blow us apart!"

"As usual, you are dramatizing," he said. "You don't even realize how more than fair I am. I haven't suggested that you start to save some capital—I beg your pardon, 'create a symbol'—for both of us, which would be the logical thing, as long as you earn the most. No; all I've asked is for you to remember that we're fearlessly equal; and I happen to believe that Mike will make good on his expedition."

THIS was too much. Crying bitterly, she fled into the maple room that had once been the enchanted setting for the great romance of Hal and Jill Norcross, and flung herself upon the bed. A light touch on her shoulder told her that he had followed.

"Jill—" he was saying in a different voice. "Darling—can you stand being so grim? I can't." . . .

Automatically she turned her face to his. He kissed her and she kissed him back, trying as he was to revive the thing that had always smoothed over their difficulties before. But at the actual moment when her lips touched his she saw another face, and experienced the horrifying knowledge that Hal's body was as strange to her as though she had never known it.

Cold from the shock, she shuddered away from him and he let her go. He too must have felt something strange, although he couldn't know that Dmitri had come between them. He couldn't know that what she had persuaded herself was a small incident last night was proving to have been profound, subtle, and dangerous. . . . Wildly she gazed around the little budget room for the security which had always been theirs here before. But what the room stood for in their community of sharing a stake was gone. They were a couple of free lances rooming together with no thought or plan for the future. At the moment when she most needed to feel safe from invading winds, Hal had taken the possibility of that feeling away.

And now he was looking at her with a bewildered expression, as if he could do all that to her and then wonder why she cried and shuddered away from him. So she justified herself on a rising tide of anger, and cried out: "Leave me alone! Go away and leave me alone—I feel all broken into little pieces, and I need some place to pick them up!"

He was glad to go, as any man is glad to leave a hysterical woman. She would come around, he thought grimly. Five thousand dollars was not too big a price to pay to make her see his side of this freedom-in-marriage business. Not that he thought it would cost him that, since he had confidence in Mike's coming through this time. But even if Mike failed, it would have been worth it.

So he tried to assure himself over a slightly gone feeling in the pit of his stomach, which had been there since this afternoon when he had left the apartment of the Princess Yassoroff in the Waldorf-Astoria Tower.

WHAT had happened there came under the heading of things men didn't tell their wives. As he sat alone at dinner with the evening paper propped up in front of him, he had a few moments of wry amusement in picturing the complications that would have been added to the scene just passed if Jill had known that he'd been for three hours this afternoon in the company of one of the most famous beautiful women in the world. And that if he was still true to his wife at the end of that time, it wasn't the fault of Alix Barron Yassoroff.

When he had first read that the Princess Yassoroff was coming back to America for a brief stay, he had been taken by the idea of persuading her to pose for the Visiting Celebrities short newsreel pictures on which he had sold the newsreel department of View magazine. A shot of Robber Barron's daughter arriving in New York with her European title and glamour, and another shot of her leaving, replete with American glamour and a Sanders-Fifth Avenue ensemble, would have more news appeal, he thought, than that of any other feminine visitor to the States. No one made better copy than America's Poor Little Rich Girl, with whose loves and whims and titles the tabloids had made sport since she was seventeen.

This afternoon was the second time Hal had seen the Princess Alix. The first time was when he had met the Normandie with a View cameraman and persuaded her to pose for a few grinds of glamorous arrival.

He had tried to tell Jill of this meeting, but at the initial mention of the Normandie she had remembered something that had gone wrong at the office that day about a return-trip reservation and had dashed to the telephone to call Eve. He had been piqued at the interruption, and had not returned to the subject—for which he was thankful now.

When he had talked with Alix Barron at the pier, and tried to make her promise to pose for her departure in a Sanders costume, he had endeavored to play on her well known love of publicity and had thrown in a few judicious words about how Hollywood would surely regard the newsreel short as a screen test. He had also, he saw now in the pale cold afterlight, turned on plenty of the charm he hadn't been using much, except at home, since he was married. This had been almost involuntary; a sort of instinctive response to an emergency, because it was so important to his present position at Sanders'. And because—well, because a woman like Alix Barron seemed to radiate a challenge that automatically brought forth charm to meet it. But he'd hardly been aware of that challenge at the time, and the undercurrent between them that his response had established, since at the end he'd been able to extract only a half promise from her that she would let him know. And then, that morning, out of a clear sky she'd called him and asked if he would come to tea in her suite at the Waldorf to discuss the matter.

He'd been feeling so blue, what with Jill's letting him down the night before, a hang-over, and being late to the office, that he'd almost jumped through the telephone. That didn't mean her, but of course he could see now she had thought it did. She'd laughed and said, "Why, you're practically here now, aren't you? Don't let's wait for teatime."

SURE, she'd had all the fine frank manner of Catherine of Russia stalking one of her soldiers. But he'd been too taken up with the anticipation of his newsreel scoop to realize it. So he'd arrived at three instead of five, and she'd had on a tea gown just the same, and they'd had a few drinks because it was too early for tea. He had thought nothing of the scoffing intimacy that they had immediately achieved beyond the fact that she was probably this familiar with every one, a theory that was shaken when a colorless female entered with some telephone messages and was told in lofty tones that they were not to be disturbed. But this discrepancy had somehow slipped away with the next drink, which he wouldn't have taken except that he thought he needed bracing after his hang-over.

It had braced him all right. There had seemed to be no bridge at all before he had suddenly become aware of Alix Barron as one of the most beautiful animals he'd ever seen, and aware, too, that her reason for asking him to call had little to do with the publicity project he had come so hopefully to discuss.

He thought he couldn't be much blunter than "Listen, I came here to talk about you in a View newsreel, not a tea gown—do you want to make some sense?" until he heard her "Not any more than you do." She knew that she had reached him and that he was determined not to show it.

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Under the strict surveillance of the A. A. A. Contest Board, 26 stock cars recently left Los Angeles for Yosemite National Park, 314.5 miles away. Every car was carefully prepared for, and every driver was intent on, one thing only—extracting the most miles per gallon out of every gallon of gas.

This was the third annual Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Run, a real test of engine efficiency and economy. The route is not conducive to good mileage, including as it does almost 100 miles of winding mountain highway and climbs reaching an elevation of over 6000 feet. The "stingy drivers", as they are known, furnished proof positive that engines equipped with Champion Spark Plugs get maximum miles per gallon.

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There had followed a series of advances on her part and sidesteppings on his that he cringed to remember. If he hadn't had those drinks he'd have had the sense to size up the situation as hopeless and leave before he'd had to sidestep. But the procrastination of alcohol kept him hoping that he could snap her out of it and put over his proposition—alcohol and, undoubtedly, the vibrations between them which telescoped time until all at once it was six o'clock and he realized he'd made a fool of himself for three hours in vain.

And starting to leave at last, he had found his way blocked by her sudden flinging of herself across the door, with her whole face and body changing as she did so, melting into a tremulousness and uncertainty that was a hundred times harder to resist than the bold stalking of the triumphant tigress.

"Don't go," she had whispered, with real tears in her big tawny eyes. "You've got to know—I asked you here today as a sort of revenge on somebody—and now it's turned on me. . . . I want you to stay, if you'll only sit and grin and make fun of me as you've been doing. I want just to appreciate you, whether you ever do me or not—and it's quite a new sensation!"

Because she was even more potent like this, melting, fallible, and uncertain, he'd lost his head for the first time. He'd grabbed her by the shoulders and shoved her aside. He saw the destruction in her eyes as he went, but there seemed now, finally, nothing else that he could do, no way to preserve any little dignity that either of them might hope could be left to the occasion. He could only go without a word; the afternoon had humiliatingly boiled down to that. And he saw, as he went, that she was not going to forgive him for it. And so, besides the loss of self-esteem that any man would have after managing such an affair so badly, and the loss of his scoop, he now was facing the thought that he had made an enemy who might be powerful. Yet how he could have done differently he still didn't know.

As he reviewed the afternoon's events it did not once occur to him that he might have followed through, at least until his newsreel was safely in the can. He did reflect rather glumly on how much easier it seemed for a man to say no than a woman, if they were both equally aroused. It was certainly the reason for the double standard of morals that women were trying to tear down nowadays, not having analyzed how deeply they needed to be protected from being unimportant about something that fundamentally must always be all-important to them.

So he thought, not dreaming that his own wife in the next room was weeping bitterly with the confusion of that same need to be protected, having found that she could not be unimportant about this same matter. So he occupied himself with worry over how Princess Alix was going to work her revenge on him, not dreaming that Jill too was facing the revengeful consequences of what had almost similarly happened to her the night before.

HE assumed that Jill was still sulking over the five thousand dollars, and thought it better to let her come to her senses by herself. Therefore later he went to bed in the guest room that Mike had now deserted, and in the morning they both overslept and breakfast was a hurried snatch, no time for bridging last night's separation. And before they met again something had happened to Hal that made it impossible for him to maintain the attitude of calm masculine confidence necessary to handle Jill in what he supposed to be the continuing of her sulk.

The Princess Yassoroff had acted with her customary speed and dispatch. Halfway through the afternoon Hal was summoned to the office of Ulysses Tarrant, Sanders' head of personnel, who greeted him with a wrapped-up face and the information that his services were no longer required as advertising head of Sanders-Fifth Avenue or in any capacity whatever. In place of notice he was to receive a month's pay.

It was so staggering that Hal couldn't collect himself for the cool, poised reception he wished afterward he'd been able to give it. All he could do was gape at Ulysses and say, "This rates some sort of explanation—doesn't it?"

"Every one here knows you're a good man," said Ulysses, with a slight letting up of his official manner. "One the store will be sorry to lose. You have been aware that Mr. Sanders' nephew was placed in your office under you some time ago, and you may think it favoritism that he will now take your place. But he'd never have made it, Hal, if you hadn't given the company grounds to fire you for other reasons."

"Sure, I knew they were waiting for an excuse to pounce," said Hal. "But what was it?"

Ulysses grew pink around the ears of his bald head. "Because you have offended one of the most powerful women in America," he said—"whose uncle, incidentally, happens to own most of our stock, although she has, regrettably, never traded here, and now says she never will, while you are with us. Because you went to her apartment at the Waldorf yesterday, using the name of Sanders-Fifth Avenue as a pretext to get her to see you, and then made—ah—improper advances to her."

Hal could only stare at Ulysses for a full moment while Ulysses stared down at his blotter. A full moment while he realized that there was nothing he could say to defend himself that would be believed. He was cornered; not because he had to be a gentleman and maintain a noble silence, but because the Sanders powers wouldn't believe the truth anyway, nor would it matter if they did. As he had known, they'd been waiting for any valid excuse. And Alix Barron, whether she lied or not, was obviously determined on his removal; and Alix Barron was an important enough reason.

In front of his sick eyes Ulysses' bald cranium was revolving like a globe turning on its pedestal. He said, "Sure. I see. Well, so long, fella," and walked out.

AT the precise moment when Hal was having this worst turn in fortune he had ever experienced Jill was having her best. Mrs. Seymour Shane had arrived at King-Danforth in person with the news that the Nottbargers had chosen Jill's plan to glamorize the uncolorful Sieglinde. The King-Danforth Agency was to arrange the accommodations of the entire Nottbarger party for their European wandering, and Jill was to be paid a bonus for her plan into the bargain.

As if this were not enough cause for joy, Mrs. Shane had added that she was so pleased with Jill's prompt grasp and execution of her ideas that she would like to make a deal with Jill whereby she could prevail upon all her anxious rich and socially insecure clients in the future to use King-Danforth, not only for their travels but for the Eccentric Service—which had certainly, with the Nottbarger plan, struck a new high.

The fact that Mrs. Shane wanted a good commission from all such business did not detract from the magnificence of her offer, which was to Jill immediately apparent. Mrs. Seymour Shane was famous for her flair for picturesque success. She never took on anything without being convinced that it was chic, profitable, and amusing to boot. It gave Jill a prideful thrill to sit regarding this smart lady at whose retroussé nose and glossy gowns she had once been wont to gape in the society snapshots of fashion magazines, and think that the goddess whom she had admired from afar was actually seeking her out. But she never would have been too overwhelmed by such honor to have accepted Mrs. Shane's proposition if it had not been a good one—which was one of the reasons why Mrs. Shane had sought her out.

So there was some swift buoyant haggling, with Dmitri taking notes of the transaction across the desk from Jill, and reflecting, with subdued glances of encouragement, the same delight she felt. As she met his glance in return with a secret smile, it seemed almost as if they'd pulled off something together. And of course, when you came down to it, they really had.

She had avoided meeting his eyes all day until now. Coming to the office with her new consciousness of him, she had determined to fight it in this fashion. If she ignored his appeal to her senses, plunging them both into the unromantic office routine, the truth of their relationship, which had become by accident so badly warped, must straighten out. But now she forgot all that as their glances met in mutual congratulation. She couldn't wait to be with him alone so they could blow off exultant steam together. This was, she thought with a righteous glow, the true way for her and Dmitri to be—partners in her ventures, fellow workmen. He was right when he had said they should not give so rare a state an ordinary value.

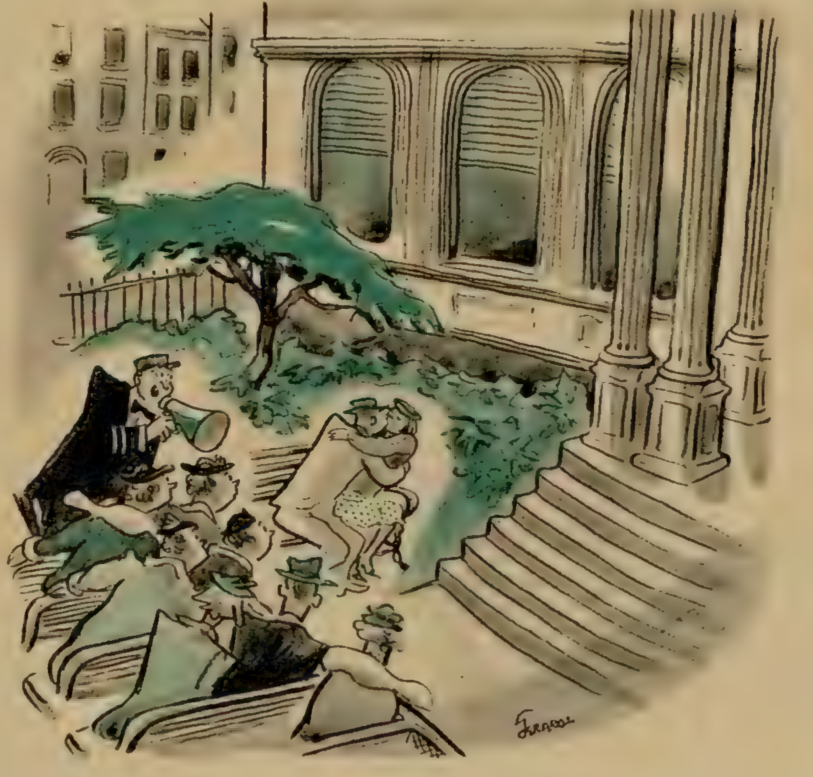
Filled with the sense of virtuous security, she began to plan, as Mrs. Shane chatted, how she could broach it to Dmitri that they go out and have a celebrating cocktail as soon as that glossy lady departed. But Mrs. Shane, rising, extended a crisp hand and said, "How's for going out to a corner bar and getting to call each other by our first names?"

Jill was thrilled again, of course, at this further approach from one who in the fashion snapshots was always hobnobbing with the latest celebrities or the oldest social names. But her emotions were divided; it seemed somehow as if she'd already asked Dmitri to go out, and was letting him down. She ran back to him from the door.

"I wanted to celebrate this with you—" she panted. "I owe it all to your help—it's too bad I have to go with her, Dmitri!"

He smiled at her. "But it is splendid you go out with her," he said. "She is very chic, very socially important. That is more important to us than any celebration of our own, isn't it?"

This sounded a little more calculating than she liked. But she recalled how unreasonable Hal had been the time she'd had to postpone their evening for the Nottbarger plan, and realized that Dmitri was only being what she wanted a man to be—appreciative of her business above his own selfish wants. Then she forgot her slight chill in enjoying her first get-together with Mrs. Seymour Shane.



"—and on your right you will see the Museum of Natural History. Note the graceful Ionic pillars. Notice the—WOW!"

Nell Shane was brilliant, releasingly unphony, delightfully amusing; all the things that Jill had hoped to find some day in another career woman, so they could laugh together at the comically tragic drama that being a New Woman was constantly creating in one's life. And Nell Shane had obviously made the same enchanting discovery in Jill. By the end of the afternoon they were calling each other Jack and Jill, and Jill was thinking sadly that Hal wouldn't like Jack simply because she got her name in the society rotogravures and had had three husbands. While Dmitri would understand, as he had seemed to in advance, that Jack was a big new event.

AT the moment that Jack and Jill were being riotously born, Hal turned into a bar near theirs in the Fifties and sat down alone. He didn't hear his name when it was first spoken by a redheaded girl whom he could not recognize at once when he finally looked up.

She was sitting alone at the next table and her face and smile were friendly, which meant something in his present mood. "Don't you remember me?" she was saying. "At the Spencers'. We talked in corners until your wife said 'Let's go home.' Or does that happen so often that you think I'm some one else?"

He remembered now. This was the girl who had listened to him, the cause of his first quarrel with Jill, when he'd told her: "She made me feel important. . . . You never do any more." It had been the beginning of so many difficulties between them that he'd never had time even to think of the first one again. And here she was, with her pretty hair and big listening brown eyes, sitting next him in this place where he had come to pull himself together in order that he might go home and conceal his bad news from Jill.

He grinned. "It's coming back to me," he said. "Let's see, what's your name? I bet you don't know mine."

"I bet I do," she said. "I knew you'd last with me and that I wouldn't with you. I'm like that. Just a girl that men forget. Right now I'm being stood up here by my own truelove. He forgets me too."

She laughed shakily and took a gulp from the tall glass in front of her. With difficulty coming out of the haze of his own troubles, he saw that the ash tray on her table was full and the potato-chip dish empty.

"You have the wrong attitude," he said. "When selling goods you must be confident. Let me build you up until he comes; I need a little building, too."

"What!" she cried. "You, the dynamic successful advertising manager of Sanders-Fifth Avenue, who had—see how I recall these foolish things—some of the most fascinating indirect-publicity schemes I ever heard?"

"Not any more," he said. "I was fired this afternoon."

How easy to tell this to that soft unimportant face, as he never could to Jill until he had another job. What a relief to move over to her table and meet the rush of sympathy in her face turning to him.

"Oh," she said; "then we're two out of a job, I guess. Because it looks to me as if I'm fired, too, by now. . . . Let's have a drink."

MORE than an hour later he said, "I must go telephone I shan't be home for dinner."

"Listen," she said. "I mean— You mustn't keep on staying because you're sorry for me, you know. I'll do all right. And if I was a wife I'd want to be with my husband when he lost his job."

"He might not want to be with you," he said, "if you were so successful yourself that he felt he needed to be pretty strong before he faced you at any time. He'd need some bolstering before he came home on that occasion."

"Oh," she said. "Well, of course I wouldn't know how that felt—to be successful. I'll be waiting here, unsuccessfully, when you return."

She smiled wryly at him as he left her, and he thought with some pity that New York was too full of girls like that. Girls who obviously had background and at least some small means but who were too unimportant about themselves, so that a man might use them for a moment's solace as he was doing, or for an incidental affair as the man she called her truelove was obviously doing, from her account of the matter that she'd been giving him. About two more trueloves like this, accompanied by her restless seeking for a new one each time the last one failed, and men would be labeling her as "on the town."

And she couldn't take that lightly any more than she could take even this, the preliminary stages of that, as every wistful sentence and nervous gesture showed. She wanted what all women wanted, and she thought she could get it by being as free as a man, not realizing that she could never cultivate the necessary masculine insensitivity to support that freedom.

But, if he was going to be sorry for her he'd spoil the evening for both of them. And it was her very unimportance which made it so easy for him to be released in her presence, to get some of the discouragement out of his system that he could never show to Jill or even to a man friend like Bill. . . .

Iris answered the telephone. Mrs. Norcross, it appeared, had called to say that she'd be a little late. There was no reason to be angry, he told himself, especially when he was calling to say he would be later than that; nevertheless he was angry. Perhaps because, at the moment that the voice of home came over the wire to him, he remembered something that his whirling thoughts hadn't given him time to dwell on since his

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interview with Ulysses that afternoon. Something that made Jill even more right and successful in contrast to him than before.

The five thousand he'd given Mike. All the money he had in the world except for two hundred dollars in his checking account and the Sanders check in his pocket. And now he was without a job!

He'd said to Jill before, when she'd said "I told you so" about Mike's staying, "Didn't any one ever tell you a wife mustn't always be right?" Now that she was so inescapably right again, he felt full of defiance. He went back to the table in the bar where the redheaded girl was sitting.

"We're going places," he told her. "We've only got to stop at the University Club first, where I can cash a check."

JILL was relieved to find Hal out when she returned. She had decided that at present it was impossible for him to come back into the same room with her, and any postponement of stating the matter to him was welcome. She went to bed early, locking her door, thinking that if he tried it he'd assume that she was still angry about Mike. She was, of course; but she also couldn't have him near her again until this feeling within her that made his touch strange was vanquished.

And so, lulled by the unusual number of cocktails that she and Jack had hilariously absorbed, she fell asleep, and did not hear when Hal came in and did not even try that locked door. And the following night, when he went at once to the guest room with a pile of books, murmuring something about late reading to be done, she assumed that he had taken the hint. She had no way of telling from his matter-of-fact demeanor that he'd been interviewing advertising agencies all day with no results but vague promises, and that he felt so lost in front of her that it would have been as impossible for him to come near her as it was for her to have him.

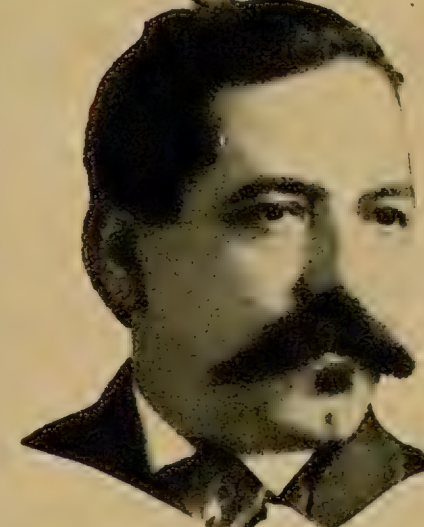
Like this the matter rested with an outward appearance of firm friendliness for some ten days, during which Hal left the apartment at the usual hour in the morning and returned at the usual time at night. She couldn't know that he was looking for an opening eight hours of the day, and that when he was too tired tramping around to office interviews he sat in the park or the New York Public Library.

He hadn't seen the redhead, whose name had turned out to be Chloe, again. This in spite of the fact that she was the only one to whom he could talk about his present state. But Chloe had only been a temporary expedient. It had been a shock to him when, on leaving her at her doorstep that night after a round of night clubs and champagne, he had surprised an expression of doglike devotion in her big brown eyes.

"Don't come back unless you're too discouraged," she'd said. "Because if you do—I'll be here!"

Will the two outsiders, Dmitri and Chloe, drive Jill and Hal farther apart? Will love and marriage be sacrificed on the altar of a fancied freedom? Don't miss next week's dramatic chapter of this moving novel!

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—A maker of cigars by trade, he was a founder and president of a great American organization, although born an Englishman. The early photo (to the right) is of what pioneer?

2—Are cats able to swim?

3—Which child star's parents recently lost a suit for his custody?

4—What former child star recently complained that his parents retained his earnings?

5—William F. Cody was popularly known by what name?

6—About how many years ago was daylight saving put into operation in the United States?

7—An inhabitant, if any, of Mars is called what?

8—Does Mae West weigh 118, 158, or 168 pounds?

9—Who was the author of The Swiss Family Robinson?

10—Which team won the World Series in '35?

11—Popocatepetl is a what in Mexico?

12—If the one-way coach fare on United States railroads is two cents a mile, how much a mile do congressmen collect for traveling to and from Washington?

13—An orange contains what acid? Vinegar, what acid? Sour milk, what acid?

14—H. R. Ekins won what race in '36?

15—Is a ketch a biding place for keepsakes, a vessel, or a seine full of fish?

16—What scientist of the Victorian era expounded the theory of natural selection?

17—What were the names of the Three Wise Men?

18—Which is nearer the earth's center, the equator or the North Pole?

19—What did Richard Trevithick invent?

20—Who succeeded Franklin D. Roosevelt at Albany?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

Here's the Lone Eagle when he laughed! New, intimate revelations from a close friend and flying comrade

Practical Jokes that Lindbergh Played

BY MAJOR THOMAS G. LANPHIER

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I HAD five guests that night at Selfridge Field—Major William Robinson, Phil Love, Harry Knight, Harold Bixby, and a tall, lean, level-eyed lad. I didn't have room for them in my own quarters, so we moved to one of the empty barracks to spend the night.

Put half a dozen men who know each other well in empty barracks and the result is horseplay. There was plenty of it that winter night of 1928. The tall, lean chap got his share of ribbing, was the butt of half a dozen jokes. He just grinned.

I remember going to sleep, later, thinking: Nothing spoiled about Slim. He can take it!

And I remember jerking suddenly awake when an ice-cold spray of water hit my face. I tried to duck and the water followed me. I tried to yell—and got a mouthful.

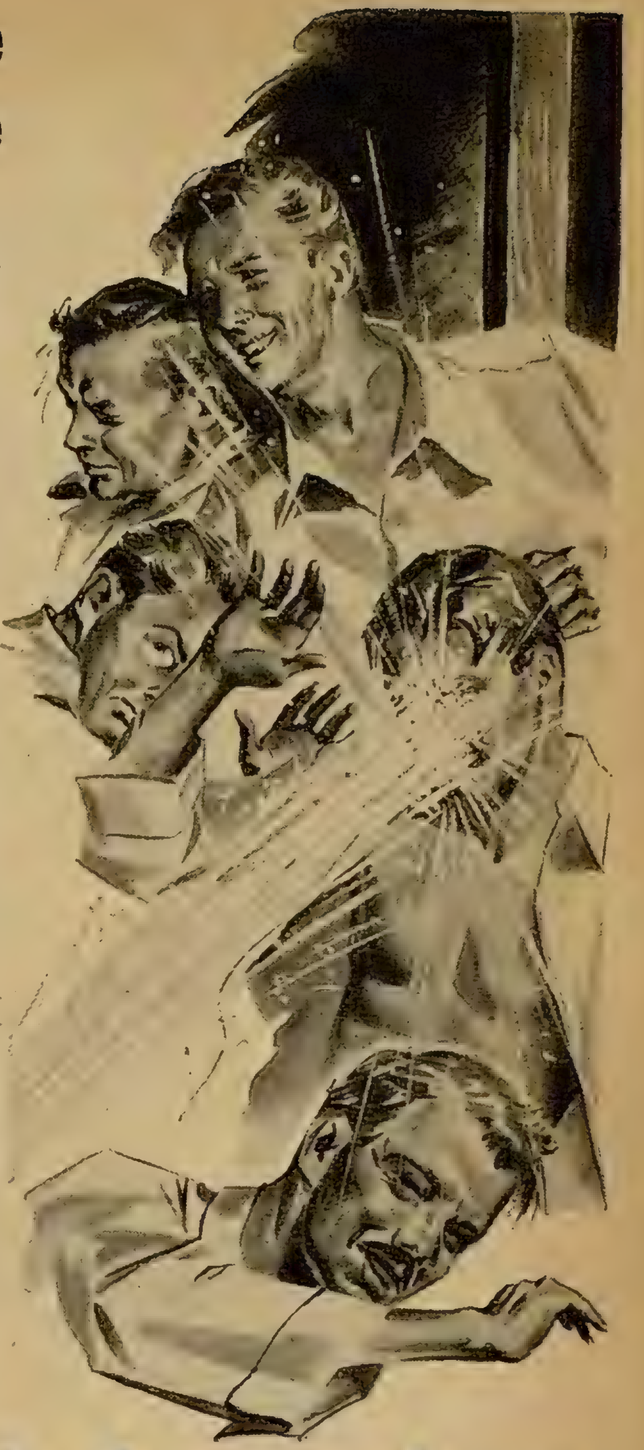
Knight got it next. Then the other three. We were all drenched. Somebody yelled: "It's Slim! Get him!"

He was standing in the bathroom laughing so hard he could scarcely hold the hose which was attached to the cold-water faucet. He slammed the door shut and locked himself in. But that didn't save Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. We broke the door down and gave him a mauling.

Among people he knows well—and I don't think the public ever got that side of him—Lindbergh usually is the life of the party. He likes practical jokes.

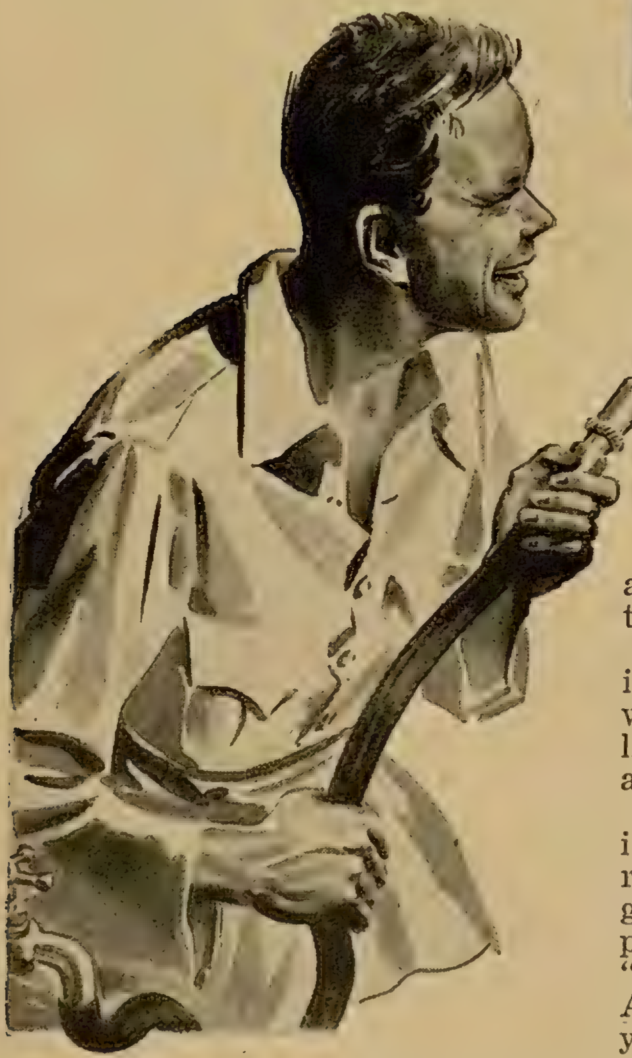
I've spent a lot of time with Slim since 1927. Ours has been a friendship that I value highly. He can take a joke when it is on him. But he can also give—generously.

Even our first meeting had its comic side.



When Lindbergh made his famous flight in 1927, I was acting as commanding officer of the First Pursuit Group, stationed at Selfridge Field, Mount Clemens, Michigan. We received orders from the War Department to fly to Washington, D. C., to meet the battleship which was bringing this hero back, and to escort the illustrious pair "We"—Lindbergh and his plane, the Spirit of St. Louis—on the flight to New York.

Our squadron of twenty-four planes was in the air early for our mid-air rendezvous with Lindbergh. But the appointed hour came and went—and there was no sign of him. I led the squadron over the flying field where the Spirit of St. Louis had been disembarked. She was there all right, but mechanics were working on her. Her "prop" was dead. We pulled up and flew for another hour. By that time I had begun to worry about the amount of fuel in our tanks. So I gave the signal to land.



Slim was laughing so hard that he could scarcely hold the hose.

I had landed myself and was watching the rest of the squadron come in when suddenly I saw an army plane like our own taxiing out in front of a flight of three planes about to land.

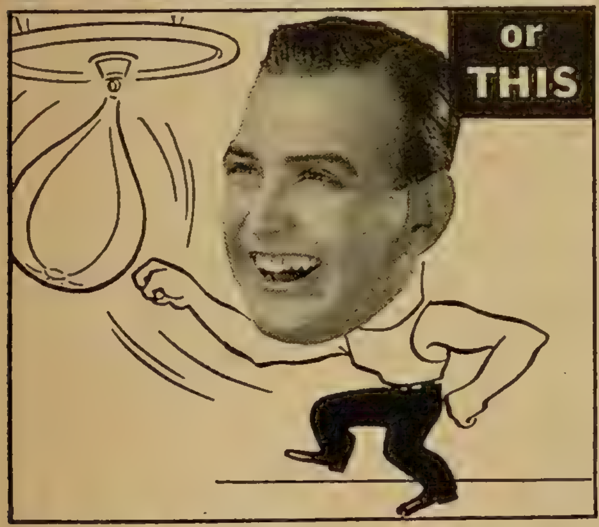
One of the strictest rules of flying is that landing planes shall have the right of way. I rushed forward and grabbed the wing of the offending plane before it reached the runway. "Where do you think you're going? And who do you think you are?" I yelled angrily.

The man in the cockpit answered my second question first. "I'm Lindbergh," he said meekly.

Later that summer Lindbergh made his tour of the United States, under the auspices of the Guggenheim Foundation, for the purpose of stimulating interest in aviation. At various times during this tour the First Pursuit Group acted as his escort. Soon we were well acquainted. He became "Slim" to all of us.

We learned early of his liking for practical jokes. He was not above trying them in the air. Often when we made flights together, he in one pursuit plane and I in another, he would play around me, seeing how close he could fly his plane to mine without touching it. Sometimes he actually rubbed the wings of my ship.

How do you feel the Morning After?



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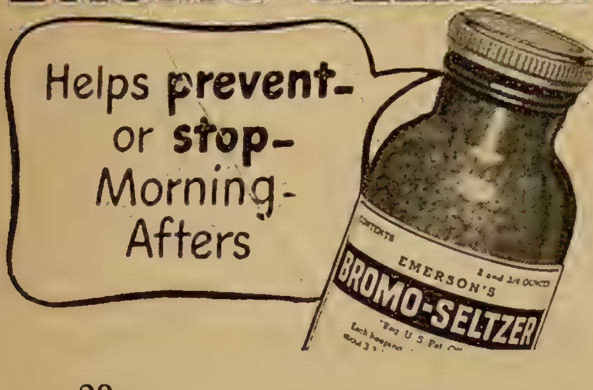


In the winter of 1927-28 Lindbergh spent a great deal of time at Selfridge Field. It was on one of these visits that he proposed inaugurating a transcontinental passenger air line. And it was out of that quite serious proposition that came what I am sure must be the most effective practical joke he ever played in his life. I know what I am talking about, for he played the joke on me. I shall come to it later.

Most persistent of the groups interested in the air line was one under the leadership of C. M. Keys, a broker in Wall Street. With Colonel Henry Breckinridge of New York acting as his personal attorney and carrying on all financial negotiations in Slim's behalf, Lindbergh finally entered the corporation formed by Keys under an agreement whereby he was to receive a $250,000 cash bonus plus 10 per cent of the common stock of the company, and in addition certain options on future purchases of stock.

THE corporation formed was called the Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc. Lindbergh refused to become an officer or a director in the company, but did accept a position as chairman of the Technical Committee of the organization. His salary was $10,000 a year. The deal was consummated that summer.

In August of that year I resigned from the army to become vice-president of the new corporation and assistant to Lindbergh on the Technical Committee.

For some time we had considered a survey flight for this new air line. Colonel Breckinridge, Lindbergh, and I were to make the first trip, using a cabin plane which was a sister ship to the Spirit of St. Louis, with seats for passengers in place of one of the large gas tanks.

One evening in New York, Lindbergh and I were being entertained at a party. Slim left around midnight, but I decided to remain.

At about 3 A. M., not long after I had gone to bed, the telephone rang. It was Slim.

"I've decided to make that survey flight," he said. "I'll pick you up in thirty minutes."

I dragged myself sleepily out of bed and dressed. Half an hour later Slim arrived with Colonel Breckinridge and my luggage and we drove off for Roosevelt Field.

It was still dark as we flew over Manhattan. We went first to Pittsburgh, then on to Columbus, Ohio. From there we headed for St. Louis.

Our plane had a cruising speed of 110 miles an hour and we were bucking a head wind all the way. When we got to St. Louis it was almost dark, and I was glad of it; I would get a chance to sleep.

Lindbergh, however, insisted that we proceed to Wichita, Kansas. We reached there about midnight, went to a hotel. I think I fell into bed.

It seemed I had scarcely closed my eyes when I was awakened by Slim.

"Time to take off for Los Angeles," he said.

I protested. But we were in the air again at four that morning. I'd had not quite four hours' sleep in the preceding forty-eight.

We reached Amarillo, Texas, and gassed, then headed immediately for the Rockies.

Lindbergh had told me, before we left Amarillo, that he had put extra large gas tanks in this ship. "She's good for nine hours at 1,750 r. p. ms.," he said. That meant this ship could fly at cruising speed for nine hours before we'd need more gas.

We hit Gallup, New Mexico, opposite the Grand Canyon, in just about nine hours.

"Ever seen the Grand Canyon?" Slim asked me.

We had less than five minutes of flying left. Then we'd be out of fuel. I was worried.

"No," I said, "I've never seen the Grand Canyon. Listen, Slim. Is there a landing field here?"

"Don't worry about fields," he said. "I want to show you the canyon."

I began to argue. Only two minutes more, I told him, and we'd be out of gas. But he was stubborn. He banked to the left and headed toward the Grand Canyon.

It was fifteen minutes later that we flew out over the canyon. I know, because I was checking my watch and wondering how much longer our luck would hold. The sight nearly made me forget my worries. From the air it looked as though some Cyclopean monster with giant hands on a more giant plow had slowly turned a huge furrow in the desert rocks.

Now Lindbergh was diving below the level of the canyon's top.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

"It's swell, Slim," I replied. "But let's get out of here. If your motor ever conks, we're done."

"Nonsense!" he shouted.

JUST then the motor started to miss—sure indication of a gas shortage. I looked at Slim. His face was serious. I wondered if I had been mistaken in my estimate of this famous pilot's skill and caution.

Suddenly the motor picked up. We began to climb. In a short time we were safely out of the canyon. We flew to Red Buttes, where we landed at an excellent field.

Slim was grinning broadly. I had suspicions.

"What's it all about?" I demanded.

"I forgot to tell you, back at Amarillo, that I've got a reserve of ten gallons of gas in the ship."

"Then why did the engine miss?"

"Oh," he explained, grinning, "I did that on purpose. Wanted to give you a thrill."

I had no answer. I was groggy from lack of sleep and in no mood for jokes. But that was Lindbergh's idea of a good one.

Much has been written about Lindbergh's association with the press. I believe that I can relate incidents which will straighten out, in the minds of the public, some of the misunderstandings in that connection.

Slim, during all the time that we lived together, never dined in public, never went to the theater or movies, and always had to have a barber come to his room. It was impossible for him to enjoy the life the average person leads. He was forever scheming to avoid recognition: wearing dark glasses, pulling an old cap down over his eyes. He even affected a stoop; but his tall spare frame and blond hair generally gave him away.

The Washington, D. C., incident—hailed in headlines as an insult by Lindbergh to the newspapers—is one I think I can understand. Reporters gathered with photographers and a curious crowd to greet him. It had been raining and Bolling Field was muddy and dotted with pools of water when he landed.

As he started to taxi toward the hangar, the crowd, led by newspapermen, rushed out to meet him. Lindbergh gave the motor a burst from the throttle and whirled around almost in the length of his ship. The propeller blast picked up mud and water from the ground and showered it upon the onrushing newspapermen.

Lindbergh took a terrific pounding in the press for that affair. True, he drenched with mud those who had come to see him. But by doing that he probably had saved the lives of many of them.

This was no practical joke that he played that day. It was an adroit action inspired by a horror Lindbergh has always possessed of some day hitting some one with his propeller.

SLIM'S ever-present delight in practical jokes did, however, induce him on occasion to let the world—the press included—wonder about his whereabouts.

Once, in two army pursuit planes, we were forced down by a snowstorm in the mountains of Pennsylvania. The closest house was that of a Catholic priest, who asked us to be his guests.

This was the winter after Slim's flight to Paris, when his every movement was news. The old padre did not recognize Slim at first, and the latter was so pleased that we stayed two days. He neglected to notify any one of our whereabouts until next morning. In the meantime a frantic search was started for him.

He later sent from New York a donation for the priest's church, which was used to erect a statue.

This, then, was Slim—the Lindbergh I knew in those carefree years immediately after he had made the epochal flight that elevated him, overnight, to the status of America's hero. A tall, gangling, blond-haired youth. A daring yet cautious pilot. Persistent and generous. Enough animal spirits to relish a practical joke from either the giving or receiving end.

I knew Slim then.

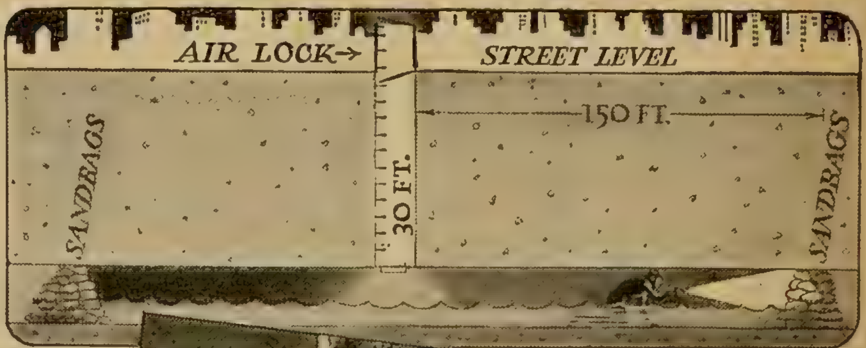
And I knew him later, when tragedy, swift and cruel as the blade of a prop, cleaved into his life.

But that is another story.

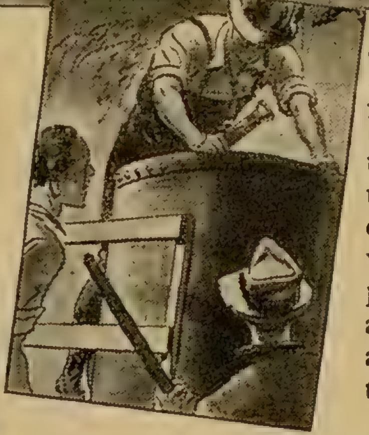
THE END

SAND-HOG TRAPPED IN TUNNEL OF DEATH

Engineer Gambles with Life to Repair Sewer Dam



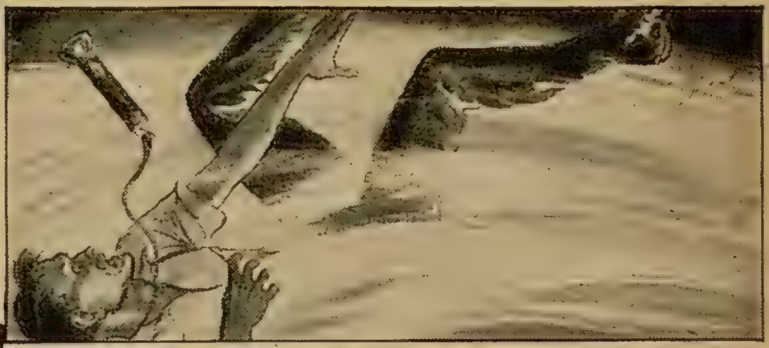
"We had built sandbag barricades each side of a break in a three-foot sewer, capped a man-hole between them with an air-lock and started the compressors to push out the water that gushed into the break from underground springs," writes James Clarke, of 119-54 Merrick Rd., Jamaica, N.Y.

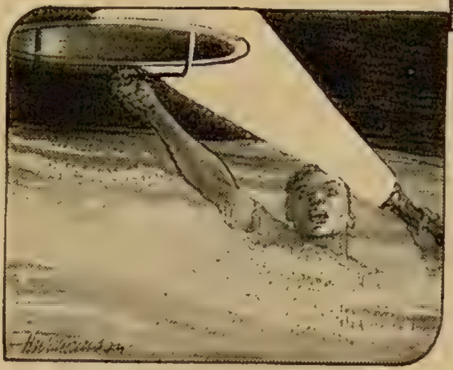


"But the air-pressure was leaking through the sandbags...and I was elected to the dangerous job of plastering up the leaks with clay and oakum. With waders tied under my armpits, a flashlight in hand and another on a lanyard around my neck, I entered the air-lock.

"The sewer was more than half full of water as the flashlight beam stabbed through the misty, heavy darkness. The barricade, with tons of water back of it was leaking badly! Fearfully, I inched toward it on hands and knees. The spare flashlight lay between my shoulder-blades, the slack of the lanyard clenched in my teeth to keep it out of the water...then I heard a rumble, tried crabwise to retreat to safety!

"A racing sand-bag bowled me over, jammed me against the pipe. Then the full force of the dammed-up torrent hit me, carried me along in its rush.





"Buffeted, half-drowned, my flashlight gone, I was ready to give up...when my fingers closed around the spare light on the lanyard. Soaked as it was, *it worked*...showed me the ladder-rung at the foot of the man-hole just in time to grab it, instead of being swept past into oblivion.

"Do you blame me for swearing by equipment that can take it like *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries?

(*Signed*) James Clarke"

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ANNE'S HEART COMES HOME

A poignant, colorful tale of a girl's high courage and a strong man's love

BY BRUCE HUTCHISON

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 42 SECONDS

As our horses topped the hill past the sheep camp, we could make out a car stalled in the snow by the Twenty-five-Mile. That was queer. Everybody knew the upper road wouldn't be open for two months yet.

"Barbarians!" Martha shouted down the wind.

Her son, Gray, winked at me. It was an old joke with us, Martha's magnificent curse. She had hurled it at every stranger venturing up the Cariboo Road and on her plateau in the last forty years. But she'd feed every hungry bum who knocked at the back door of the old ranch house.

Martha turned her lumbering white mare down the hill toward the car. She rode sidesaddle in a dingy flat bowler hat tied to her head with a blue handkerchief, to keep her ears warm, a faded black riding habit with a huge skirt billowing in the wind. A wondrous figure, Martha, with a face like a well used saddle.

We cut through the timber, where the shadows of the red-barked pines lay on the shiny snow all sharp and blue and sleek, as if you could pick them up and eat them like candy sticks. We were almost beside the battered old car when the head of a girl was thrust from under it. She crawled out and got to her feet. She was wearing a rough gray Cowichan sweater and men's trousers.

Martha frowned down, her lower lip outthrust.

"Don't ye know the upper road isn't open till June?"

"I'd begun to suspect it," the girl said. Her teeth showed in a quick grin. Her hair was cut short. It was the dark amber color of that special honey from the alfalfa blooms on the benchland.

Her eyes were clear blue and long; her chin square, with a cleft in the middle of it. There was a smudge of black grease from the car on her forehead and another on her chin.

"What's wrong with the car?" Gray said, and flung off his big roan. As he stood there, looking down at the girl for a moment, I saw that she was taller than his shoulder, and that's tall for a woman. The sweater and trousers showed the curve of her shoulders and full breasts and wide hips. She looked like a woman, not one of these clothespins you see in the movies.

Beside her, Gray was uncommonly dark—black Highland stock that still endured after two generations on this side of the water—the son of his Scottish mother, with Martha's long face and eyes wrinkled by sun and glinting snow and alkali dust. A young face, already battered and grooved like one of his high-heeled boots.

"I guess something's broken," the girl said. "The wheels won't go round any more. Probably it's feeling its age."

ILLUSTRATED BY

Now, I am an old man, and I suppose you'd call me a dried-up country lawyer, but the look of that girl standing there in the snow, the easy, careless way she smiled and the laughter showing in her eyes—well, it made me feel young again for a moment to see her.

It made me think of the mad splendid old gold-rush days when this British Columbia was still a crown colony of Queen Victoria. It made me think of the coaches and laboring bull teams, the gold dust and the gold scales in every stoping house, the bearded marching men, the stinging alkali dust of the Cariboo Road.

Yes, and somehow it made me think of Mark Brady—wild Mark, who drove this road behind his four horses, going hell for leather from Ashcroft to the Seventy. . . .

A man in a tweed coat and plus fours and blue stockings had got out of the driver's seat. He floundered through the snow to the back of the car.

"I think," he said, "we've smashed the drive shaft." He was a fellow in his early thirties, I judged; handsome, almost pretty, with white skin like a woman's, a thin line of black mustache, and shiny hair brushed flat.

"Well, I suppose we'll have to take ye home and get a team to pull out the wreck—as usual," Martha grumbled. She looked down again at the girl. Then she stopped suddenly and glanced at me with a puzzled, almost scared look. She wheeled her horse around.

"Well, come on, come on, then!" she bellowed. "What are we waiting for, eh?"

Gray helped the man up into his own saddle and climbed on behind him, his long legs dangling. I pulled the girl up behind me, and Martha rode on ahead of us grimly, her skirt flying in the wind.

I told the girl my name was John Payson, from down the road at Ashcroft, and that I was just up on the plateau for a visit. She said her name was Anne Merrick, and called her husband Arthur.

"And the old lady on the horse," she said—"that's Mrs. McLeod, isn't it?"

"Yes, Martha McLeod. Somebody told you about her, I suppose, down the road."

"No, I guessed it, from what my father told me. He used to live up here a long time ago. Maybe you knew him? Mark Brady."

"Mark Brady!"

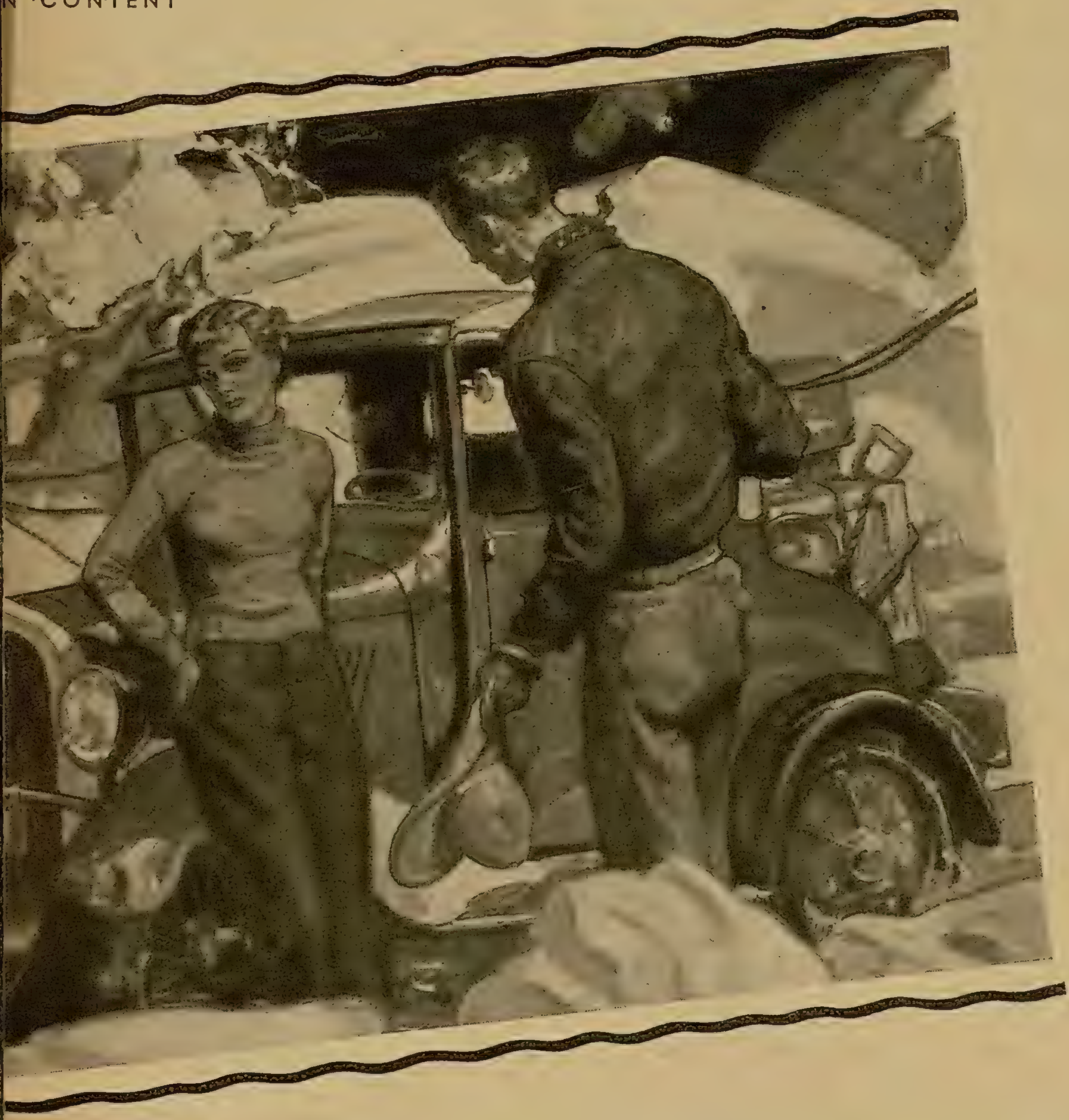
I screwed my head around to look at her again. It was in her face all right—Mark's blue eyes and the cleft in the square chin. "Your father—he's dead?" I asked.

"Two years ago—in Frisco. Then you did know him?"

"Yes, I knew him."

It was hard to think of Mark dead, or old even. He was always young and laughing, like this girl. I wondered if she knew the rest of it—why Mark had left this road; about him and Martha. But that wasn't my secret, so I didn't mention it. I said, "How did you happen here?"

N CONTENT



" I guess something's broken," the girl said. " The wheels won't go round any more."

"We're on our way to the Hundred-and-Fifty-Mile House," Anne said. "Maybe you know the place my father had near there? He left it to me. We're going to live there. You know—back to the land—the simple life—hardy pioneers." She said it gaily, with a little laugh. It's too gay, I thought.

Her husband turned around and gave her a quick look. I sensed some vague clash between these two.

But I wasn't thinking much of that then. I was thinking of Mark's old place west of the Hundred-and-Fifty, where Anne was going. Why, there wasn't a living for a grasshopper on it now that the irrigation flumes were gone. It would cost about ten thousand dollars to put water on it again.

MARTHA and I stood at the window of the ranch house together that evening, looking down the road. Gray and Anne were coming around the curve by the dead fir tree at a gallop.

"At least," I said, "the barbarian knows how to ride."

"Yase," Martha said. A few odd tricks of her Scottish speech still clung to her. "Yase, Mark taught her. He sent me a picture of her three years ago, when her mother died. That's how I recognized her today."

"How much, I wonder, does she know about—everything."

"I wonder," Martha said.

As Anne got nearer I saw that her head was thrown back and her teeth were bared in a smile. I thought to myself that Martha had been smiling too, the first day she came up the road.

That was the sixth of April, 1893. Mark was driving the B. X. coach that day in his beaded buckskin coat and his black hat with the broad floppy brim. His honey-colored hair curled under it and there was a kind of devil-may-care smile on his face.

Roderick McLeod—Black Rory, the eldest of old Dugald's nine sons—had married a girl in Frisco, and everybody along the road was waiting to see her. As she sat on the driver's seat, a little hat on one side of her head and black curls jiggling from under it, I guess Martha was the prettiest girl that had ever come into the Cariboo. She'd only been out from Scotland a month or two when Rory met her. He was fifteen years older than she was.

Every Wednesday night, when the coach stopped at the McLeods' door with a clatter of iron wheels, Mark would leap down in one bound. I guess it hadn't taken Martha long to find out what kind of man she'd married, but I don't think that had much to do with it. I think she and Mark had loved each other from that first day on the driver's seat.

It was mighty strange to be standing there watching Mark's girl come up the road—the same road that had brought Martha here in the springtime, and Mark. Nothing but heartbreak had come of it for those two.

Anne's husband came around the curve, jolting like a sack of oats in his saddle.

"Peely-wally," Martha grunted. That was another of her best Scotch ones. It seemed to mean weak, good for nothing. "A pretty boy. The sort we marry."

When they hauled the car in, they found the drive shaft broken. It would take a week anyway to get a new one up from the coast.

At the dinner table Martha suddenly boomed out, shattering a long silence:

"Aye, ye'll like fairming fine, Mr. Merrick. It's wonderfully healthful. Especially in this dry air. But quite a change from pawnbroking."

"Bond broking, mother," Gray said hurriedly.

"Oh, yase, to be sure. I'm a little hard of hearing, Mr. Merrick. Bond broking, to be sure. But it's much the same thing, isn't it?"

Gray and I exchanged glances. Martha's deafness always covered some flanking maneuver. She was creeping up on Merrick.

I looked over at Anne, and she winked at me solemnly.

A quick flush of anger had swept over Merrick's face as Martha spoke, but ended in one of his easy white smiles.

Martha trundled on with a wooden look: "But of course it takes money to fairm up here—big money. The poor settlers have to live like ground hogs and coyotes. They are little better than dumb brutes. A hard country,

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Mr. Merrick. Especially on women. They're old at thirty."

He glanced sideways at Anne, and he wasn't smiling now. "In this family you can't stop the women from going back to the land. The passion for it is hereditary—in the blood."

Anne's eyes went narrow and the corners of her mouth turned down hard. Then she grinned.

"We'll survive," she said. "Like the ground hogs and coyotes."

"Oh, don't pay any attention to mother," Gray said awkwardly. "She's always trying to drive people out of the Cariboo. She wants it all for herself."

As the others went into the living room, Anne and I were left alone at the table for a few minutes.

She looked at me with a wry smile.

"She was warning us. She thinks we can't make a living up there; that we're not fit for this country. You think so, too, don't you?"

"Well—"

"That's all right. And there's no use talking about it. You see, we've burned our bridges. We're not going back."

I STOOD there for a moment after she'd walked into the living room. Then I went into Gray's little office and locked the door and spent about twenty-five dollars on long-distance calls to a few friends of mine living on the Coast.

When the others had gone to bed and Martha and I were alone by the fire over our nightcap of hot rum and lemon juice, I told her what I'd found out. "You were right. Merrick was in some kind of a financial house. He got into a jam with the firm's money. It took all that Mark left Anne to get him out of it, and he had to leave Frisco. It seems she stuck by him."

Martha sat holding her glass with two bony hands.

"Aye. That's it. We stick by them. And what do we get out of it?"

She stood up, glass in hand, and looked across the plateau, past the sprawling log barns that old Dugald had built, and down the road.

"It's a funny thing, that road," Martha said, her lower lip thrust out and her eyelids drooping. "It's like a mother. It's borne us all. We cling to it like children, and soon they'll bury us beside it with the rest. . . . There were some things I wanted to see first. Gray's kids, maybe, who would keep the place going after him. . . . And now she comes, this gel, our own sort and breed, and it's too late."

"Too late? For what?"

"For Gray and Anne, of course. Are ye blind?"

"What! Why, that's nonsense! He's hardly said a word to her."

"Do you expect him to make speeches, man, and foam at the mouth? She's another man's wife, isn't she?"

In the next few days, while we waited for the drive shaft to come up from the coast, I could laugh again at Martha's absurd notion. That first day's ride had left Merrick sore and stiff, and he seldom stirred from the house; but we four rode about the ranch—Anne, Gray, Martha, and I. I watched closely and saw that Gray took no notice of the girl beside him. The talk was all of horses and cattle and crops and irrigation.

Merrick sat about reading, listening to the radio, and lighting one cigarette off another. But Martha had developed a curious interest in the fellow. She would sit along with him by the hour while he talked, pacing the floor, smoking jerkily.

He stood at the window one day watching Gray and Anne ride up the hill and through the big gate. He turned fiercely on Martha and me.

"You know, you two, don't you? You know what a wild-goose chase she's brought us on! You know we can't make a living—that we'll rot up there!" He stood there, biting his little mustache, and I thought for a moment he was going to cry. "If she'd only been willing to wait a little longer. A few months. If I'd had a few more dollars to hang on with. . . ."

Anne opened the door in the middle of it, Gray behind her.

"I don't think Mrs. McLeod is interested in our financial affairs."

Her cheeks burned, but her voice was low and steady.

"Oh, it's easy for you to talk like that!" Merrick blazed out. "You think you belong up here because your dad once drove a stage. You think it's thrilling and Wild West because you can ride with these strong silent men all day and half the night!"

Gray flushed and I saw those two little spots of white on either side of his nose, like the imprint of two fingers. I'd seen them the day a fellow foundered his mare.

Martha caught his eye and shook her head.

Merrick muttered something and turned quickly and walked out of the room.

GRAY had disappeared when we came down to breakfast next morning, and I asked Anne to go riding with me. I'd decided to make one last effort to stop her going up the road.

We went up through the pinewoods behind the ranch and out on the bare bluff in the middle of a welter of black hills. We sat down on a warm hillside, and the horses behind us nuzzled the first spears of new bunch grass. Five miles up the road there was four feet of snow, but on this southern slope the spring, the blunt plain spring of the dry belt, had come overnight.

"There's the road," I said. "You'll be going up the road tomorrow. Before you go I want to apologize for snooping. I know why you're going up the road. I found out—about your husband. Don't worry. I'm not telling any one."

Without turning her head, she said, "That's all right. I suspected you knew something. But Arthur didn't intend to steal the money. He was going to pay it back. It's not only because we're broke that we're going up there. It's Arthur's chance—away from everything, from everybody he knows. His chance to find himself and start over. I can't take that away from him now, can I?"

"He doesn't seem to want it much," I said bluntly.

"That will be up to him, when we get there. I'm giving him the chance anyway. Besides, I've fallen in love with this country." Her hand swept the valley and the range. "You see, dad was well off and I've never known much before this except good times, parties, clothes, trips, and all that. Well, it all seems pretty flat and cheap now. I suppose it sounds maudlin, but I feel as if I'd found something up here that I've been looking for; as if I belonged. It's like coming home."

"That's your dad talking. Old Mark! Did he ever tell you about Martha?"

"Yes. He told me some of it and he left an old box of letters. I knew they were—lovers."

"If you could have seen the ranch in those days—a pretty tough place for a young girl with those wild McLeods—you would have understood. You wouldn't have blamed Martha or your dad."

"I never blamed them."

THAT'S good. You see, Rory—Black Rory, Martha's husband—wasn't a swine exactly. It was drink mostly, and a kind of queer uncivilized streak in him. I think he sometimes beat Martha. She and your dad were going to run off together. Did you know that?"

"I guessed it—from the letters," Anne said.

"It was all arranged. I was their go-between, as a matter of fact. Your dad had made a stake on some claims he had up on Lightning Creek and he'd fixed up that place at the Hundred-and-Fifty. They were going to live there."

"And what happened?"

"A few days before Mark was to come down and take Martha and her boy away, Rory came home drunk one night and a stallion in the barn kicked him. Broke his back. Martha looked after him until he died. . . . Your dad went south."

We sat there for a long time.

"I've told you all this," I said at last, "because I wouldn't want you to make Martha's mistake. That is just about what you're going to do, you know. Why go on with it? At least stay here until the summer opens up, until you can find your feet. Stay with Martha. . . ."

"Thanks again," Anne said quickly. "Thanks for everything. But I can't stay here any longer. I've got to go on tomorrow. It's—well, you don't understand."

"Maybe," I said, "I do."

Red had swept into her cheeks as she caught my eye. Martha had been right about her and Gray.

"It's funny," I said. "I mean, that

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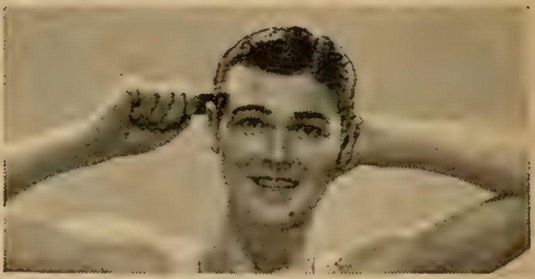

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it should be the old story of Martha and Mark over again. Now it's Mark's girl and Martha's boy."

After supper I went down to the barn to get a pipe I'd left there as I unsaddled the horses. The ground was soft and I suppose my footsteps didn't make any noise. As I came around the side of the huge log building, I saw two figures standing together there in the shadows. They were in each other's arms. They didn't see me, and I walked away quietly.

I had recognized Anne and Gray.

When I went up to the house I found Martha alone beside the fire, and I told her what I'd seen.

"I guess," I said, "your barbarian has changed her mind. It looks as if she's going to stay. This sort of upsets the applecart."

"I wish it did," Martha said. "No. She won't stay. You'll see—she's just sending Gray away."

In a few minutes Gray and Anne came in. He kept his face turned from us.

"I've got to go up to the sheep camp tonight," he said. "Ike rode over just now to get me. Fred will put the drive shaft in the car in the morning."

"So we can start before noon," Anne said briskly.

Gray got up and kissed his mother quickly on the cheek. He put out his hand to Anne and their eyes met.

"So long," he said, and grinned. "In future, be careful about your drive shafts."

He walked out of the room.

Anne said good night and went upstairs.

I said to Martha, "So you were right again."

I WAS late for breakfast next morning, and when I reached the dining room I saw that something was up. Martha sat at the head of the long table, her teacup clutched in two bony hands, and Anne stood over her, talking in a low voice. Merrick was by the window, a black look on his face.

Anne turned on me. I had never seen her really angry before. A little red spot burned on either cheek.

"You've got to help me! Mrs. McLeod has given Arthur money. She's given him five thousand dollars."

"That's not true!" Merrick cried.

"No, certainly it's not," Martha said calmly. "Mr. Merrick is a financial man. I'm letting him invest a bit of money for me, that's all."

"I can't let you do that," I said. "Why, that's all the cash you've got! What about that trip to Scotland?"

"You're my lawyer, not my husband," Martha snapped. "And thank God for it. Besides, I don't want to go to Scotland. It's full of Scotsmen."

She laughed hoarsely at her silly joke, but her wary old eyes were watching Merrick.

"She's giving us this money to help us—to send us back to the Coast," Anne said. "She won't get it back. She knows she won't."

"She'll get it back, doubled," Merrick blustered.

Anne took hold of my coat lapels.

"Tell her! Tell her what you found out about him. What he did with that other money. I'm not going to let him steal from her anyway."

"Now then, let's have no more of this blither," Martha said. "I know what I'm doing. Mr. Merrick and I have talked it over. The money will be well invested, I'm sure."

I opened my mouth to speak, but when I caught Martha's look I shut it again.

Anne turned to her husband and her voice dropped to a whisper.

"All right. If you take her money, you go back alone."

"And I suppose you'll go on up the road by yourself, like the gold rush!" Merrick said. His little mustache could twist into a nasty sneer.

"Yes," Anne said quickly. "That's where I'm going."

"If you want to be crazy," Merrick said, "I can't help it. They've all told you what it's like up there. We can't make a living. With this money we can get started again."

"Yes! At the same old cheap, crooked game."

Anne gave Martha one more look of appeal, but Martha peered woodenly over her teacup.

"I should have listened to dad," Anne said. She turned and walked out of the room.

"Remember," Merrick called after her, "if you go up the road we'll be through. That's desertion."

"Or liberation," I muttered, half aloud.

Martha put down her cup with a clatter.

"As ye say, Mr. Merrick, time is the essence of this business. The truck is going down to the station in five minutes. Are ye packed up?"

"All packed," Merrick said. "And I'm sorry about this little dispute. . . ."

"Oh, 'tis nothing but a bit of temper," Martha said. "Yer wife will be ready to go with you, no doubt."

But when the truck went down to the station, Merrick was alone with the driver, biting his mustache.

Anne came downstairs a few minutes later with her grip. She'd changed into her gray Cowichan sweater and men's trousers.

"I'll run you down to the station in my car," I said. "We can still catch the train."

"Thanks, but I'm not going on the train. I'm going up the road, if my car's fixed."

"It's fixed all right," Martha said quickly.

"Wait a minute," I said. "This was all crazy enough before. Now this idea of going up the road alone is stark lunacy."

"You can't stop her," Martha growled.

"You must be going crazy, too," I said.

Anne went over to Martha and put out her hand.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. McLeod. I didn't expect to come up here this way. It seems as if our family always brought you—bad luck."

Martha started to shake her hand and then she crumpled the girl in her long arms. I went out on the porch and left them together.

When Anne came out I helped her put her bags into the car.

"So long," I said. "When you get tired of it, let me know and I'll send out a search party. Good luck!"

She leaned out of the car and her lips brushed my cheek. The wheels lurched through the mud of the barnyard. A hand waved at us through the car window. Martha and I waved back.

"You see," I said to Martha, "all your brilliant strategy to stop her going up there was a washout. All you can do now is let me phone the Coast and stop payment on that check you gave Merrick."

"Nothing of the sort," Martha said. "I told you it was going to be a good investment."

A GOOD investment! Why, that crooked . . ."

I stopped as I saw Anne swing out through the gate and turn the car up the road. Why, the upper road was still closed with four feet of snow. She would have to go around by the canyon and Hat Creek. I started to yell after her, but Martha clapped a hard hand over my mouth.

"Be still, ye blithering old fool! I told her the upper road was opened. Let her be."

Martha stood there on the porch, watching the car on its way up the hill.

"She'll be stuck in the snow before she's gone five miles, if that's any satisfaction to you," I said.

"Aye, I know that. Yase. That's why I sent her up there—when Merrick went. For a minute I thought he wouldn't go without her."

"You deliberately encouraged Merrick to leave her?"

"He would have sometime anyway. The money hurried him, that's all. She'll pass the sheep camp before she hits the deep snow," Martha said, "and they'll see her from there. Gray's at the sheep camp."

About dusk they came down the hill. Anne rode in the saddle and Gray behind her, his long legs dangling. At the front door he jumped down and lifted her out of the saddle in his arms and held her for a moment before he let her down, and she smiled up into his face.

Martha and I had seen that smile before on this old Cariboo Road. We had seen it many a time when Mark, this girl's dad, used to jump down here from his seat on the dusty old B. X. coach.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

IF you think you would like to be an independent producer of Hollywood pictures, making movies entirely to suit yourself, let me introduce you to Fanchon Royer—one of the very few women in the world who do just that. While working on a picture she toils about twenty hours a day, falls asleep in her bath, and catches cold every time she eats a square meal. This goes on from ten days to two weeks at a stretch, with slightly less strenuous labor lasting several months. She has filmed crashing airplanes (Death in the Air) and racing midget cars (Ten Laps to Go), but her most dangerous picture, she tells me, was her latest release, Religious Racketeer, in which Madam Houdini, wife of the famous magician, exposes tricks employed by fake mediums to hoodwink the spook-credulous public. . . . "To induce us to lay off," says Fanchon Royer, "we have been offered bribes totaling nearly $300,000, and our lives have been threatened unless we consented to come to terms." So she has a couple of bodyguards trailing around with her now. . . . Meeting her personally, you never would take her for a movie executive who specializes in hard-boiled art. She looks too youthful, too attractive. I could scarcely believe my ears when she talked about her five children, including a son of college age. . . . Originally a Des Moines, Iowa, girl, she first worked in Hollywood as an extra, then edited a movie magazine, then spent two years making pictures in Mexico. She knows her Hollywood. . . . "While we were doing our film exposé of fake spiritualists," she said, "the members of the cast put in all their spare time telling ghost stories and exchanging addresses of their favorite mediums. You can't cure 'em."

☆ Smartest novelty for summer adornment is the necklace of real flowers—roses or any small blossoms. Wire them close together on a length of narrow green ribbon. Tie the bow in back. Endures only one evening, but the boys will remember.

☆ Skunk panic has long been a form of fear manifested violently by women who go camping in the summertime. Most girls are terrified of skunks—and I can't say I blame us much—but William Carr does. "All skunks are perfect gentlemen at heart," he says, "or perfect ladies, as the case may be. They're friendly by nature, and can be petted by any one who is fond of animals and knows how to handle them carefully." . . . Handle them, Mr. Carr? . . . No, thanks, Mr. Carr. . . All we want to know is how to tell whether a skunk feels chummy toward us or not. . . . "As long as a skunk faces you," said Mr. Carr, "you and he are pals. Don't run unless he arches his back and starts turning sideways. If he does that, run *fast.*" . . . William Carr has charge of outdoor experiments for the American Museum of Natural History. Has tamed and made pets of twenty-five skunks over a number of years, without depriving any of them of their aromatic weapon, and without once being sprayed.

All of which may be very reassuring—but *I* still prefer wildflowers.

☆ The poet Byron had a wife who once ate twenty-one lamb cutlets at a sitting. Good as they are fixed the following way, with tongue and mushrooms, two apiece ought to be enough for you and your gang. . . . Trim a slice of white bread to fit each cutlet.

Fry the bread shapes in butter; drain them; dab sparingly with mustard; on each lay a thin slice of smoked tongue.

Arrange in a ring on a hot platter. Have ready a sauté of thinly sliced mushrooms mixed with a few green peas and heated well in a little thick cream sauce. Now broil your cutlets and place them on the *coasters* of fried bread and tongue.

Fill the center of the dish with creamed mushrooms and peas. Serve quickly.

A salad made with lettuce and water cress completes this excellent main course for a dinner party this summer.

☆ Now that honey is being advocated for so many sweetening purposes, you may be interested in Dr. Bodog F. Beck's new book, Honey and Health, which tells the story of honey from its historic past to fashionable present. (Published by Robert M. McBride & Co.)

☆ When we spell out names letter by letter to a long-distance telephone operator or telegraph clerk, few of us understand how it really should be done.

Women get into extra-fantastic tangles. One girl I know, trying to spell out the name Avery, said: "A as in astringent; V as in velveteen; E as in earrings; R as in ruffles; Y as in Y. W. C. A." . . . Naturally, she had some trouble making her connection. . . . Since many of us do a considerable amount of summer-vacation phoning and wiring to out-of-the-way places, I thought the correct words to use in spelling out names might be useful to know. Here they are . . . A as in Adam; B as in Boston; C as in Chicago; D as in Denver; E as in Edward; F as in Frank; G as in George; H as in Henry; I as in Ida; J as in John; K as in King; L as in Lincoln; M as in Mary; N as in New York; O as in ocean; P as in Peter; Q as in queen; R as in Robert; S as in sugar; T as in Thomas; U as in union; V as in Victor; W as in William; X as in X-ray; Y as in young; Z as in zero. . . . I obtained this information over the phone from a Western Union man, and asked him to spell out *his* name. He said: "O as in omen; S as in suspect; L as in lunatic; I as in imperial; N as in Noel Coward."

"All right! It did belong to George Washington, but a nickel says he never got a good night's rest out of it!"

DEAD MAN'S LOG

BY LOUIS B. DAVIDSON and EDWARD DOHERTY

Glimpses into a shambles of yesterday that

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

For nearly a month after January 24, 1824, the events of that date and the following days left George Comstock incapable of making entries in his diary of the Globe's voyage. Not until February 21 could he begin setting down those events in detail. His account of them filled last week's installment and is now continued.

On January 24 it was discovered that sharks had eaten the carcass of a whale that had been killed. Blaming the Jonah, Joseph Thomas, Captain Worth had him flogged insensible by Mates Beetle and Lumbard. When George expostulated, Beetle put the boy in his place with a flick of the rope's end. After dinner, the Lyra's officers and crew came on board the Globe. There were wrestling matches; Sam Comstock challenged Mate Fisher, who toyed with him as with a child. "I'll get you for this," the fiery Sam muttered. Later, in the forecastle, George heard him conversing ominously with Thomas and with the shanghaied Payne, Oliver, Liliston, and Humphries.

At midnight, with the tropic moon shining, George was at the wheel. As he was about to wake his relief, Sam flourished a knife at him and bade him make no noise on pain of death. Presently he saw Sam, now armed with an ax, and Payne, Oliver, and Humphries stealing in on the captain and the mates, who were asleep in the cabin. George was too paralyzed by horror to cry out an alarm.

PART FIVE—THE RED HAND OF MUTINY

I HEARD a sound that had, at first, no special meaning for me, a sound that came from the cabin. My mind was so frozen with horror, I suppose, that it required time to make any new impression on it.

It was like the sound of an ax upon a tree.

I looked about me vacantly. The wheel was in my hands. Overhead were the brilliant stars. All about me was the sea that quivered and shone with fire.

Again I heard the sound, and now I knew what it meant. I shut my eyes. Spasms rioted in me. I retched.

I waited, the sweat pouring out of me, sweat that seemed cold as icy water. I heard Beetle's voice, and knew he was pleading for his life, though his words were indistinct. Again I heard the thud of the ax. Again and again I heard it. I wanted to scream but could not even whisper. The ax fell no more. There was silence for a long time, a very long time.

I rose shakily from my knees, thinking it was all over. The captain was dead and Beetle was dead. God have mercy on them. . . .

Sam came stealthily out of the shadows toward me. He had something in his right hand. I thought it was the ax. It was the lamp. It had gone out. He was coming to relight it at the binnacle.

He has gone mad, I thought. He'll kill me.

For a moment I was glad. I wanted to die, to have the horror over and done with. But as he came nearer and nearer, the fear of death grew stronger in me. I could not die, I tried to assure myself; I would not die.

And Gilbert Smith? He must not die either.

"You won't hurt Smith?" I said.

Sam wiped his blood-spattered chin with his bloody hand. "Won't I?" he said savagely. "I'll slaughter him. Where is he?"

"I don't know," I whispered. "I haven't seen him."

He glared at me. "Why are you crying?"

"I'm afraid," I confessed. "They might kill me too."

"They?" he said with a sneer. "I'll kill you myself if you talk in that fashion."

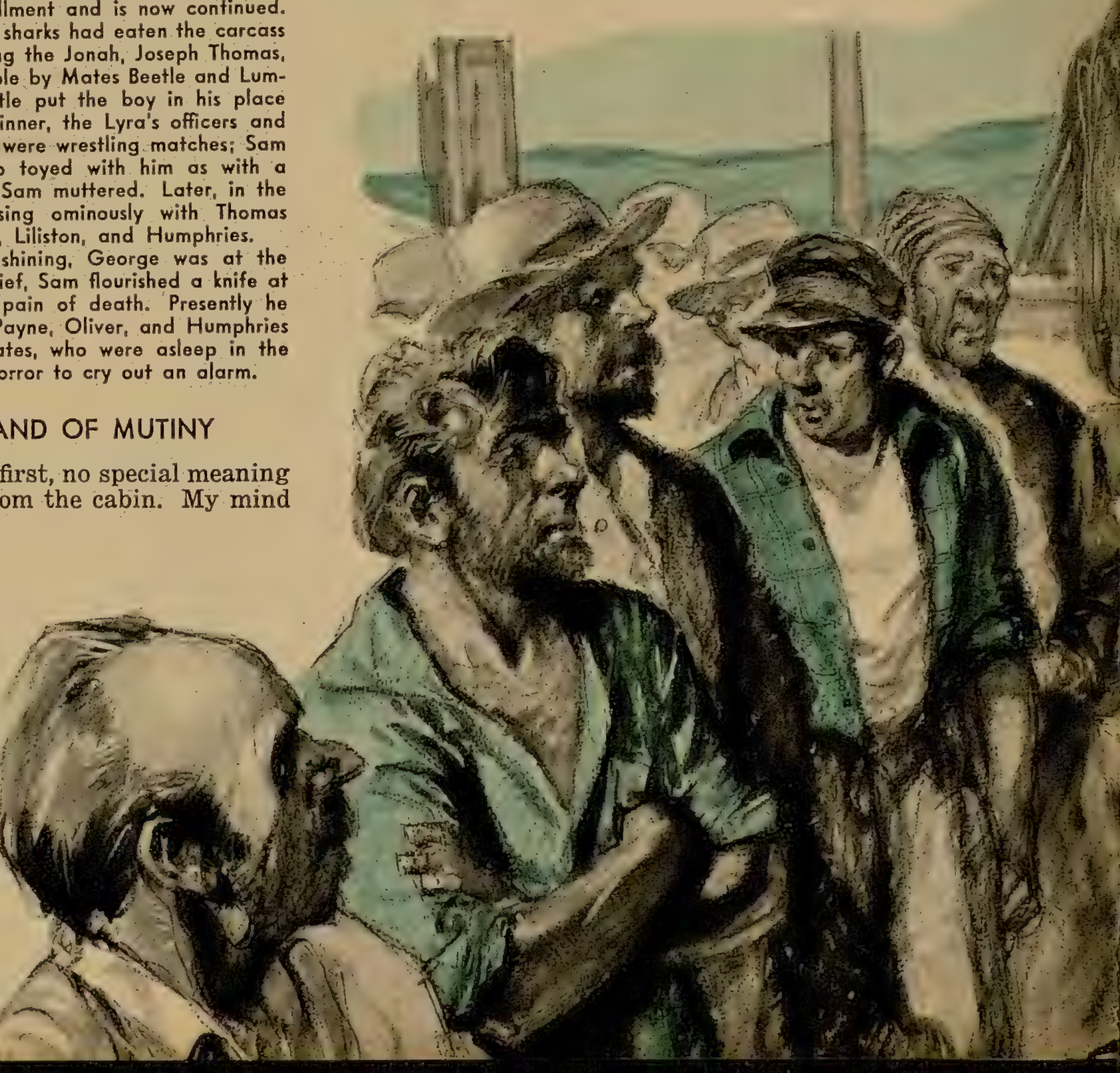
He lit the lamp then and hurried from me.

I heard voices and the report of a musket. The smell of powder smoke sickened me. Then I heard the rending and splintering of wood, the sound of a door broken off its hinges. I heard Lumbard scream. The musket roared again. Then all was quiet.

It was still quiet when Gilbert Smith appeared on deck.

"Save yourself," I bade him. "They've killed the cap-

"If there's any one you like for captain better, you have a right to choose him."



made history for today! Drama reaches new heights in a stirring sea-tale from life

tain and the mates. They'll be coming to kill you too."

"God save us," Gilbert said.

"Fly," I pleaded.

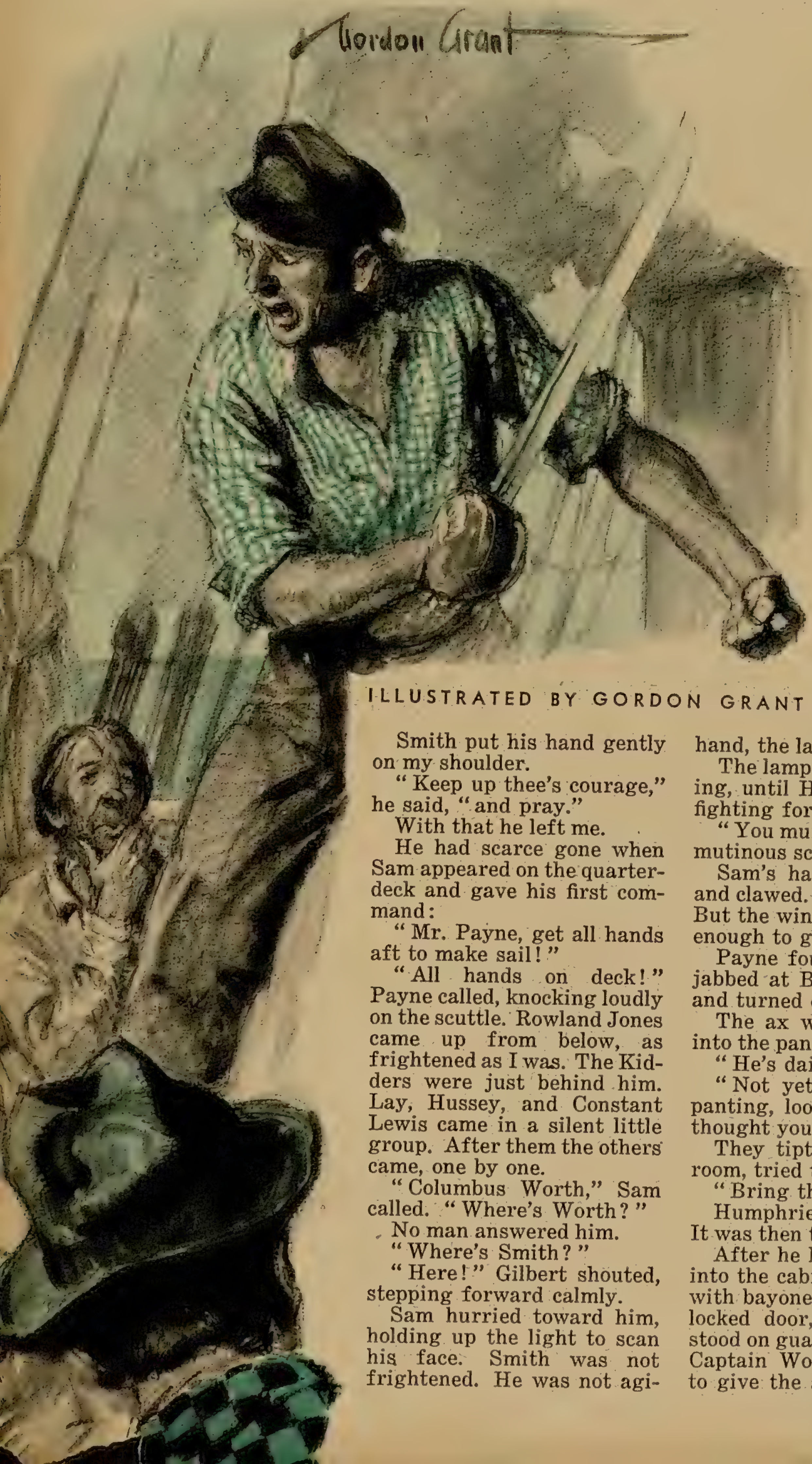
"Fly?" he said softly. "Whither, Friend George?"

"To the Lyra," I said.

"I cannot swim," he answered. "And could I, there is one I must not leave to be butchered—thee's young friend Worth, the captain's nephew. Thee's brother will murder him surely if he be not hid."

I felt shame that I had not thought of Worth.

"Aye," I said. "Columbus Worth. And Lay. And Hussey. And the Kidders. And Jones. Hide them all."



ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

Smith put his hand gently on my shoulder.

"Keep up thee's courage," he said, "and pray."

With that he left me.

He had scarce gone when Sam appeared on the quarter-deck and gave his first command:

"Mr. Payne, get all hands aft to make sail!"

"All hands on deck!" Payne called, knocking loudly on the scuttle. Rowland Jones came up from below, as frightened as I was. The Kidders were just behind him. Lay, Hussey, and Constant Lewis came in a silent little group. After them the others came, one by one.

"Columbus Worth," Sam called. "Where's Worth?"

No man answered him.

"Where's Smith?"

"Here!" Gilbert shouted, stepping forward calmly.

Sam hurried toward him, holding up the light to scan his face. Smith was not frightened. He was not agitated in any way. Sam saw that. His scowl vanished.

"Are you for me or against me, Smith?" he asked.

"I am willing to do aught thee wishes me to do."

"Curse you!" shouted Sam. "Go forward and set the fore-topgallant sail and flying jib."

"Aye, aye." Smith started to obey.

Sam stopped him. "You're actually with us?"

"I'll do what thee requires," Smith said simply.

Sam threw his right arm jubilantly around the boat steerer's neck. "If you're with us," he said, "God's with us. Divine aid is assured us."

He beamed on Smith as I have seen him do with how many women! He fully believed that God had blessed his bloody work; that this proved it.

"Have those bodies hauled up," he commanded, "and heave them overboard."

All these things I have set down above I saw and heard. All I shall now relate I heard from others.

Sam accomplished each and every murder.

He killed the captain first, splitting his head with two blows of the ax. The captain, slumbering in his hammock, never woke. Payne stood by with the boarding knife. Humphries held the light. But his hand shook so that Sam took the lamp from him, and held it high that Payne might see to murder Beetle.

Payne's long knife ripped into Beetle's flesh, and he awakened. "What? What? What?" he called. He leaped up. He saw Payne and the knife. He saw Sam. Then he must have realized, for he called their names and begged for mercy.

"Oh, Payne! Oh, Comstock!" he cried. "Don't kill me! Don't! Have I not always—"

But Sam interrupted. "Yes," he said, "you've always been a rotten rascal. Haven't you told lies of me? It's a good time to beg now—but too late."

By this time Beetle was fully awake. He seized Sam by the throat and used him as a screen against Payne's knife. Sam was surprised. The ax dropped from his right hand, the lamp from his left.

The lamp fell against Sam's boot and rolled, still burning, until Humphries picked it up and lifted it. Beetle, fighting for his life, was choking Sam.

"You murderous devil!" he roared. "You treacherous mutinous scum! Kill me, would you? I'll show you!"

Sam's hands were free. He punched. He scratched and clawed. He tried to jab his fingers into Beetle's eyes. But the wind was going out of him. He had only breath enough to gasp, "Payne—the ax!"

Payne found it, thrust it into Sam's right hand and jabbed at Beetle with his knife. Beetle let go his hold and turned on Payne.

The ax whistled and bit deep. Beetle fell backward into the pantry and lay still.

"He's daid," Humphries said. "Dat man daid."

"Not yet," said Sam, and struck again. He stood panting, looking down at his victim. "By the Lord, I thought you had me then, you fat filthy swine!"

They tiptoed then to Lumbard's and Fisher's stateroom, tried the door, and found it locked.

"Bring the light close," Sam commanded.

Humphries was shaking violently. The light went out. It was then that Sam came to the binnacle.

After he had relighted the lamp and left me, he went into the cabin. He took down two muskets, tipped them with bayonets, loaded them, and went softly back to the locked door, where Humphries and Payne and Oliver stood on guard. Oliver had stayed outside the cabin when Captain Worth and Beetle were killed. He was there to give the alarm should any interference threaten.

Sam gave one of the muskets to Payne. The lamp he again entrusted to Humphries. "Hold it steady now," he said. "If it goes out again, your life goes with it."

Lumbard, hearing Sam's voice, called out to him:

"Are you going to kill me?"

"Oh, I guess not," Sam said. He aimed in the direction of Fisher's berth and fired through the door.

"Any one hit?" he asked.

"You've hit me in the mouth," Fisher answered.

"Good," Sam said. He hurled himself against the door, then stepped aside to let Payne do the same.

"Comstock!" Lumbard shouted. "What's the matter? You can have anything I've got. Anything! Just let me go down into the fo'c's'le! Let me jump overboard!"

"Not yet," Sam answered, and threw his body once more against the door. Payne hammered on it with the butt of his musket, splintered it. Sam lunged a third time, and the door broke and ripped from its hinges. He caught up the musket, made a thrust at Lumbard with the bayonet point, tripped, and pitched headlong into the stateroom.

Before he could get up, Lumbard had him by the neck. But there was blood on Sam's neck, and he squirmed loose. He leaped up and found himself looking into the barrel of the musket. Fisher held it, held it steady.

"Never thought you sich a detarmined devil, Sam," Fisher said. His mouth had been torn by the bullet and was gushing blood but he spoke distinctly.

SAM figured Fisher didn't know there were so few men in the mutiny, didn't know the musket in Payne's hands was unloaded, didn't know he could retake the ship merely by pulling the trigger.

"Just lay down the musket," he said quietly, "and I'll see that your life is spared."

"You mean that?"

"Honor bright."

Fisher hesitated for a moment, then put the weapon in Sam's hands. Sam laughed at him.

"Just another fool," he said. He wheeled quickly around, and stuck Lumbard through the middle.

Lumbard fell. Sam drew out the bayonet and turned to Fisher.

"You promised!" Fisher said. "You promised, Sam!"

Sam grinned at him. "How about my promise when you threw me? You thought you were smart then, didn't you? I said I'd get you for that. Well, I've got you. You're going to die."

Terror went out of Fisher. He gave Sam a look of contempt. "At least I'll die like a man," he said.

Sam held the muzzle to Fisher's head and pulled the trigger.

"You've killed him," Lumbard said. "Don't kill me. I'm a married man and a father, Sam. I just got a letter yesterday. I'm the father of a little girl. You won't kill me, Sam. For her sake, Sam."

For answer, Sam jabbed the bayonet through him.

"I'm a bloody man!" he cried. "I've got a bloody hand, and I will be revenged."

I did not see the bodies brought up and heaved overboard. I shut my eyes to that. The account I give here is that of Gilbert Smith and others.

Captain Worth, the first to die, was the first to be cast into the sea. Beetle was still living when his body was rolled off the plank, but life burned so feebly in him that perhaps it didn't matter.

Lumbard, though he had been transfixed so many times, was living too, and not feebly either. They heaved him overboard, thinking him dead. But he caught the plank. He clung to it. And he cried out in a loud voice:

"Comstock! For my baby's sake, have pity!"

His windpipe was only a shred, I have been assured; yet his voice was clear.

"Pity," Sam said. "I'll give you pity." He stamped on Lumbard's fingers and called for a hatchet.

Lumbard gave up. He let go. He slipped down into the sea. Humphries called from aloft that he was swimming.

"Swimming?" Sam said. "It isn't possible."

"Dar!" Humphries cried, pointing. "He swim!"

Sam saw him then, saw that he was trying to make the Lyra. "Lower away the bow boat. After him."

The cranes were swung away and the boat was partly lowered.

"You, Hanson, Oliver, Peter Kidder, spring in. Get that man."

But Sam thought better of it. These men might row directly to the Lyra. They might betray him.

"Never mind," he said. "Let him go. He'll drown. Hoist up the boat. Set a light in the mizzen rigging as a signal for the Lyra to tack. Set all sails. Keep her a good full. Jump to it, whalers! Jump!"

It must have been shortly after this that I stole into the "crocheting" room, a tiny room where the wives of former captains used to while away the hours sewing.

I went there to be alone. I closed the door softly, fell full length on the floor, and wept my fill. I was still crying when Humphries backed in through the door and turned and spoke to me.

"Dere now," he said. "Dere now, Mistuh Jawge, dat ain' no way fo' a big boy to ca'y on. No way 'tall. Ah seed you th'ow up out dar; and Ah seed you creep in hyeh. Ah knowed what to do right off. Yas, suh! Ah made some hot tea fo' you. Come on now, Mistuh Jawge. Drink it hot. Daid men don' haunt nobody. No, suh. And dem daid men had to die, yas, suh."

"Go away!" I cried out. "You helped kill them!"

He laughed tolerantly and set a pewter mug of strong tea on the chair near the door.

"You and me's friends, Mistuh Jawge," he said. "And Ah on'y held de lamp. Mistuh Sam, he say, 'Come 'long or Ah cut you' th'oat.' And dar Ah is, holdin' up de light. But don' you cry fo' dem. You seed cap'n kick mah dog. You seed Beetle and Lumbard whup Joe Thomas. You seed Fishe' th'ow Mistuh Sam down ha'd. Dey's daid. And us is free. Us lives lak kings."

We had been friends. I had always liked him. He had always been kind to me. Yet now I feared him.

"Ah knows a island whar Mistuh Sam kin be de king. And you kin be de haid o' de church. . . ."

Somehow, as he talked, my aversion and horror lessened. Murder meant little to him. And he was only a tool of Sam's. I wondered how much his talk of life in strange tropic islands had influenced Sam.

Dawn crept in through the partly opened door. He smiled on me, showing all his white teeth.

"Us free now, Mistuh Jawge," he said. "No mo' whalin'. No mo' pickle' beef and spoil' 'taters. No mo' wuk. And all Ah did was hol' de lamp."

I WENT out and scanned the horizon. The Lyra was nowhere to be seen. I walked about the deck until I heard the cry, "All hands aft!"

Sam was there, awaiting us. He stood on the vise bench, a cutlass in his right hand, a pistol in his belt.

"If there's any one you like for captain better than me," he said quietly, "you have a perfect right to choose him."

We stood and shuffled our feet for a moment.

I heard a whisper behind me: "Yer as good as 'e is, mity, an' yer'd mike a sight better capt'in." It was Oliver, speaking to Payne.

Sam must have heard the whisper, though I doubt if he knew what was said. He reached quickly for his pistol.

"Since you all wish me to be your captain," he said, "you must swear to obey the laws I have here in my hand:

"One. If any one sees a sail and fails to sing out at once, he shall be put to instant death.

"Two. If any one refuses to fight a ship to keep her off, he shall be put to death as a traitor; he shall be bound hand and foot and boiled in the try-pots in oil.

"Any one not wishing to abide by these laws does not have to sign them, but might stand to one side."

"I'll sign," Payne said.

Humphries brought pen and ink. Payne signed. One by one the rest of us followed his example. Then we made our seals. At Sam's direction those who had taken part in the mutiny made red seals after their names. The rest of us made ours with black ink.

"Now each of you swear to uphold these laws."

We all swore. All but Gilbert Smith.

"I give my oath only to God," he explained. "I'll not swear, but thee may take my word instead, if thee will."

"All right," Sam said. "Now I appoint Mr. Payne first mate, Mr. Humphries second mate. You, George, will be steward. You and Hussey clean out the cabin."

I shall not dwell on the ghastly aspects of our task. We worked fast, the sooner to be done. Sam ordered rum served to all hands, and later, when most every one was feeling the effects, he ordered them to throw overboard "everything that smells of whaling."

Harpoons, lances, blubber knives, boarding knives, tackle, hoops and staves, even the bricks of the try-pots and the casks of oil were heaved into the sea. I had visions of a dead man floating, his red beard pointing at the sky and his white lips muttering: "Ile! They're throwing away my ile!"

Gilbert Smith paused at my elbow. "The sea gives, Friend George," he said. "And the sea reclaims."

"Is Columbus safe?" I asked him.

"I think so," he said. "He's somewhere in the hold. They've searched, but they haven't found him."

Joe Thomas staggered across the deck to us. He was very drunk. "Curse all whales," he said. "Curse all whalers. That I have lived to see this day!"

He drank from a bottle and hurled it over the rail and staggered away. As we watched him, there came a familiar cry from aloft:

"Thar blows! Buh-loes! Buh-loes! A sparm whale two p'ints off the larboard quarter!"

Mechanically every man of us rushed to the rigging. And there we halted.

"Fools!" Payne roared. "We're done with whaling."

And so we were. Done with whaling, done with honest work and adventure, done with purpose.

We watched the whale. It was floundering in a most unusual way, lashing the sea into acres of foam.

"It's fighting something," Smith said.

As we came closer we noted that the sea was reddening. We saw the whale leap half its great length out of the water, and saw a much smaller "fish" fastened to his underjaw, a brown-backed, white-bellied creature.

"A killer," Smith whispered. "It'll keep a strangle hold on the whale until the whale dies."

"If I had a gun I'd kill that little fish," I heard some one say. "It'd be an easy shot from here."

"If we could only lower a boat," another man sighed. But we were done with that.

"It's fun to catch whales," some one else said, "the greatest fun in the world."

And we were done with fun.

We watched the whale as long as we could, knowing it soon must give up the unequal struggle against its pygmy adversary, and roll "fin out."

"Strange," I said, "how such a comparatively tiny beast can murder so huge a one."

"Aye. And a ship is larger than a whale, and the men on it craftier and more dangerous. Yet one man can take a ship, as thee has seen," said Smith.

"And another can take it from the first," I said.

"Payne?" Smith asked.

"Payne. And Oliver after Payne. And after him—"

"Payne," he said. "Thee's right. Yon's a sinister man. And Oliver—a whining, wheedling, conniving knave. The first to grumble and the last to serve. A bilge rat! Aye! Payne. And then Oliver—and then?"

"No!" I burst out. "I'll not stand it! I'm not going to be a slave to these murderers. I'm going home. I'm going to take the ship. Will you help me?"

"Aye," he said quite calmly.

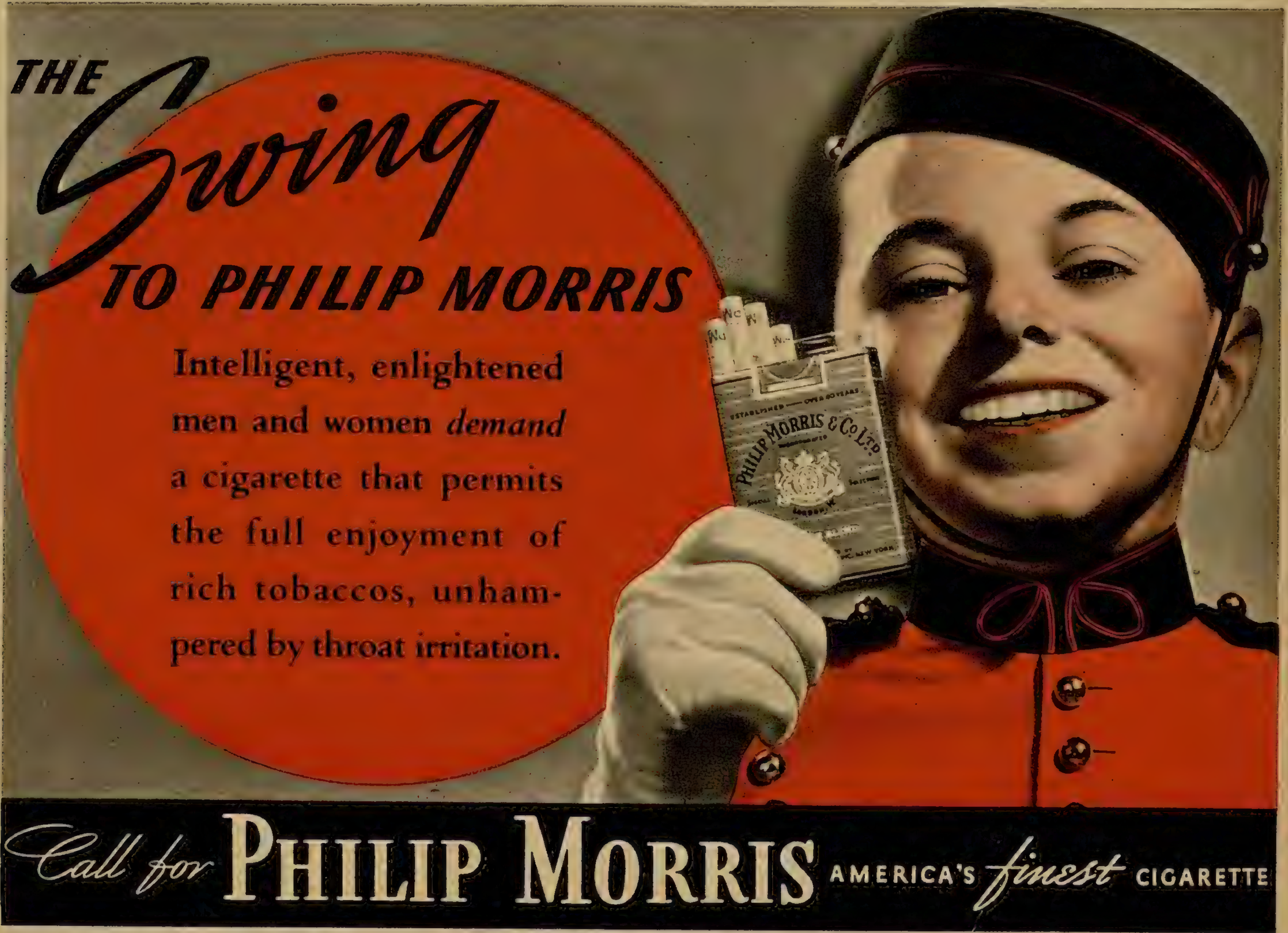
"There are a dozen men who'll help us," I said.

"Patience," he cautioned me. "And do thee let me work out the details while we wait. Could thee kill a man, Friend George—for home—for Mistress Sally?"

"Yes," I whispered, but I was frightened.

"It may not come to that. But if so be—so be it."

What can these words foreshadow? A revolt? A counter-mutiny against the blood-drenched mutineers? Meanwhile, is Sam to realize his wild dream and become a king? And what fate is in store for young Worth, in the ship's hold? Don't miss Dead Man's Log next week!



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What Happened to ELLIS PARKER?

"If the Hat Fits . ."

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A true tale of the "murder maestro" which intensifies the mystery of the cryptic fiasco that halted his career

ONE of the pet theories advanced to explain why a sleuth as smart as Ellis Parker became involved in a fiasco as stupid as the Paul Wendel kidnaping is this: The old murder maestro was slipping. He was in his sixties and his shrewd analytical mind had dulled and he was skidding into second childhood.

The only truth in that theory is that Ellis Parker was, indeed, in his sixties.

He was in his sixties, too, when the Bradway Brown case hit the front pages in 1933—only three years before the Wendel snatch. And in the Bradway Brown case, Parker turned in some of his finest work.

A call from Chief of Police Maurice Beck took Ellis Parker to the Bradway Brown home in Palmyra, New Jersey, on the night of January 16, 1933. When he stepped into the living room of the rambling Brown cottage, he found Chief Beck and his men there, and the dead man, wearing an overcoat, sprawled face down on the floor amid some of his two-year-old daughter's Christmas toys. A .32-caliber Colt revolver lay near Brown's right hand.

The dead man was young, well built, and handsome. Three bullets had gone into his overcoat, leaving contact burns, showing they'd been fired at close range. One bullet had gone through his left sleeve and entered his chest. The second had gone into his body through the left armpit of his coat. The third had gone through the skirt of his coat without touching him.

Chief Beck sketched the dead man's background. Bradway Brown, Swarthmore College graduate, was wealthy and traveled with the smart younger set. He was happily married and the father of one child. His father had committed suicide the year before.

The dead man's wife and child were away, visiting the wife's parents in Pennsylvania.

Parker asked: "How did you hear about this?" He nodded toward the dead man.

"I got a call around seven fifteen. The girl who lives next door heard some shots. She looked out her window and saw a couple of men running away from the house here. They got in a car parked near the street lamp on Highland Avenue and drove away. She told her father what she'd seen, and he phoned me."

"How many shots did this girl say she heard?" asked Ellis Parker.

"Three. One right after another. I came right out here. The lights were on in the living room. I rang the front doorbell. Nobody answered. I found that the place was locked up tighter than a drum. I finally had to jimmy a rear window and climb through to get in. When I did, this is what I found."

Ellis Parker rubbed his chin. If this were murder, it was the kind of stuff fiction stories were made of—murder in a locked house.

"Is everything here just the way you found it?"

"Yes. All but the telephone there. It was knocked down on the floor."

Carefully, now, Ellis Parker picked up the Colt revolver that lay at Bradway Brown's right hand. One cylinder held an unfired bullet; the other five held five discharged shells. Parker smelled individually the five cylinders that contained discharged shells, then he nodded.

"There were three shots all right. Three of these cylinders smell as if bullets have been fired from them recently. I'd like to find that third bullet."

He got down on his hands and knees, searched every inch of the living-room floor—and found nothing.

"There are three holes in Brown's overcoat," he explained to Chief Beck. "Two of the bullets are in Brown's body. The third went through his coat, lower than the other two, but didn't hit him. If he was shot in this room, the bullet should be here. It isn't. Therefore he couldn't have been shot in this room. And look at this . . ." Ellis Parker held the gun under the light, muzzle up. Inside the barrel was crammed a mixture of soft dirt and fine gravel.

"That had to get there *after* Brown was shot. And it had to get there outside, where there's gravel."

"Then you don't believe that he committed suicide?"

"No. I never heard of a suicide shooting himself in the left armpit. But if you were fighting with a man who had a gun, that's where *he* would be likely to shoot you.

"Let's go outside and see if we can find the place where Brown fought with whoever killed him. Besides, there's something else we ought to find—Brown's hat. He's wearing his overcoat but no hat. It ought to be out there, too."

"Brown got home. These two fellows were here. There was a quarrel. Brown lost his hat. So did one of the men."

Just outside the garage, the smooth graveled driveway was scuffed where some one had struggled. And, near by, Ellis Parker picked up not one hat but two. There was a motorboat in the garage, and Chief Beck, examining it, called Parker over.

"Here's where your third bullet went, Ellis."

Ellis Parker looked, saw a long groove that had been freshly ripped into the prow of the boat.

On the way back to the house Parker found a gin bottle, three quarters empty. He stuffed it into a pocket of his coat.

Back in the living room he mused aloud:

"Brown just got home. These two fellows the girl saw were here on the grounds. Maybe he knew them,

maybe not. There was a quarrel. Brown lost his hat. So did one of the men, the one who shot Brown three times. Brown grabbed the gun and the two men fled. Brown started for the side door of the house. He fell down, got gravel in the gun barrel. He unlocked the door, let himself in. He slammed the door shut. It has a spring lock. It locked. He got the lights on, came in here, headed for the telephone. He got the phone off the stand, all right, but he fell down dead, on his face, dropping the gun, before he could use the phone. That's the way it must have happened. We don't know whether the motive was robbery or something else. We don't know who did it. But we've got the gun it probably was done with and a hat belonging to the man who shot him and a bottle with some gin in it."

And now for the greatest mystery of Ellis Parker's career—his own! After years of fighting crime, why did he suddenly desert the forces of law and order? How could his shrewd brain have devised a plan so full of blunders and back trails as the Wendel kidnaping? Don't miss the amazing, revealing story of his downfall—in an early issue.

Parker studied the two hats. One, a brown hat, had a man's blond hair in it. It was a cheap chain-store make. The size was six and three quarters.

"Brown was a brunet," said Ellis Parker. "The other hat is his. Besides, it's expensive, more the kind he'd wear." But, to make sure, he had one of Beck's men get another of Brown's hats from the closet to compare for size. Both were seven and a quarter.

Back in Mount Holly the next morning, Ellis Parker sat alone in his office, two hats, a Colt revolver, and a bottle of gin before him, solemnly pulling at his pipe.

He'd made a check-back of Bradway Brown's movements the day of the murder but hadn't turned up much. Brown had arrived late at work that day, had followed office routine pretty closely until leaving there at 6.40 that night. His home was a good half-hour's drive from Philadelphia, and the shots had been heard at 7.15, which made his time of arrival about right. Late in the afternoon Brown had telephoned his mother, canceling a dinner engagement. That made it look as though, possibly, Brown might have had a rendezvous with the men who killed him.

Brown's relatives had looked at the gun and said it was not his. Nor did it yield fingerprints.

Ellis Parker called into his office one of his detectives, G. Clinton Zeller.

"Clint," he said, "it looks as if our murderer is some young blond thug; not some one Brown knew. The hat the blond man wore is too cheap to belong to anybody in Brown's social set, and so is the bathtub gin in this bottle." He took up the Colt. "And see this gun. The owner has filed off the serial number and filled in with solder. That's a criminal trick. So the murderers emerge as a couple of hoodlums—professional gunmen. I want you to pick up the bullets doc got out of Brown and take them and this gun to Spangler, in Philadelphia, and see what you can find out. The gun's our best bet. The gin and the hat would be almost impossible to trace."

Zeller nodded and went away with the gun. Parker sat studying the cheap brown felt hat. On its crown was a small streak of dried green paint. He rubbed his bald head—and wondered how the paint had got there.

Lieutenant George Spangler, ballistics expert of the Philadelphia Police Department, examined the Colt revolver. Zeller returned to Mount Holly to present Spangler's findings to Ellis Parker.

"Looks pretty hopeless, chief," he said. "The gun is at least twenty years old. It's .32-caliber, but present-day .32 bullets are too big to fit its cylinders. Seems they changed styles in between then and now. The bullets from this gun killed Brown all right. They were made with black powder. They haven't been selling any like them for five years. And the serial number on the gun has been filed so deep and smooth that Spangler couldn't raise it."

"Well," said Ellis Parker, "I heard something once about how some fellows in a laboratory brought up some filed-off numbers on a piece of steel with an acid treatment. Take it to the laboratory at the Colt factory in Hartford, Connecticut, and see if they can help us."

The magic of science, the following day, went to work on a murder gun. Half an hour of acid treatment in the Colt factory brought to the filed surface of the metal the outline of the serial number which had originally been cut into the steel by a die. It was 11734. A check of factory records showed it had been sold to a sporting goods dealer in St. Louis in 1903.

When Zeller carried the news to his chief, Parker shook his head. "Tracing a thirty-year-old gun is hopeless," he said. "But never mind. I think I've got something else. I think I know now who the two guys are that bumped off Bradway Brown."

"What!" exclaimed Zeller.

"Look, Clint," suggested Ellis Parker, pointing to the map of New Jersey that was spread out before him. Zeller looked. He saw a series of circles on the map. They began at Philadelphia, crossed the river to Camden, followed the river north and on up into Burlington County. There was a circle at Palmyra; another, north of there, at Beverly. There were dates, from November, 1932, to January 16, 1933—the date of the Bradway Brown murder—at Palmyra. Parker explained:

"The places I've marked on this map were burglarized by two men during the past three months."

"The Dinner Burglars!" said Zeller.

"Right," said Ellis Parker.

The "Dinner Burglars" were a pair of thieves who had for three months been systematically looting wealthy homes between Philadelphia and Trenton. Their technique was always the same. They would strike a house that showed no lights between 6.45 and 7.15 P. M.—the dinner hour, confident that the occupants of the house were out to dinner and that they would have at least an hour in which to work. They invariably entered the house by jimmying a window.

Eddie Adamski, who finally talked.

"See which way they were moving," Ellis Parker said. "They had pulled that Bartle job at Philadelphia and had moved north. They skipped Palmyra on their northern trip." He moved his finger on the map. "Now they were moving south again. They were due to hit Palmyra."

"Then you think," said Zeller, "they picked the Brown house, and were surprised by him and bumped him off?"

"Exactly," said Ellis Parker. "And now our only hope is that sooner or later something they swiped will turn up and lead us to them. All we can do is to wait."

And wait they did. Nearly a month passed when, one afternoon in February, two Philadelphia Narcotic Squad detectives picked up a narcotic addict and found $22,500 worth of stock in his clothes. It was part of the $180,000 haul taken from the Bartle home by the Dinner Burglars. The cokey proved he had had nothing to do with the robbery. He wouldn't tell where he'd got the bonds, but the detectives found that he had been particularly friendly with two members of Philadelphia's Parrish Street Mob—Adam Szewczak and Eddie Adamski. Both young hoodlums had fled their usual haunts, but they were traced and put behind bars.

When he heard of the arrests, Parker went to see Szewczak, who was a blond and who wore a hat the same size as the brown felt found on Bradway Brown's driveway. He told the imprisoned man about the hat and said he figured him for the killing.

"Get back to your knittin', pop." Szewczak laughed. "You ain't gonna put any murderer's hat on my head."

"It fits," pointed out Ellis Parker.

"But you can't make me wear it, see?"

Parker next went to see Szewczak's pal, Adamski. He, too, gave the detective the horse laugh.

At the home of Szewczak's mother, however, something did turn up. The woman couldn't tell him much, but while Parker was talking to her he saw a small can of paint on the kitchen shelf and, when her back was turned, he took it. That paint, when it was later analyzed, proved to be the same, in chemical composition and shade, as the blob of paint on the brown felt hat. It made good corroborative proof, although it was still too unspecific to take before a court.

There was nothing left but the gun. Adamski and Szewczak both had records in Philadelphia. Maybe Parker could tie the gun to them back there.

He asked the Philadelphia police: "Could you check through your records for the past five years and let me know if you have anything on a Colt .32, Number 11734?"

Three weeks later they had found a record.

"Here's what happened," they explained. "Back in 1928 a fellow named Brinck was brought in on a drunk-and-disorderly charge. He had been waving a gun around. The gun—Number 11734—was put away for evidence.

"At the hearing, the gun was lying on the counsel table in the courtroom. Brinck's case was called, and the prosecutor walked over to get the gun. It was gone. Brinck had to be dismissed. That's all we have."

Parker found Brinck and questioned him. The man was cagey, but the detective managed to dig out the fact that Brinck had a relative named Adam Szewczak who, Brinck admitted, liked guns and *might* have bought the one that disappeared from the courtroom.

It was enough. Parker had everything he needed now except a confession. He had to have that confession, for he knew that, though Brinck had indirectly told him everything he knew, getting Brinck to swear in court to selling the gun to Szewczak would be another matter.

Szewczak wasn't the kind of man to be talked into confessing. But there was still Eddie Adamski.

Parker went to see Adamski. He said:

"Well, Eddie, we've got the case all wrapped up. Szewczak's spilled to the Bradway Brown murder."

"Nuts," said Eddie.

Ellis Parker shook his head incredulously. "Why is it you guys are always so dumb? While you sit here with your mouth shut, Szewczak pins the whole thing to you. He admits it was *his* gun that did the job. But he said you fired it. He told us the number of the gun, 11734. How could we have found that out, when the number was filed off? Told us, too, how the gun disappeared in that disorderly case against a relative of his named Brinck. Told us—"

Eddie Adamski grew white-faced.

"Listen," he snarled. "That double-crosser can't get away with this. His gun, and I shot it! He ain't gonna put me in the chair for something he did. Brown saw us that night and made for us. Szewczak let Brown have it."

"Was Szewczak drinking at the Brown place?"

"Yes. He was drinking bathtub gin."

Ellis Parker got his signed confession. He took it to Szewczak, showed it to him, but Szewczak merely growled that he didn't know a thing about the Bradway Brown job and Adamski was a lying so-and-so.

Both men were indicted for murder.

Then came bad news. Adamski had gone out the window of the jail. Out the window with Adamski went five months of hard work.

Parker told Detective Zeller: "Clint, the Philadelphia cops can give you the name and description of a girl Adamski was sweet on. Find her and stick with her. See if you can tap in on her telephone. You've heard Adamski talk and you'll know his voice if you hear it again."

Zeller trailed the girl for months. In September she was living in an apartment in New York City. The house had a hall switchboard. He bribed the operator, listened in on all of her incoming calls. And one day he heard the voice he was listening for. It said:

"I'll be right up."

Adamski never got any farther than the apartment-house lobby. Zeller and some New York detectives made the pinch—an easy one. Zeller took the missing State witness back to New Jersey.

At the trial, Szewczak pleaded guilty, was sentenced to life imprisonment. Adamski got twenty years.

Ellis Parker, twirling the brown hat with the green paint stain on it, was on hand the morning they led Szewczak and Adamski out of the county jail to transfer them to State Prison. He called:

"Hey there, Szewczak!"

Szewczak turned. "Well?"

Ellis Parker grinned, extended one arm.

"You forgot your hat," he said.

THE END

Calamity's Children at Bay

Still battling, the boys from Dead End inhabit a grim and haunting picture of American crime in the making

By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★½ CRIME SCHOOL

THE PLAYERS: Humphrey Bogart, Gale Page, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, Huntz Hall, Leo Gorcey, Bernard Punsley, Gabriel Dell, George Offerman, Jr., Weldon Heyburn, Cy Kendall, Charles Trowbridge, Milburn Stone, Harry Cording, Spencer Charters, Donald Briggs, Frank Jaquet, Helen MacKellar, Al Bridge, Sibyl Harris, Paul Porcasi, Jack Mower, Frank Otto, Ed Gargan, James B. Carson. Screen play by Crane Wilbur and Vincent Sherman from a story by Crane Wilbur. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Produced by Warner Bros. Running time, 86 minutes.

CRIME SCHOOL makes the average picture look as timid as a pillow fight. It is not at all pretty. It is the very raw meat of life. It is the youth of America, not the youth of sun-dappled lawns in the suburbs, nor the youth of dinner coats and high-powered cars. Grimly, fearsomely, it is the portrayal of the underprivileged youth of our big cities, the youngsters who must become tough and cruel in order to survive at all.

The so-called "Dead End kids," those chilling six made famous on stage and screen by the play, Dead End, star herein in a story revealing the moral degeneration taught by reform schools. The action centers around the six boys being committed to such a reformatory because of their attack on a pawnbroker who they feel is gypping them. When they encounter at the school the brutality of the unscrupulous warden and guards, they respond with a destructiveness that will ice your blood.

Until a final, stupid fadeout, this is a minor masterpiece on the breeding of crime. Individual scenes pile one upon the other in terrible power, as, for example, the scene in which Frankie, leader of the gang, believes he has escaped the school, only to find himself hung up in his flight on a barbed-wire fence, and, screaming with pain, sees that the warden, swinging a cat-o'-nine-tails, is gaining on him.

Such sinister events are immensely heightened by salty gutter speech, by pitiless laughter, and by flawless character drawing. Humphrey Bogart, Gale Page, Cy Kendall, and Weldon Heyburn are the chief professional actors, and they are all of them vividly exciting. But it is the almost horrifying exactness of the acting of Billy Halop, Leo Gorcey, Bobby Jordon, Gabriel Dell, Huntz Hall, and Bernard Punsley that will haunt you, long after you leave the theater, as a shocking but true portrait of our sinned-against spawn of the underworld.

VITAL STATISTICS: Big problem is to keep that little group of hardened sinners, the socially irredeemable Dead End boys, nail-spittin' tough, unsissified by Hollywood lotus-eating. After a year in Hollywood, their perpetual sneer has lost its unnh, their accents show a touch of movieland culture, some have bought houses, started dahlia raising, several contemplate bringing Shakespeare to the screen again. Also they keep aging. . . . Leo Gorcey, oldest Dead Ender, is 20, son of dialectical actor Bernard Gorcey, an original Abie's Irish Rose alumnus. Leo has litry aspirations, can show you his songs and one story in print, is busy on a novel, likes to play the horses, used to ride them at county fairs. Being 20, he and G. Dell lorded over the younger lads, who had still to attend set school. Leo hates frails. . . . G. Dell's Italian American, 18, a great reader, has written and produced his own version of Hamlet, expects to be a Shakespearean with a Toid Avnya accent, likes poetry, draws, is considered the dreamer of the lot. . . . Huntz Hall's 18, a carpenter by nature, and, like most of the other boys, he's been in radio and acting since he was 12, thus scotching belief that Dead End author Sidney Kingsley picked the boys out of the gutter, all natural actors. . . . Billy Halop's 16, son of a lawyer; his mother was a dancer. Billy got into radio at 10; lost his voice when it changed to tough baritone; for years he was Bobby Benson, hard-ridin' leather-whippin' cowboy of the national airways. Bill's played some Shakespeare, thinks little of Hollywood's brand of Shakespeareans, cooks for his family maid's night out. . . . Bobby Jordan's 15, known as the maestro of mischief, concentrated during Crime School recesses on substituting photographer flash bulbs for ordinary variety around sets. Bobby's been in radio since he was 9, was Douglas Fairbanks Rosenbloom in Slight Case of Murder (pronounced "moider" by boys), is considering a career in medicine to learn how to avoid taking it. . . . Youngest of the holy terrors is Bernard (Fats) Punsley, gang's official punster and jokesmith. . . . New glamour material Gale Page was born Sally Perkins Rutter of the veddy social Spokane Rutters. Her name's studio manufactured, she was finished off in a fancy Washington school, she began radioing in Spokane, skipped to Chicago, became a blues singer, then an actress in Today's Children, a radio sustaining prog. . . . Humph Bogart goes straight in this, was heard to mutter frequently, "Imagine a noble Bogart!" He is a sports fan, plays thoughtful chess, collects rubber checks of famous people as antiques. . . . That paint fight took up some of the Dead Enders' more animal spirits.

The "Dead End kids" score again!

★ ★ HOLD THAT KISS

THE PLAYERS: Maureen O'Sullivan, Dennis O'Keefe, Mickey Rooney, George Barbier, Jessie Ralph, Edward S. Brophy, Fay Holden, Frank Albertson, Phillip Terry, Ruth Hussey, Barnett Parker. Original story and screen play by Stanley Rauh. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 85 minutes.

IN a week made vivid by Crime School, dainty little Hold That Kiss is certainly a lollipop. A boy and a girl meet accidentally at the home of a very rich man and try to outswank each other. He is a clerk in a travel agency and she is a salesgirl in a dress shop. He pretends he is a travel-

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The School That Has In Its Alumni Over 1,450 C.P.A.'s

Dennis O'Keefe and Maureen O'Sullivan in a scene from Hold That Kiss.

weary war correspondent, and she makes believe she is a bored heiress. Inside of two cocktails and three languishing glances, they are in love but don't know how to untangle themselves from their lies. Watching them, you may feel it would be pretty simple for them just to tell the truth. This never occurs to them until time for the film to end anyhow. When they do reveal all, however, their love gets even intenser.

Such a hackneyed set-up couldn't be exciting even if Hitler and Mussolini were playing the leading roles. (It would be different, though.) With merely pretty Maureen O'Sullivan and newcomer Dennis O'Keefe as its central figures, it is smoothing syrup only.

VITAL STATISTICS: Comer Dennis O'Keefe was born Ed. Flanagan, Jr., between performances at Fort Madison, Iowa, son of some vodvil Flanagans. Educated in Hollywood, where Father Flanagan used to play a cinematic Hallroom Boy. Dennis starred athletically at his schools, gradded into vodvil, crisscrossed the country with his golf act a hundred or so times, touching on his late father's vodvil itinerary, never did get to Ireland. Vodvil disappearing into the moth balls of time, Dennis tried cracking Hollywood, could only do so as a writer. Did Our Gangster gags, then plain and fancy scripts under pseudo of Jonathan Ricks, later began getting bits, finally was discovered by Gable being marvelous in the background of Saratoga. Hopped into the Bad Man of Brimstone lead overnight, with a new lacy Irish name tatted on by studio glorifiers, and expects to go on and on beyond Robert Taylor. Dennis doesn't care much for the fancy name but won't argue; gets about $250 a week; if he clicks, will need a wheelbarrow to tote home his salary. . . . Buck's the same St. Bernard who heard the Call of the Wild and the Yukon, gets $500 a week, weighs 180 lbs., eats 4 lbs. of beef and two handfuls of pooch cookies a day, belongs to Carl Spitz, pro dog trainer. Buck lives on a Valley ranch, has struck up a friendship with some wild deer on the place; gifts of hay, apples, and salted peanuts have brought the deer into a corral. Buck's trained to run the gamut of screen emotions from loving to fighting, but can't be induced even in a scene to attack a woman or a child. As intelligent as a police dog, theoretically the smartest screen animal, only the St. Bernard's timing is slow, makes it harder to handle. Only bad Buck habit: Buck demolishes all loose food lying around sets, including roasts of beef, turkeys, pots of lobster Thermidor. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan was born thus, at Boyle, Ireland, no one's ever thought her name not fancy enough. She was finished at a Paris finishing school, got into movies playing opposite John McCormack. Maureen's married to John Farrow, a Hollywood Orstrailyan; she's the perennial ingenue type, only smarter; likes tennis, horsebackery, yotting, is a travel and romance litry hound, plays piano, and raises poultry as a hobby. She's busy on one of those novels all screen actresses keep busy at, isn't a dash older-looking today than when she first got into pix a few years back. She cooks Irish style, leads a typically comfortable upper-class Hollywood life of fashion, smartness, and hoity-toity. . . . Fay Holden recently discovered that her Filipino houseboy has a fine baritone voice, has had him installed on the concert stage. Frankie Albertson, wirelessed for in New York, caught a plane at Newark, was forced down at Kansas City, took the train to Albuquerque, chartered a plane there, made his dead line at M-G-M at the stroke of nine, then had to wait two days for his first scene. . . . They unglorified Joseph Yule, Jr.'s name to Mickey Rooney. Rooney made his debut at 2 years, when he crawled on to the stage in among his parents' vodvil act from the wings, brought down the house by sneezing. Began earning his pap immediately; at 4 played a midget who smoked prop cigars. Cigars removed four of his teeth. Mickey became a movie actor instead, still playing midgets. Later grew to size, has grown up in parts and box-office value. Mickey's a sports nut, can swim, feetball, ping-pong, golf, handball, hockey, tennis, basketball, ride.

★ ★ ROMANCE ON THE RUN

THE PLAYERS: Donald Woods, Patricia Ellis, Grace Bradley, Edward Brophy, William Demarest, Craig Reynolds, Andrew Tombes, Bert Roach, Leon Weaver, Edwin Maxwell, Granville Bates, Jean Joyce, Georgia Simmons. Screen play by Jack Townley from an original story by Eric Taylor. Directed by Gus Meins. Produced by Republic. Running time, 68 minutes.

THAT gentleman crook with those stolen jewels is in again, only this time he is a fence between the underworld and the insurance companies. Specifically concerned herein are Donald Woods, as a go-between robber who is also an insurance-company fixer, and Patricia Ellis, as a stenographer for an insurance company. She means to get Donald for being the smooth double-crosser he is. When Craig Reynolds steals a priceless necklace and Donald chases him to recover it, Patricia chases Donald, a detective chases them both, love chases everybody, and you might as well go chase yourself. Not that you'll be bored by this if you remain to the very end, as it is played by pleasing performers. But if you expect it to work out logically, you're going to get stuck.

One performance stands forth in a

big way. That's Edward Brophy as a gangster turned very polite valet. He's a riot.

VITAL STATISTICS: There's already been Love on the Run which had Gable, Crawford, Tone and, shifting backward, cost about $600,000; whereas this comes to around $200,000, being quickie-made. . . . Pat Ellis Leftwich is fresh back from South America, the Continent, and London, where she made three British talkers. Immediately resumed queenship of the Hollywood Younger Set, which gads about furiously, lives a Southampton life around the Glamour Town. Pat's now free-lancing, used to be a Warner star, is concentrating on another of those novels based on her life. She's one of Hollywood's tallest stars, gallantly refused a double in that ducking scene with Don Woods, is 22, fights her weight 24 hours a day, hasn't missed a quart of grapefruit juice first thing in the morning for five years, took along a couple of barrels of it on her travels. She's still unmarried, lives modestly in an apartment, is allergic to sea food but not to corn on the cob with chicken. . . . Donald Woods is free-lancing now, writing a play about his stock-company experiences, is of Brandon, Manitoba, but Hollywood-schooled. When working he finds it hard getting up mornings, he arranges to have a telegram delivered every morning at 5.45, giving himself ample time to get to the studio by 7, which is when the quickie factory whistle blows. . . . The exciting news about Andrew Tombes is that he sleeps with his head at the foot of the bed, has done it all his life, tried to do otherwise once, almost died of insomnia. Doesn't know how the habit started. He used to be a famous stage comic, which may help explain it. Tombes commutes back and forth between Hollywood and New York with Mrs. Tombes in between pix, loving his native town that much. Has made trip as many as 15 times a year. . . . E. Brophy cherishes that derby hat as he does his dead-pan bald head, they are his trade-marks, without them he'd be out of pix, he feels. Brophy started life as a lawyer, gradded from the University of Virginia, bust out of Wall Street into pix in Doug Fairbanks' Manhattan Madness, a long time ago as the crow flies. Brophy's been producer, director, writer; has never seen an underworld character, would faint if he did. . . . Granville Bates had 12 changes a day to make in this. Studio sceneshifters had almost as many, locale of pic changing so rapidly and quickie studios not waiting for time or tide. . . . Grace Bradley is exercise mad, thinks nothing of a couple of sets of tennis, a dash of golf, a few games of squash, topped off by a swim, followed by five minutes in a hot then cold shower. And it doesn't harm her heart or beauty. She's a Bklyn gal, 25, married to Bill Boyd the Western star, is a hearty eater, an excellent ivory thumper, hates villainous parts but keeps getting them. She used to be a dancer, now she raises frogs as a hobby on her Lone Pine, Cal., ranch, can't eat the legs doesn't know how you do. Yes, she also lives on the bridle paths 'tween pix. . . . Craig Reynolds is a diet fiend, eats his meat raw, considering well cooked meat hardest food item to digest. He's one of the Hollywood Great Dane raisers, feeds his beer and plenty of vegetables. . . . Only Leon Weaver and his four-beat saw get credit in this; his brother and Elviry are in the pix but lost in the background. Leon uses only four beats to saw out Home, sweet Home.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mad About Music, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest.

★★★—Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, The Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane.

THEY BEGGED FOR INTRODUCTIONS
BUT NOBODY TOOK HER HOME

How men clustered around when they first saw Marion—yet they rarely asked her for a *second* dance.

For though Marion carefully bathed and dressed, she neglected one simple precaution—and trusted her *bath alone* to keep her safe from underarm odor.

Fatal error! For underarms always perspire, and no *bath* can prevent odor to come. Underarms need Mum's sure care to make offense impossible. Be *sure* you're always sweet—use Mum every day and after every bath.

You'll like everything about Mum!... QUICK—half a minute to use... HARMLESS to skin and clothing... SURE—Mum's protection lasts for a full day or evening. Mum stops all odor, without stopping perspiration. Use Mum...to keep popular with men!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

I'VE GOT A DATE SO I'M USING MUM. A BATH JUST ISN'T ENOUGH!
TO HERSELF—
EASY TO TELL MUM KEPT ME FRESH! JACK HATES TO SAY GOODNIGHT!

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CASH PRIZE

STARGAZING CONTEST

IS EXCELLENT!

IN making it possible for you to find a fortune in the stars in this contest, Liberty hopes you will find entertainment and enjoyment as well as the possibility of adding cash to your budget. Read the list of cash prizes scheduled in the rules. Your chance to win first money is still excellent, even though you begin with this third week of the game. Get into the competition right now by reading the brief simple rules. Then find the message in the stars in Drawing 5. The letters when properly arranged will spell the name of a well known entertainer. The letters in Drawing 6 will also resolve into a prominent name of the screen or microphone, or possibly both.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Do you need the first four drawings of this series? Liberty has prepared reprints for your convenience. Address your request in accordance with Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When the drawings reach you, find the names, just as you have worked out this week's identifications, and your entry will be even with the field.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated August 6, 1938.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The entertainer named in this contest whom I like best, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

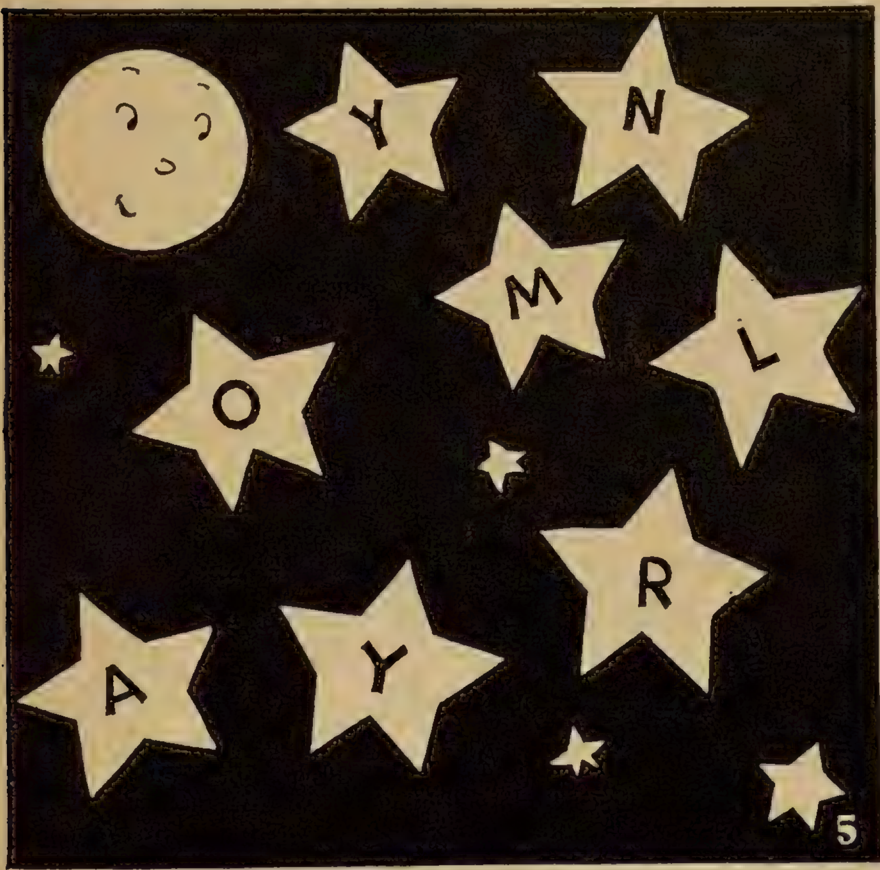
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Friday, August 19, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

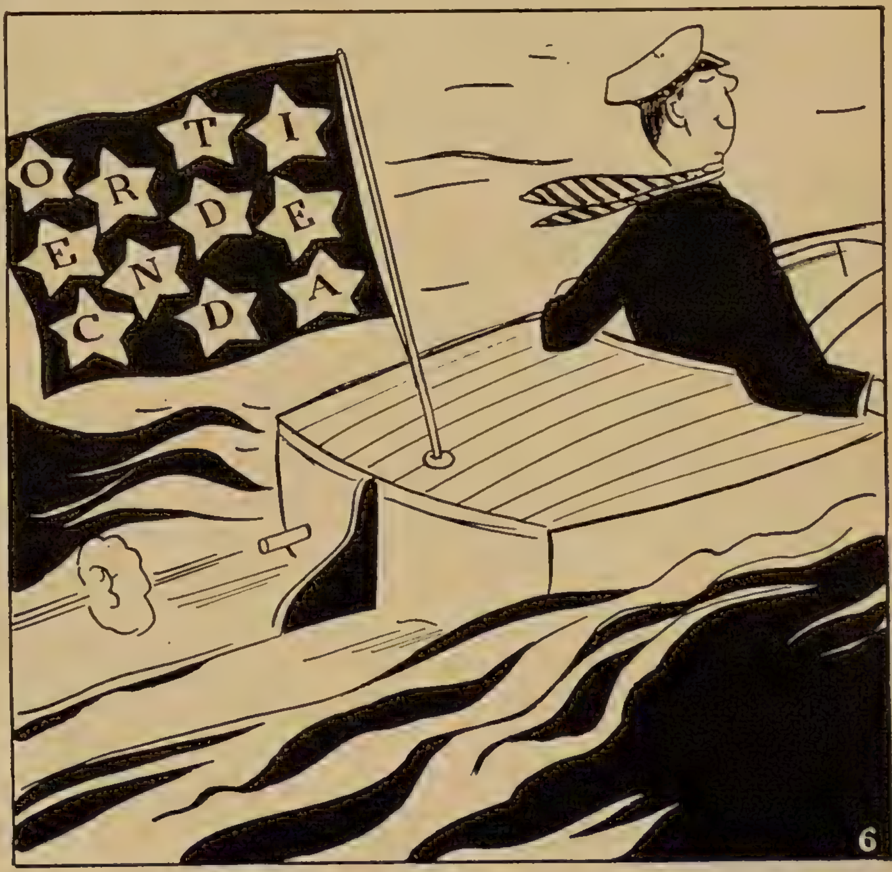
SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, and Radio Mirror magazines.



5

NAME______________________________________

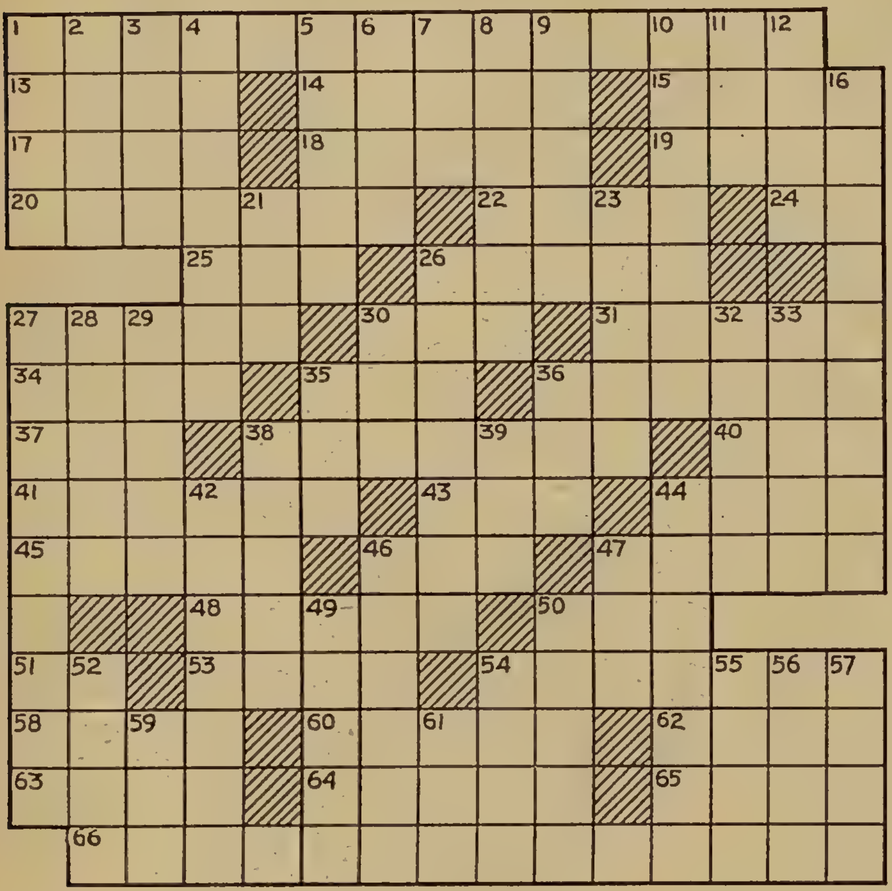


6

NAME______________________________________

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 It's in the grab bag for little Adolf
13 One part courage, nine parts rashness
14 Ability to balance a cup of tea on a book of etiquette
15 All right, movie fans; What's Frances Farmer's husband's first name?
17 Combination turf digger and blaster
18 He played with the Giants before Terry
19 Thith ith athent
20 Hole in W. C. Fields' red headlight
22 Well known variety of hemlock; it takes a lot of darning
24 A little sex appeal
25 Here's a bird that could lift up an elephant
26 This keeps marking time
27 This has been dug up by many amateur swing fans
30 The head lettuce
31 Take a running dive into the sea of matrimony
34 A Joe DiMaggio
35 Chew the cud at eve
36 He easily got the hang of literature
37 Manhattan serenader
38 A wrestler will go to the dogs for this (two words)
40 Busy, busy busyness
41 High-brow composition
43 What wise men advise you to do to your teeth these days
44 Funny variety of Laurel
45 Culbertson says it's a pipe to lead away from hearts
46 The Greeks had a letter for it
47 What the wind blew in in Ireland
48 He keeps acting like a worm during the silk boycott (pl.)
50 Sunburn's aftermath
51 Outgrown trousers (abbr.)
53 This'll double you up
54 Kitchen mechanic
58 They start out by being glad but wind up in tatters
60 Nasty social look
62 What chessplayers do every October 1
63 Dialectical slough (sounds like a lot)
64 What Sourpuss picked in the Garden of Love
65 This covers a lot of ground
66 They can get away with pasting the Presidents (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Neck lap
2 0
3 He keeps getting mixed up in love affairs but never gets married
4 What it takes to get by with screwballs
5 Good-looking headlight
6 A dirty word
7 Stewed
8 They had a sure cure for itching scalps and dandruff but could do nothing with baldness
9 The worst thing about snakes
10 What scandal-light shines through
11 Fight promoter
12 The Isles of Crosswordia
16 These women have a keen look about them at dances
21 Chief ingredient used in the manufacture of "baloney"
23 What errand boys lack
26 Silky nut coverings (two words)
27 They take what they want when they want it but never seem to strain their I's
28 O'Briens' Western home
29 He uses his pull to get people into offices
30 Pool-player's chief support
32 Pear-shaped
33 Dog motor
35 If you don't get an answer to it, you're sunk
36 Dirty Linen Matrons (abbr.)
38 Paste on the dome at a party
39 Pray for Caesar
42 One of Mr. Foster's children (masc.)
44 Sleepy's father
46 New suit for the New Dealers (pl.)
47 Gay in Paris
49 Kind of nook
50 Stretched out backward
52 For smooth babies
54 This is held up by the nose
55 What they spill in Spain
56 What matrimonial arguments go on for
57 Winchell with tannin (pl.)
59 Baby talk
61 That Danish word again

BEERLIPRAOS
NAILABOATR
TAOMOTMPIES
ETOAAROCDE
DETTAMOTAES
RNAUBBPPMR
SASRBOOSSES
HWEESTRENL
PALSGLANGIS
TRSSAEOINF
HIESARNSGIF
WTRAMITEAS
TOLSDAMREST

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Are you waiting for a Shaver *better* than the SCHICK?

Then do not wait another day . . . .

The Schick shearing head is based on such fundamental principles that we doubt if another method, *not using these principles*, will be found in our lifetime.

There were many centuries of shaving with blades—hundreds of years when men knew about mechanics—and scores of years when men could make machinery as fine as watches. But mechanical shaving *without blades*, cutting hair under a thin protecting plate, without skin injury, is what Schick gave to the world.

Shaving is a matter of small dimensions—of engineering and gauging in ten-thousandths of an inch. There is no room for even *theoretical* improvement in Schick's principles—little chance for *practical* major mechanical improvement.

WHY SHOULD YOU WAIT?

Some men are waiting for a $5 electrical shaver. In our studied opinion, no company can produce a fine precision instrument, such as ours, to sell for much less than $15. We don't believe a cheaply-made shaver *could* shave satisfactorily over a period of time. It would cost more in the long run than a well-made shaver.

Let an authorized Schick dealer demonstrate the Schick Shaver and tell you how it reconditions your skin even after years of blade-shaving. Follow his instructions, and in a short time you will enjoy quick, close and economical shaves with the Schick Shaver — and without the use of blades or lather.

$15
110 Volts
AC-DC
[Also made for 6 or 32 volts]

FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 19

Give Dad a Schick—give him quick, close, painless shaves—a renewed skin and a face that is free of shaving irritation, cuts and callus.

GRADUATION

Graduate him to a lifetime of quick, close shaves! Give him a Schick, the shaver that *conditions the skin as it shaves*.

ANNIVERSARIES—WEDDINGS

What better gift than Schick for anniversaries?—or for ushers to give the groom?—or for groom to give the ushers?

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT
Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco
In Canada: made and sold by Schick Shaver, Ltd., Montreal
Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor

SCHICK SHAVER

MURDER

Who was the killer? Have you penetrated the mystery? . . Ten to one you haven't. Here's the answer!

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

THE surgeon who stepped out of the operating room was tall and lanky and walked with a stoop. His blood-flecked gown came only to his knees. He looked like a tired, melancholy butcher. He stared at me, sitting there between the two dicks, as though I were some rare animal in a zoo. His deep rumbling bass sounded like the voice of doom.

"Well, fellow, you did a good job. She's gone."

"You mean she's dead? Laura's dead?"

"What do you think I mean? That she's gone for a walk, maybe?"

Sergeant Delaney and Inspector Levine stood up and stretched.

"Well, Burns," Delaney said, "let's go."

"But can't I even see her? I want to see her."

"You saw her, I guess, just once too often," the surgeon remarked.

"Move!" Levine snapped, and shoved me toward the door of the waiting room.

I thought:

Well, Les, you're in a swell jam now. You're on the spot, boy. Only a miracle can get you off it, and miracles have been out of stock for years.

UNCEREMONIOUSLY the two dicks hustled me out to the squad car and we started to the City Hall. It was a gray morning, with a gloomy pall of fog hanging over the city.

Joe Levine began to work on me right away. "You won't do yourself no good clamming up on us, Les. Your only chance of beating this rap is to come clean."

And what a chance!

"You were in love with the girl, weren't you?"

"No."

"You found her makin' love to this guy Moise, didn't you?"

"No."

"You blew your top and grabbed up that knife and let 'em have it, didn't you?"

"No."

"And when you seen what you done, you got remorse and phoned for the ambulance, didn't you?"

"No."

"You're just full of noes this morning, ain't you?" He stared at me curiously. "Pretty soon, Les, you'll be telling us you didn't do it."

"Haven't I told you that? Well, I'm telling you now."

"Yeah? Then who did, Les?"

I wish I knew.

It was seven twenty-five when we pulled into the police garage on the ground floor of the City Hall. We had been at the hospital for nearly three hours.

The two dicks marched me down the corridor, up the stairs to the second floor and into Captain Meek's office. The skipper was behind his desk. He looked well breakfasted and fit and rather pleased with himself.

"Here he is, captain," Delaney announced. "We waited there till she died, but she never regained consciousness, so we couldn't get a statement."

"So she died." The hollow mutter came from behind me.

I turned. Jake O'Hara was slumped in a chair in the far corner of the room. His face was gray-white, his eyes sunken and bloodshot.

"Take those cuffs off him, Ed," Meek ordered cheerfully. "Sit down, Les. You look shot to pieces. Do you want a drink?"

"No."

"I could use a drink," Jake O'Hara drawled.

"You're not getting a drink," Meek declared. "Les, can I send out and get you a cup of coffee?"

So it's to be the friendly role this morning. My pal!

"No," I said.

Delaney had unlocked the handcuffs and slipped them off my wrists. I sat down across the desk from Meek. I was so tired I felt I'd never again get up under my own power.

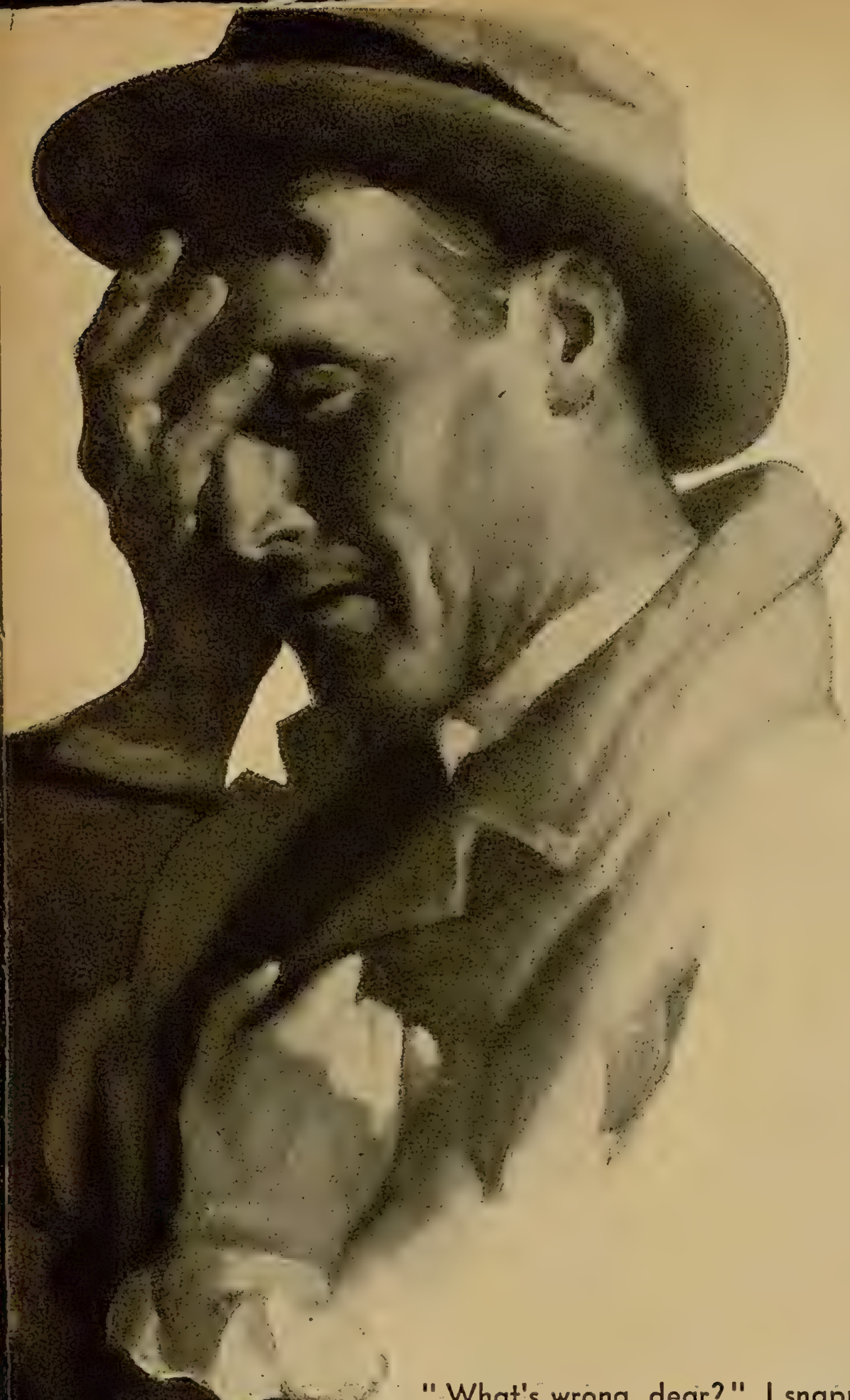
"Levine! Go out and get a pot of coffee. You and I can have some coffee together, Les, and then we'll talk. Bring two cups, Joe."

"Bring three cups," Jake O'Hara croaked.

"All right, Joe. Bring three," Meek ordered magnanimously. "You can go home and get some sleep, Delaney. Report back at noon."

Levine and Delaney went out. Meek pulled over the

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



"What's wrong, dear?" I snapped out of my daze then; June's face came into focus. Looking at her, I didn't feel tired any more.

LADY

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

clip of arrest slips and started thumbing through them, humming softly to himself.

After a minute or so Jake O'Hara shuffled over, said gruffly: "Gimme a cigarette, Les."

I gave him one. "You been up all night too, Jake?"

His hand shook as he struck a match and held it to his cigarette. "Do I look like I'd had my eight hours?" he retorted, and shuffled back to his chair.

Well, Jake, you're getting even all right. You've squared things very nicely. You've got me in a swell jam, but did you have to kill two people to do it?

Meek went on pawing the arrest slips, humming most of the time. Levine came back after a while with three cups and a potful of coffee.

"That's all, Joe. Go home to bed."

Meek stood up, set the cups in a row and started pouring. He was as gracious as a society hostess.

We had our coffee, and then Meek settled back in his chair, lighted a cigar, and said pleasantly:

"That grand jury meeting today. Les, do you know what I planned to do?"

"How should I know?"

"I planned to go before the jury and talk them into indicting Laura for murdering her husband. *Talk* them into it, see? I was going to come clean with them and ask them, cold turkey, to play ball with me.

"You see, Les, I figured all along that you killed Harry Hanneman. I didn't think you planned it. I thought you went out there the night he got home, had a squabble over Laura, and saw your chance to rub him out and took it. You see?"

"I don't see a thing."

"Well, I figured that if I got the grand jury to indict Laura, you'd come forward and confess, to save her the ordeal of a trial. You would have, wouldn't you?"

"Maybe. I might have been sappy enough to do a thing like that."

"That's what I counted on, anyway. I figured that you'd never let the woman you loved suffer for a crime you had committed yourself. So I was going to try to railroad an indictment through. You see, outside of the fact that Laura was in her home the night Harry was killed, we never had a bit of evidence against her."

"I suspected that all along. Your bluffs, Bill, are pretty lousy."

I expected him to harden up, but he only grinned at me.

I said: "Of course, you're telling me all this because you *know* I killed Laura and Moise and you *think* I killed Harry, and you'd like to have me clean up both cases with a confession."

"No, no. You've got me wrong, Les."

Jake O'Hara said: "It's no time, Meek, to rib the guy."

Meek ignored O'Hara's comment. "You know, Les," he went on cheerfully, "there were no fingerprints on the knife that was used in those killings this morning. They'd been wiped off. Now that would indicate what?"

"Is this a quiz in criminology?"

"Well, I'll tell you. It indicates one of two things. Either the killer had a lot of hindsight, which isn't usually exhibited in a crime of passion. Or it was premeditated murder."

"Yes, teacher."

"The same reasoning," Meek went on imperturbably, "applies to the killing of Harry Hanneman. You'll remember we found no prints on the glass the killer had drunk out of, no prints on the gun he used. Hindsight after a crime of passion? Or premeditated murder?"

"You certainly like to hear yourself talk," Jake O'Hara growled.

"Shut up, O'Hara!" Meek snapped. "One more crack out of you and I'll have you tossed in the can."

The captain's voice became casual and friendly again.

"Now, personally, I'll put my money on all three murders being crimes of passion committed by somebody with a shrewd mind. Shrewd but warped, see?"

Some one was coming into the room, walking fast on rubber heels. I was too tired to turn my head. I heard Jake O'Hara come to his feet as Meek asked crisply:

"Did Murdock get a check?"

"He sure did, skipper."

The cheerful, gleeful voice was Pop Taylor's, but I'd been shocked too many times in the last few hours to feel any surprise.

"I left him out there taking pictures," Pop rushed on. "He told me to come right down and tell you the prints checked, but he wanted to find a few more and shoot them. Hello, Les."

"Hello, Pop," I said, without looking around.

"How's Laura?"

"Laura," I said, "died about an hour ago."

"Lord, I'm sorry to hear that," Pop said heavily. "Did she regain consciousness?"

"No."

"Poor kid."

Bill Meek had picked up his hat and was coming around the desk.

"Les, the party who killed Laura and Moise," he said, "left one print on the hall door of your apartment. One print, in blood. It will send him to the death house." He put his hand on my shoulder. "I'm sorry I had to stall around, son, but I couldn't tip my hand until I got a check on that print. You're in the clear, Les. Stop worrying. Jake, do you want to see this through?"

"Do I want to see it through!" Jake retorted thickly. "Who broke this case, anyway?"

"I broke it," Pop Taylor declared proudly. "You're too young to have a nose for news. It takes an old newspaperman like me to—"

"Come on, Les," Meek said. "We're going places."

"Where?"

"To the office of the Times-Star."

I felt like a mule had kicked me in the belly. I gasped: "You mean—?"

"Yes," Meek said solemnly.

I WAS still half dazed when we reached the Times-Star Building and took the elevator to the fourth floor. Bill Meek led the way down the corridor to a door on which was printed: "H. D. Doyle, Managing Editor. Private."

Pop Taylor, looking as fresh as a daisy, was rambling on in an excited undertone:

". . . hidden the body in the belfry of this church, see? Well, when the flash came into the press room, I ran out and grabbed a Powell Street cable car and—"

Pop's nasal voice died out as Meek raised his hand for silence. "Let me do the talking, boys," he ordered quietly.

He turned the knob and we all trooped in. Hack Doyle was at his wide flat-topped desk. He had a big layout in front of him and was explaining something to one of the men from the art department. He glanced up at us and went right on talking.

". . . lousy. Move this one up to the left-hand corner and put this one down at the bottom. That'll give you balance, see? And shorten up that caption. All right, Tommy. Make those changes and shoot it."

Tommy departed. Hack put a cigarette in his mouth and struck a match to it. His face had the color, the lumpy swollen texture, of putty. His eyes, half veiled by dark lids, looked like coals of fire as they swept us one by one and came to rest on Captain Meek.

"Well, Bill, what's on your mind?" he asked abruptly.

"Quite a bit," Meek said, "but I'll be brief. I'll start around four o'clock this morning, when Pop Taylor and Jake O'Hara were sitting on Taylor's porch up on Piney Hill. They were having a drink."

"I had a bottle cached under a rosebush," Pop Taylor spoke up brightly. "June wouldn't let me bring it into the house, so Jake and I were sitting on the porch, polishing—"

"Yes," Meek interrupted. "They were sitting there having a drink, Doyle, when you came home from Moise's party. You parked your car in your driveway and in the reflection from the headlights they saw you do a strange thing. They saw you wet a rag at a water faucet and clean your steering wheel."

The cigarette hanging on Hack's lip had grown a long crooked ash. He hadn't moved, so far as I had seen, a single muscle. I don't believe his drooping eyelids had even blinked.

"To most people," Pop Taylor put in, "the wiping of that wheel wouldn't have seemed of any importance. But to an old newspaperman, with a nose for news as sensitive as—"

"Taylor decided your action, if not suspicious, was at least unusual," Meek went on implacably. "So just out of curiosity he and O'Hara waited until you went in the house and then strolled over. There was a light on in the bathroom and you were washing your hands. And Taylor, peering in the window, saw that the water in the washbasin was stained with blood."

The ash dropped from Hack's cigarette to the desk. For a tense ten seconds it was the only movement in the room.

"Taylor and O'Hara went back and had another drink and talked things over. Finally they drove downtown to headquarters. They learned what had happened. They learned we had a single fingerprint which was left in blood on the door of Burns' apartment."

Hack's quick deep breath was sharply audible.

"Taylor went back to Piney Hill with Murdock, our fingerprint expert. They waited until you left home this morning. Then they went into your house and started looking for a print to match the one which had been left on Burns' door. They found it."

"On your shaving mug," Pop Taylor put in excitedly.

Hack took the cigarette stub from his mouth and rubbed it out in an ash tray. A soiled man in an apron poked his head in the door, called:

"We're ready to roll, Mr. Doyle."

"Hold it, Pete." Hack picked up three or four pages of copy which had been lying face down on his desk. "Take this to Anderson. Break down page one and shove in this stuff. Set it three columns with a double banner."

Pete went out with the copy, and Hack lighted another cigarette. "The whole story will be on the street in half an hour," he said, with the faintest suggestion of a smug smile. "I've been expecting you, Meek. I had a hunch all the time I'd never get away with it. And I don't care a heck of a lot, either."

"You rubbed Hanneman too?" Bill Meek asked.

"Who do you think rubbed him?" Doyle shot back. He took a deep drag on his cigarette. He relaxed a little, leaning back in his chair. "I saw Harry's lights go on when he got home that night, and I went over. He was in his bedroom, unpacking his suitcase. There was an automatic in it and he laid it on his dresser and then went out to get me a drink. I stuck the gun in my pocket.

"When he came back with the drink we went into the living room and I sat down and had one. I had four or five, I guess, while we sat talking. I knew I was going to kill him—I'd been planning to do it at the first opportunity. Finally he told me that Laura had gone to Washington to find an apartment. He said she planned to live there permanently. That's all I needed. I took out the gun and shot him."

Meek's voice, when he spoke, matched Hack Doyle's; it was politely conversational. "And this morning, I suppose, you walked in and found Laura and Moise together."

Abruptly Hack's lips were two thin blue-gray lines across his teeth; his heavy lids dropped so low his burning eyes were barely visible.

"They didn't even hear me walk into the apartment," he said venomously. "Well—I saw that knife—and you know what happened. I thought I'd killed them both, and I got out of there in a hurry before somebody walked in and found me with the bodies."

THE man's utter callousness had held me spellbound. But now I found my voice.

"But why did you do it, Hack?" I pleaded. "Why did you have to kill Harry? Why did you have to kill Moise and Laura?"

"Why? He asks why!" Hack's bitter, sneering voice cut like a whip. "Listen, you poor oaf! Of all the fatuous slobs I've ever known in my life, you top the list. So you thought Laura was in love with you, did you?

"Listen, you saphead! Right down in her heart, which is all that counted, Laura never gave a rap about you. You were just a front for her. You were just a convenient blind to cover what was really going on. And for a woman who loved nothing so much as playing on a man's emotions, you were a handy person to have around. Faithful as a whipped cur, blind as only an adoring lover can be blind, you were always ready to supply the vicarious thrills that are meat and drink to women of her type. I said, dim-wit, *vicarious* thrills!"

He slumped a little lower in his chair and his voice lost some of its vitriol. "In case you haven't tumbled, Laura really belonged to me. She has belonged to me for a long time. In fact, since two days after she came to work for the Times-Star. Laura, you see, wanted to get ahead in the newspaper business. And she was smart enough, you understand, to follow along the road that nearly always leads ambitious little girls to success.

"Oh, I'm not saying she loved me. Laura never loved anybody. But she liked me well enough. I was the first lover she ever had. Until this morning I was the *only* lover she ever had. Harry, you see, didn't count."

He sighed, sat up abruptly, and again his tongue started to lash like a flying black snake. "Is it beginning to penetrate, you poor, trusting, idealistic boob? Do you understand, now, why I committed murder to keep her when she was planning to get away from me by moving to Washington with Harry? Do you understand, now, why I killed her when I learned she was planning a second time to get away, and was cheating in the bargain? Or are these things, my addlebrained frand, too much for your puerile comprehension?"

"O. K., Hack," I said, and stumbled out of the office.

I took the stairs down because I didn't want to wait for the elevator. I didn't want to wait for Meek to lead Hack Doyle out of the office where he had been king for so many years, where he had met Laura, where—

Forget it, fool! I've got to stop thinking of Laura. I suppose I've been a sap, all right. But is a guy a sap because he believes all women are good until they're caught?

DOWN in the main corridor I almost walked over June Taylor. I wouldn't have seen her if she hadn't caught my arm, said:

"Les! Have you seen dad? They told me at police headquarters they thought he was here. He's been up all night, Les, and I've been so worried—Why, what's wrong, dear?"

I snapped out of my daze then; her face came into focus. Looking at her, I didn't feel tired any more.

"You haven't heard about Laura, then?"

"Laura? No."

The dicks at headquarters, evidently, hadn't been putting out anything and it was still a few minutes early for the first editions of the afternoon papers to be on the street.

Well, I wasn't afraid of it now. I wasn't afraid to think about it. I wasn't even afraid to talk about it.

"June, your father has just broken one of the biggest stories of his life. He's very pleased and you needn't worry about him. I've just lost a friend, and I'm sunk, but you needn't worry about me either. I'd like to forget it. Do you think you could help me?"

Her smile was shy and wistful, her eyes no longer troubled. "I'm sure I could help you, dear."

I slid my arm through hers and found her hand and pressed it hard.

"I see the sun is shining," I said. "I think I'd like to be in it." We started out of the dim corridor. "I've been in the fog, June, for such a long time."

THE END

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Users Think of J.B.L. Cascade

You ask permission to use my letter in your testimonial work; I did not tell you the half of it. A friend left her Cascade with me to use until I could order one from you which I did at once. I had not slept for four years without sedatives and anything I ate disagreed with me. After using the Cascade five nights I slept like a baby and gained at the rate of 8 lbs. per month the first three months. I used the Cascade and Cleansing Tonic as directed. My system was so full of poisons I did not look like a white woman; in a very short time I had the complexion of a girl. I am 50 years old now and live on a truck and dairy farm. I am in perfect health and do all my work which is no small job. The doctors who said I would die call me the wonder woman but I am not; I give *all* credit to your J. B. L. Cascade and Cleansing Tonic. I have not taken any medicine for 7 years. I would not take $1,000 for the Cascade if I had to sign an agreement not to ever have another one. Please use my letter in your testimonial work; I would be happy to know that by so doing I could help others.

Mrs. W. J. Bass,
Route 1, Box 17, Kingsville, Texas

* * *

About 40 years ago, I was constipated to the point of danger, and my face turned to sallow light green in color. I was feeling very badly and was a patient of a doctor for months. Then I sent for the Cascade and used it according to instructions. I kept up the treatment for about ten days, and then every other day for a month and so on until I used the treatment every two weeks more or less. My cheeks gave the glow of a rose and I became strong, active and never felt better in my life. One day, the doctor stopped his gig and said to me, "William, you do not pay me any more visits; tell me why." I said, "Well, doctor, I have found relief and I do not have to pay you visits any longer." He said, "What is it?" I told him it was Dr. Tyrrell's J.B.L. Cascade. He said, "Stop it; it will paralyze your bowels and you will not be able to have a passage without it." I said to him, "Well, doctor, I am satisfied with the way I feel and I have no lack of evacuation to date." He clapped the reins on the horse's back and said, "Gedyap." In about two months I met the doctor again and he said to me, "William, are you using that thing yet?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Well, I bought a Cascade and let me tell you it is FINE."

Wm. Montague O'Neill,
1222 7th Ave., Neptune, N. J.

* * *

The Cascade is worth hundreds of dollars to every home.

Lee P. Miller,
R. 2, Hartford, Ky.

* * *

In the year 1920 my entire system was poisoned from my teeth. My dentist extracted all of them, treated the cavities and advised me to purchase a J.B.L. Cascade. He told me it would help nature discharge the poison from the system that collects in the lower colon. I also went to our family doctor for advice. He told me to continue the use of the Cascade and put me on a diet. He said he didn't know of anything that would do as much good as the flushing of the colon. Anyway, I got back to normal condition and I honestly believe the Cascade did the trick. I was bothered with pin worms that harbor in the colon for 30 years. I did everything our family doctor advised but the pin worms were still present. The faithful use of the Cascade got rid of them and that was a God-send. I honestly believe the Cascade is more important in a home than a bathtub.

K. G. Votaw,
1709 Sixth St., Berkeley, Calif.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some newfangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L.6-18, 152 W. 65th Street, New York City—NOW!

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th St., Dept. L.6-18, New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name..

Street..

City.................................State.............

Those Amazing Roosevelts!

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE FASCINATING QUESTIONS ABOUT THE ROOSEVELTS?

1 Why have there been two White House divorces?

2 Are the present marriages of the children happy ones?

3 How does the President feel about his sons' marrying into anti-New Deal families?

4 What is Mrs. Roosevelt's stand on divorce?

5 Has James got his eye on the Presidency?

6 How does F.D.R. feel about two of his sons working for William Randolph Hearst, enemy of his ideas?

7 The President's sons—have they really "something on the ball" or are they getting ahead on their father's importance?

8 What did President Cleveland tell F.D.R. when the latter was a very young boy?

9 What was the reply of the President's mother when someone asked her why the "T.R." branch of the Roosevelt family was so antagonistic to the "F.D.R." branch?

10 How did she answer the woman who complained about the President's non-appearance at a White House reception?

11 Who really rules the Roosevelt family?

12 Is there a mother-in-law problem in the White House?

13 How much has Mrs. Roosevelt influenced the President politically?

14 How did a vagrant happen to sleep under the White House roof one night?

15 Will Mrs. Roosevelt discuss her husband's plans?

16 Does the President notice how his wife dresses?

17 Who buys his ties?

18 How do they do together at cards?

19 What place does Betty (wife of son James) have in White House affairs?

20 Who is the favorite White House daughter-in-law?

Read the absorbing answers to these questions. Don't miss "Family Problems in the White House" in the current issue of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. Thirty-two other splendid features.

Presenting the Private Lives and Family Problems of the White House

"THERE has never been a White House family like the present one. They have broken more precedents, ignored more conventions, made themselves loved or hated in more unexpected places, done more talking and been more talked about, galavanted hither and yon with greater abandon, and, in short, got more attention, good, bad, and indifferent, than has ever before been the lot of a Presidential family."

SPECIAL FEATURE!
Also in July True Story:
"I WAS A NAZI WIFE"
A penetrating and startling book-length true story.
Don't miss it!

So begins this completely absorbing and revealing story of the amazing Roosevelts—and proceeds to answer the questions the nation has been asking—big questions and little ones, public questions and intimate ones—it's the most fascinating description of what the Roosevelt family is really like that you have ever read. As a citizen, as a human being with normal curiosity about an interesting family, you can't afford to miss "Family Problems in the White House" starting in the current issue of

True Story
MAGAZINE

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Poor Man's Court

To this room flock wretched men and women—victims of merciless creditors.

BY DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

I DOUBT if you ever saw another courtroom quite like this one.

You seldom see a lawyer there. There's no bailiff shouting, "Silence in the court!" or "Take off your hat!" There aren't any benches for spectators. There's no witness chair, no jury box, no judge's bench. Every man is allowed to keep his hat on if he wants to, to smoke if he chooses. Nobody kisses a Bible. Nobody presents an array of witnesses. Nobody is on trial.

And Judge Joseph A. Gillis, the presiding judge, a stocky, redheaded, shrewd-eyed humanitarian, doesn't wear a robe of any kind. Indeed you're more likely to find him in his shirt sleeves and an old pair of pants.

It's known officially as the Conciliation Division of the Common Pleas Court—a rather bare and grim-looking room in the Wayne County Building in Detroit—but it's better known as the "poor man's court."

Into this room come at least a thousand wretched men and women each month, men whose wages have been garnisheed, workmen out of work and loaded with debts they cannot pay, women with babies in their arms—all of them victims of merciless creditors.

In this court are told more tales of poverty and destitution and pitiless gouging on the part of loan companies, collection agencies, and racketeer "merchants," than can be heard, probably, in any other court in the world. And yet seldom does a defendant leave without a smile.

Detroit is a peculiar city in that it depends for its life upon a single industry, and that industry one subject to seasonal shutdowns. At best, many Detroit families are not rich. They find it necessary to contract debts—especially when there is a new baby coming or some one is ill. Yet debt is a serious offense in Detroit. For it means garnishee—and garnishee, in some concerns, means loss of a job.

Under the Michigan law a creditor can attach 70 per cent of a single man's wages and 40 per cent of a married man's. Not more than thirty dollars of a married man's biweekly wages is exempt. And, by repeated garnisheeing, a creditor can take as much as 60 per cent of a married man's wages—and make him pay two dollars for each judgment, and two fifty for each garnishment order.

Who are these creditors? Usually furniture and clothing and jewelry concerns employing "high-pressure salesmen." "Gyp firms." Not that all such concerns in Detroit are gyps, but some are. It is seldom the doctor, the local butcher or grocer that seeks to garnishee.

Here's a man with a wife and two children. He gets sixty dollars every two weeks. He gets along all right so long as there's work. Along comes a salesman from one of these gyp houses. He induces the wife to buy an electric refrigerator. The woman signs a paper, agreeing to pay one dollar down and one dollar a month. Nothing is said to her about interest, about collection charges, about other fees. Nor is she given the idea that she is being charged three or four times the actual value of the refrigerator.

She pays religiously for a time. Then her husband is laid off. She can't make another payment. The company gets judgment against her husband. Not right away. Not until he goes back to work again. They garnishee his first week's pay. Incidentally, the refrigerator is "repossessed" and sold to somebody else. That doesn't matter in the least—the woman and her husband continue paying the balance due whenever the husband gets a job.

Meantime, in order to get rid of this debt, husband and wife may borrow money from a loan company—at 2½ or 3½ per cent a month. They sign a note promising to pay so much every week, or every month. Cases arise in which they give the loan company, whether they know it or not, a "collateral mortgage" on their furniture. If they miss one payment, the entire balance becomes due, and the loan company can take the furniture out of the house.

They sometimes do miss a payment, but the loan companies are usually content merely to threaten. They know a man will beg, borrow, or steal rather than have his furniture taken. They're pretty sure of their money.

The debt runs on. Interest piles up. Judge Gillis has in his possession many documents to show how interest at 2½ or 3½ per cent a month (30 per cent or 42 per cent a year) mounts up.

"Here's an exhibit," he says, "showing that the debtor borrowed $300. He has paid $382.64 in principal and interest—mostly interest. And he still owes $194.38—$77.50 on the principal, and $116.88 in interest."

It was on account of these conditions that the "poor man's court" was established. Judge Gillis conceived the idea and fought bitterly for the court's creation. And he pronounces it a distinct success.

"We serve as a collection agency," he says. "The poor man pays his debts. We fix the amount of the payments, based on his salary. He pays the money directly to the court clerk.

The story of Detroit's remarkable experiment in solving a problem of poverty

DOCTOR'S FORMULA
QUICKLY RELIEVES ITCHING, BURNING OF
ECZEMA

30 YRS. CONTINUOUS SUCCESS

If skin on your face, legs, arms or hands is covered with red, scaly, itching Eczema like left above and you'd like it lovely and smoother like right—see your Doctor about proper diet (such as one free from rich gravies and pastries), drink plenty of water AND to help nature promote faster healing BY ALL MEANS use powerful antiseptic *liquid* Zemo, famous original formula of Dr. J. H. Rose.

Soothing, cooling Zemo brings quick relief from even intense itching. It contains 18 different, speedy-acting, effective medicants long valued for aiding the healing of pimples, acne, ringworm and other annoying skin irritations of external origin. Even cases other products didn't help report prompt results with Zemo.

Stainless, *invisible*—leave Zemo liquid on day or night while it wonderfully helps your skin. Only 35¢. Real severe cases may need the $1.25 Extra Strength. All drug stores.

WAKE UP
YOUR LIVER BILE
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

KEEN FOR DRY HAIR!
VEG-E-LAY HAIR DRESSING
The Perfect Hair Groom

SUMMER sun and winds are hard on hair. Lucky Tiger Veg-E-Lay corrects dry hair—makes it look better—stay groomed longer—checks loose dandruff and tones the scalp. Costs little at all good druggists or barbers.

THEY ENJOY LIVING
Liberty is read by the eager millions, the people who do more, go more, want more. They're the Heart of Your Volume Market.

ROLL DEVELOPED Eight Guaranteed Prints. Two Beautiful Professional Enlargements 25c. Very quick service. Expert workmanship.
PERFECT FILM SERVICE, LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

We keep a record of each payment. We keep him from being garnisheed—so long as he keeps paying."

A debtor comes into the court immediately after judgment has been found against him, before his wages can be garnisheed. The creditor must wait five days after judgment before he can garnishee.

"What's your name?" Judge Gillis asks him. "Where are your papers, your account books? Didn't they give you a little book when you signed the note? The book they keep your payments in?"

This man speaks only Polish. One of the clerks talks to him. He produces his book. Judge Gillis glances at it, smiles, hands it back.

"Thirty dollars for a suit of clothes," he says. "That the suit? Brother, you got stung. I see you owe $48.13 for it. Interest pretty high. You working now?"

Yes, he's working. He's making forty dollars every two weeks. The clothing company has secured a judgment against him. They're going to garnishee.

"Married?" the judge asks. "Any children?"

The man is married and has six children.

"Owe anything else?"

Yes. He owes the landlord, the butcher, the grocer, the coal man, and the doctor.

"All right," the judge says. "Pay fifty cents every payday on that suit. Remember, if you don't pay, they'll garnishee you. It'll take you eight years to pay, or maybe more. I don't care about that. I never did like gyps. But you keep paying, and they can't touch you. Next case."

The next case is a young woman, pretty but tired-looking and shabbily dressed. Her husband has a part-time job. He gets twenty dollars every second week. There are three children in the family. A jeweler has served her husband with a judgment notice for $100.59—which includes two dollars court costs.

"It's about this ring, judge," she says. "My husband bought it for me. He paid one hundred dollars for it. We made a lot of payments on it, but we still owe nearly one hundred dollars."

"Let's see it," Judge Gillis says. "Do you owe anything else?"

"Yes. One hundred and fifty dollars to a loan company. Forty dollars to a department store. One hundred and twelve dollars to a furniture store."

All the time the judge is examining the ring.

"Nearest thing to pure glass I ever saw in diamonds," he says. "You've been robbed, madam. But there's nothing you can do about it now—nothing but pay. Too late for anything else. And too expensive. But I'll make it easy for you. One dollar every two weeks."

Ten clerks assist the judge in handling the various cases. No case takes long. No case is neglected. No case fails to meet with full judgment.

Sometimes the judge is indignant at the defendant, though more often at the plaintiff.

"Your landlady has been very decent to carry you so long," he'll say to a man. "You pay her the rent regularly hereafter. And four dollars extra every payday to make up the balance."

The plaintiffs in these cases seldom appear. When they do, they are usually landlords, owners of little shops, neighborhood tradesmen.

"The gyp artists are glad to stay out of my court," Judge Gillis says. "They have no more love for me than I have for them. Most of them don't like my methods. They detest being paid in such small amounts as I set for the regular payments. They'd much rather garnishee a man, gouge him periodically—meaning every time he has a new job—and keep him starving. They know I'd send them all to jail if I could."

"You're doing a fine job," a friend said to him. "But why do you let everybody keep his hat on in your court? And why do you let them smoke?"

"Huh!" the judge answered. "That's a hot one. I want these poor people to feel at home in my court. Coming into the Conciliation Division is the first contact most of them have with American institutions. They come for justice, and they're going to get it—and without being made to feel awkward, or humiliated, or subdued. Besides, this doing away with all solemnities and rituals speeds up the work tremendously, and gives everybody a chance to be heard as soon as possible."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 26

1—Samuel Gompers (1850-1924).
2—Yes, although many of them must be educated to the sport.
3—Those of Freddie Bartholomew.
4—Jackie Coogan.
5—Buffalo Bill.
6—Twenty—on Easter Sunday of April, 1918.
7—A Martian.
8—Credit it or else—118 pounds.
9—Johann Rudolf Wyss (1781-1830).
10—Detroit Americans.
11—A volcano.
12—Twenty cents.
13—Citric; acetic; lactic.
14—The race around the world, testing commercial flying routes; the other two newspaper reporters that participated were Dorothy Kilgallen and Leo Kieran.
15—A two-masted vessel of sturdy construction and rigged fore and aft.
16—Charles Robert Darwin (1809-82).
17—Balthazar, Gaspar, and Melchior.
18—The North Pole, inasmuch as the earth is slightly flattened at the poles.
19—The first steam-propelled vehicle (road locomotive) to transport passengers.
20—

Herbert H. Lehman

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

THE Ruby OF SAN ANTONITO

BY FRANCIS CHASE, JR.

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

FERNANDEZ had seen many feast days in his seventy-odd years, and yet on San Antonito's Day the blood rose in his body like sap in a tree when the rains come. For to San Antonito he owed everything.

Slowly he circled the Plaza, past the Hotel Centrale, the Banco Nacional, mingling with the merrymakers. Every one in Panama City knew Fernandez.

At the Cathedral the old Bishop awaited him.

"Good evening, Fernandez. There is no need to sweep tonight. I have closed the windows, so there is nothing more for you to do except to take care of the ruby. Good night, Fernandez, and may God bless you."

"Good night, father, and may God bless you."

The ruby had been left always in its bed in the crucifix, before the *Norteamericanos* had come with their canal and their ships and their tourists. Then some one had been so ungodly as to steal it. It had been recovered, but after that the old Bishop had decided it should be kept in the vault except on each feast day of San Antonito. Then it was placed in its setting, and next day returned to the vault.

In his bare feet—always he took off his shoes when he approached the altar—Fernandez stood on tiptoe to reach the huge ruby just above the head of the suffering Christ. And in the dim light of the candles it seemed truly a precious drop of His blood. Pizarro had found it in the Andes, they said, and had brought it here in honor of his patron, St. Anthony. Slowly Fernandez made his way with it through the gloom to his little bedchamber in the rear. He turned on the light and picked up the evening paper. Of the celebration story he read every word, slowly, laboriously. Then, taking his rosary from the table drawer, he told the beads. It was a lovely rosary that the old Bishop had given him. Its tiny jeweled crucifix sparkled.

He dozed. Suddenly the sound of low voices brought him alertly to his feet. He opened the door.

A man stood on the altar, reaching for the ruby.

As Fernandez set himself for a rush at the vandal, his arms were pinioned to his sides. It would be useless to cry out. Even the rumbling of the great organ could not be heard outside on the steps.

"It ain't here, Kid," said the man on the altar. "They must've taken it back in that room he came out of."

With their guns, they backed Fernandez against the chamber wall. The Kid searched the chamber, but in vain. Returning to Fernandez, he raised his gun steadily to Fernandez' temple.

"We want the ruby, old fellow." His voice was harsh and grating. "And we're givin' you till I count ten. If we don't have it then, I'm shooting. We know it's here, because we seen it just awhile ago. One, two . . ."

Fernandez was praying, more fervently than ever before. Surely San Antonito would come to his aid now!

". . . three . . . four . . . five . . ."

Fernandez' eyes roamed the room, looking for some sign, some omen from his patron.

". . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . ."

His eye fell upon the portrait of San Antonito, reproduced in the evening paper lying on the table. He seemed to be—he was!—smiling. And suddenly Fernandez knew. San Antonito had come to his aid!

". . . nine . . ."

"Don't shoot!" he screamed. "I'll tell!"

The Kid lowered his gun.

The ruby had been taken, Fernandez explained, by its custodian, to be deposited in its vault at the *banco*. Señor Lopez, the cashier, had arranged to meet this custodian in front of the *banco* at nine o'clock and open the doors so that the ruby might be left there for another year.

The custodian was a tall, elderly man, Fernandez said. "You cannot miss him, for he is wearing the armor of a conquistador and in his helmet a white carnation."

"God help you," the Kid threatened, "if you're lying. We'll come back and kill you."

The Kid saw Fernandez' jeweled crucifix on the table. He snatched a piece of the evening paper, wrapped the crucifix in it, and stuffed it into his pocket.

The two hurried across the crowded Plaza to the *banco*, and there was the man.

Somehow they reached his side, pressed their guns into the small of his back.

"The ruby!" the Kid said in his ear. "Give it to me quick or—" He never finished.

In a cell at the police station, they sat mystified. The Kid remembered the crucifix.

"Better get rid of it before they make a real search of us. We're in Dutch enough."

When it was buried in the mattress, they noticed the banner story in the paper in which it had been wrapped:

PRESIDENT TO PARTICIPATE IN FIESTA!

President Madriago Diaz will participate in the fiesta honoring St. Anthony tonight.

Masked and garbed in the armor of a conquistador, with a white carnation in his helmet, the President will alight from his automobile at nine o'clock in front of the Banco Nacional and will mingle with the joymakers in the Plaza for the remainder of the evening.

A heavy cordon of secret service men will guard the Chief Executive . . .

Back in the Cathedral, Fernandez lit five more candles to San Antonito. Then, slowly, he started for his bedchamber, the ruby of San Antonito safe in the chamois bag next to his heart.

THE END

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air. You can hear three dramatizations each week over the following stations: WMCA, New York; WCAU, Philadelphia; WLW, Cincinnati; WLS, Chicago; WHB, Kansas City; KFWB, Los Angeles; KFBK, Sacramento; KMJ, Fresno; KWG, Stockton; KERN, Bakersfield. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

U. S. Treasury Now Answers Business Bureau

VERNON, TEX.—Following is the answer of the Treasury to my inquiry of a month ago concerning the story on the income tax published in Liberty:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Sir: Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of March 13, with which you enclosed a copy of an article appearing in Liberty magazine dated March 19 and invited an answer by the Treasury Department to the "serious challenge" contained in the article.

It is noted that you ask that the answer be directed to the "concrete cases" set forth in the article to give support to the thesis that the Federal income tax has the effect of restricting productive enterprise and employment. The difficulty with doing this is that the Treasury has no information as to these alleged instances except that stated by the writer, which is wholly insufficient for any examination of them as individual cases, either to illustrate hardship on a particular taxpayer or to form a conclusion as to the general effects of tax policy. They must therefore be regarded as purely hypothetical rather than concrete and as such they furnish no basis for supporting any kind of conclusions.

The most important things to observe with respect to the article are (1) that it is based exclusively upon a consideration of the alleged cases cited therein, and (2) that none of these cases has any bearing upon the equity and economic effects of income taxation as such.

The first case, for example, derives its force partly by overestimating the attractiveness of tax-exempt securities ($750,000 invested in the highest grade of tax-exempt securities would yield an income of less than $20,000 annually), and partly by making the entirely gratuitous assumption that the Treasury would overvalue industrial property for the purposes of the estate tax. The estate tax, it should be noted, falls upon so-called tax-exempt securities equally with all other types of property. Another of the alleged cases cited in the article depends upon the supposition that certain income subjected to taxation was not real but illusory only, while the third complains of failure to allow the offset of previous losses against current income.

It is impossible to inquire further into the merits of these cases for the reason already given, but it should be noted that, even if they should prove to have merit as examples of individual hardship, they have no bearing whatsoever upon the question of whether bona fide current income should be taxed at progressive rates; or whether, in lieu thereof, the Government should be supported principally by excise taxes based upon consumption borne primarily by those least able to pay.—*Herbert E. Gaston, Assistant to the Secretary.*

I wrote to you indicating that my letter had been ignored by the government. It seems I was incorrect.—*Thomas Hudson McKee, Director, Vernon Business Bureau.*

SAKE IS BEER, FRIEND

HONOLULU, HAWAII—One of your Twenty Questions of April 16 asks: "Is sake the native beer or whisky of which country?" and you say: "The native beer of Japan."

Sake is not a beer; sake is a wine. May I suggest you check this?—*S. O. Halls.*

[Webster's Dictionary says sake is "the chief alcoholic beverage of the Japanese, a kind of beer made by the fermentation of rice. It is usually drunk hot."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

SPIRITUALIST DOESN'T FIND HUMOR

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—May I protest against an alleged humorous story titled Free Air from a Taxi Pilot (May 7 Liberty) in which a Spiritualist séance is burlesqued?

To sincere Spiritualists this article must be very distressing, as it was to me. To present a term or number of terms associated with Spiritualism in such a manner as to infer that séances are fakes and are held to defraud the believing public certainly is ridiculing the religion.

I respect all religions and do not oppose or ridicule them, and I ask the same treatment of mine.—*Floyd Thornton, Jr., Pastor, First Spiritualist Church.*

SWING MUSIC FOR CANNIBALS

TUCSON, ARIZ.—I was very much interested in what Margaret Robbins had to say in April 30 Vox Pop regarding the swing bands murdering the beautiful classics and old ballads. She called it sacrilegious, which I consider is putting it rather mildly.

I would say it sounds as though all Dante's Inferno had let loose. I sometimes feel it would be a good thing to deport these swing bands to the jungles of Africa or maybe, better still, to some cannibal island.

The natives might enjoy the noise these "musicians" make before broiling them.—*C. H. Dailey.*

THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN PRAYER

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Allow me to congratulate your staff for the courageous presentation of an article entitled Was This Child's Life Saved by Prayer? (April 2 Liberty). The writer is not a dogmatist nor a religious faddist—but a simple believer in a divine source of supply in every need when properly invoked.—*R. F. Williams.*

MOUNDS, ILL.—Liberty has one of the broadest-minded editors in America today. Such articles as Harold G. Hoffman's self-defense articles, the Oxford Movement, How to Keep Out of War, Blessed Are the Peacemakers, Was This Child's Life Saved by Prayer? and many others lead me to believe this about you. —*Arvle Sowers.*

DETROIT, MICH.—During the past week I have read and reread your article on Was This Child's Life Saved by Prayer? so many times that I almost know it by heart.—*Erwin G. Boehning.*

[Among hosts of others who wrote us on this subject of prayer were: Mrs. William Loesch, Troy, N. Y.; Clinton A. Johnson, Bakersfield, Calif.; William J. MacAllister, Cleveland Heights, Ohio; Mrs. B. R. Newsome, Valrico, Fla.; J. R. Quinan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Jane Sibley, San Carlos, Calif.; E. D. Roberts, Atlanta, Ga.; Georgia B. Hurrie, Cincinnati, Ohio; S. Henry, Mount Ephraim, N. J.; Miss Pat Sturgeon, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. R. S. Harris, Houston, Tex.; Mrs. H. Weber, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. L. Gallemore, Macon, Ga.; Ida M. Hunt, Pleasantville, N. J.; Babette M. Martin, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. J. E. Hendren, Richmond, Ky.; Mrs. L. Wolf, Kansas City, Mo.; Anna L. Gerhard, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dora M. Wilson, Tucson, Ariz.; Sloan Simpson, Wadsworth, Kan.; Sydney Maugham, Saskatoon, Sask.; Bessie Gorman, Batavia, Ia.; George Burleigh, Duluth, Minn.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

THE COST OF DRESSING A CHIC MISSOURI FARMER

SLATER, MO.—Did you ever stop to think what it costs to dress a chic little Missouri farmer? The average well dressed farmer sells a cow, stalls the bank off on the mortgage, and outfits himself somewhat as follows:

1 suit every 20 yrs. @ $20	$1.00
2 pr. overalls @ $1.25 per pr.	2.50
3 shirts @ 75¢ each	2.25
1 pr. shoes @ $2.50	2.50
1 pr. overshoes every 2 yrs., @ $2.50	1.25
2 suits underwear @ $1	2.00
1 coat every 5 years @ $5	1.00
1 hat every 10 years @ $5	.50
1 dozen pr. gloves	1.00

Oh, yes! Hankies. We'll be generous and allow him two of the pretty red kind at 10¢ each. The total, $14.20, plus 28¢ and 4 mills tax, would make a grand total of $14.48 and 4 mills.

Beat that, Miss Marjorie Hillis, in your next Liberty article.—*William Keith.*

IS RED HAIR POPULAR?

TOPEKA, KAN.—Has it ever occurred to you that the heroine of most every fiction story has red hair? If not the heroine, the hero; if not the hero, it is some member of the cast. Does that have some significance? Does it mean red hair is popular?—*Mrs. Ray C. Dunlap.*

DO LAWYERS STOP THE TRUTH?

CARDIFF, CALIF.—Arthur T. Vanderbilt says in April 30 Liberty: Why Blame the Lawyers?

Because law is made by and for the benefit of lawyers, Mr. Vanderbilt.

Let me ask the American Bar Association: Why is it that all witnesses are required to take an oath to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and then almost always are prevented from doing so by lawyers?—*Hamilton Stark.*

TOO MANY DRINKS

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Your magazine has improved considerably since you quit publishing those blood-and-thunder stories where the hero of the Foreign Legion, etc., kills forty or fifty men himself and manages to get out alive although outnumbered twenty to one.

I like all your stories and articles now running, but in Murder Lady it seems Les and Laura are always either taking a drink, getting ready to take one, or just through having had about fifteen or twenty.

Give us some more articles like Doctors Don't Tell, where people don't need to take a drink every time they turn around.—*J. B. Price.*

WANTS CONTEST IN AMERICAN HISTORY

TULSA, OKLA.—In some of your contests, why not promote a series of cartoons picturing incidents in American history? Such a contest would promote Americanism to a certain extent and remind us of the process of our growth.—*W. H. Peck.*

We Salute Brave Officers of the Law But Our Valor Medal Is for Citizens

FAIRLAWN, OHIO—I read your article in February 12 Liberty about Dr. Hardy, the dentist who shot a bandit. If officers of the law are eligible for your award, Verne Cross, of the detective bureau of the Akron Police Department, might qualify. Here is the story, as told me by Mayor Lee D. Schroy of Akron:

"About a month ago four lads held up an East Akron restaurateur named Pantages. The restaurateur hesitated a moment and was shot. The four bandits escaped, and no one had recognized them. But Cross went to work and checked with the eyewitnesses. How were the bandits dressed? How tall? Were there any distinguishing characteristics? Yes, one bandit had carried a gun with a long nickel-plated barrel. Cross sent out men to interview all the known gun fanciers near by. Had any one tried to sell them a nickel-plated gun? Yes, one man finally said—a lad named George. George who? After much effort they got the last name, but no address. Further sleuthing brought this. Then Cross, knowing that a highwayman goes quietly home after an escapade, waited until two thirty and went to George's house—got the lad and his family out of bed. 'Where's your gun, George?' he asked. George looked for a moment and then said, 'Down cellar.' They got the gun and the boy and the three others, and within twenty-eight hours of the original hold-up the lads had given a full confession to the local D. A. They have just had their trials: death for the killer, and a life sentence for the others."

Want a close-up of Verne Cross? He's a home-trained man who has what it takes up under his hat.—*Fred B. Barton.*

LAFAYETTE, IND.—I would place in nomination the name of Paul Minneman. It was Minneman in company with a deputy sheriff who followed the Brady gang after the robbery of a bank at Goodland, Indiana, and overtook them near a country church.—*Ralph H. Schaupp.*

[We have had many nominations of police officials for our Valor Medal, and while we are happy to give fullest recognition and praise to these heroes in every way possible, the conditions of our award restrict it to those not in official capacity who merit a public testimony for "Valor in Citizenship."—Vox Pop Editor.]

EVEN HARD FOR HOUDINI

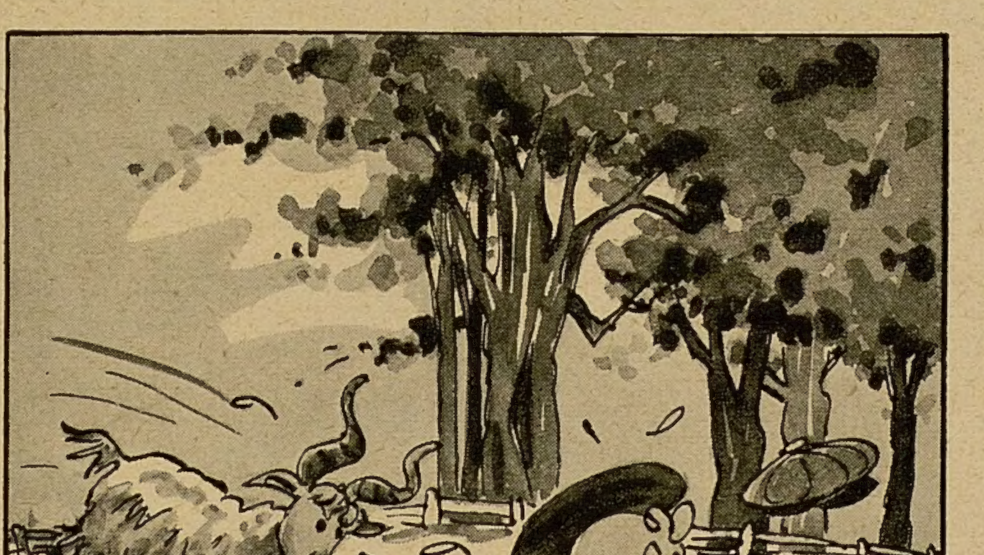
CHICAGO, ILL.—I have read the article entitled What Happened to Ellis Parker, by Fred Allhoff (May 7 Liberty), in which is related a so-called true story of one of Ellis Parker's cases, the William Giberson murder mystery.

Something is radically wrong here—either the story is not correctly related or it is a hoax. From the facts as related, William Giberson was found shot to death in his bedroom, and his wife, *tied hand and foot,* was found in the adjoining kitchen. Yet Parker by logical deduction showed that she, and she alone, committed the murder.

Will you please advise your intelligent reading public how Mrs. Giberson, after killing her husband, could securely tie herself hand and foot and scream for help? I doubt that even Houdini could have done this trick.—*Otto Fetting, Attorney at Law.*

[No great trick is secure self-tying (hands in front), as Mr. Fetting, if he possesses twine, good teeth, may well discover for himself.—FRED ALLHOFF.]

"HARDTACK"



"I get to school about five minutes quicker by cuttin' through here."

MYTH OF FINLAND'S WAR DEBT

SEATTLE, WASH.—Notify A. B. Zingg (April 23 Vox Pop) that he is writing rubbish about Finland's "war debt." Finland owes no war debts; purchased a million dollars' worth of goods from the United States left in Europe after the Armistice, and is paying for them on the installment plan.

This myth is exhibited once a year to discredit other nations, chiefly Great Britain, who has paid over two billion dollars on her "war debt" already.—*Leland F. Gribble.*

Joe Louis, Max Schmeling, and Tyrone Power's Mother

WHERE COULD YOU meet those three together? . . . Probably nowhere else in the world except in the pages of Liberty next week. . . . The two gladiators come forward to tell you frankly of their plans to win the big fight. . . . IT'S REVENGE I'M AFTER is the title of the Brown Bomber's forecast of his own ring strategy in the projected fight. . . . I'LL DO IT AGAIN is the phrase that Maxie uses for the title of his piece. . . . Both men are doing it again, as far as Liberty is concerned. . . . Fight fans will remember that back in June, 1936, the two fighters wrote similar pieces; Max practically foretold the round in which he would knock out his Negro antagonist. . . . Let's hope one or the other is equally accurate this time. . . . Let's hope it doesn't rain . . . and that the fight is really held . . . and that the best man wins. . . . And Mrs. Patia Power? . . . We don't know if she will listen to the fight, but we do know that every mother, every son, should listen to her. . . . HOW I RAISED TYRONE POWER is the subject of her piece and it is the most candid confession of its kind we have ever published. . . . The issue next week will be crowded with good things. . . . James Edward Grant begins an exciting three-part serial, CRACKPOT, and there are equally exciting installments of RENDEZVOUS AT ARMS, HER GENTLEMAN SECRETARY, and DEAD MAN'S LOG. . . . The two short stories, RESPITE FROM GLAMOUR, by Alice Douglas Kelly, and THE PASSWORD WAS CANARY, by Jack Leonard, are, we think, exceptionally good. . . . Kitty Doner tells her story of a gallant fight and the discovery of happiness in an amazing manner. . . . Walter Karig gives us a timely article, ARMAGEDDON AGAIN! and Fred Allhoff brings the series of articles about Detective Parker to an exciting climax. . . . From " L. S." in Milwaukee comes this post card:

> I represent a group of Milwaukee readers that think Liberty is the nuts! It's fearless, frank, refreshing, and even amusing. And up to the present issue we've cheerfully, in fact eagerly, squandered our nickels. Frankly, we like short fiction. Therefore our enthusiasm reached a peak when you began printing those delightful Two-Minute Stories and we resented it when you began to cheat us of them. But we kept buying your mag in the hopes of seeing an occasional one, ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT THIS WEEK'S ISSUE DOES NOT EVEN CONTAIN THE USUAL SHORT SHORT! How about it?

We receive about one hundred short shorts a day and half as many two-minute yarns. . . . Our staff reads them all. . . . If they are not good enough, they go back. . . . And sometimes none that we get are good enough! . . . But short shorts and two-minute stories are standard Liberty equipment and you can almost always count on them. . . . RECENTLY WE LEARNED to play a famous Hollywood game during a cheerful week-end with the Marches, Fredric and Florence. . . . It's the one about slogans and quotations. . . . Two teams of players are chosen and quarantined in separate rooms. . . . In a third room sits the Head Man, who composes a list of six phrases or titles known to all. . . . A typical list: 1. None but the brave. 2. Mayor Hague. 3. Differential calculus. 4. Economic royalists. 5. You just know she wears them. 6. Anschluss. . . . Now come in the captains of each team and the first phrase is whispered in their ears. . . . They must then return to their companions, speak no word, and merely by signs and antics convey the secret phrase. . . . As soon as one person guesses correctly, he or she rushes out to the Head Man, speaks the phrase, rushes back to the team, and tries to convey the second phrase. . . . The team finishing No. 6 first is the winner. . . . Sometimes a team is victor by a second, a photographic finish. . . . Other times it is a dead heat. . . . Sounds complicated and silly, but it is neither. . . . We have never seen anything that will so quickly make self-conscious people forget their inhibitions. . . . Wish you could have seen your friend, Frederick L. Collins, trying to give a realistic interpretation of " O death, where is thy sting? " . . . WE ENJOYED A VISIT recently with Edward Matthews, once a professor in Antioch College, now head of a shoemaking guild which includes Sonja Henie as an enthusiastic customer. . . . Matthews has theories about feet. . . . Every one walks, but not one in a thousand knows how to walk correctly. . . . Posture, placement of bodily weight, steering with the great toes, all are a part of his theory. . . . He considers the feet the literal foundation of health. . . . One must learn to walk like a savage. . . . Or like a tiger. . . . Or like Matthews himself, a graceful walker and a zealot on his chosen subject. . . . We have felt in better health ever since we walked the way Matthews taught us to walk. . . .

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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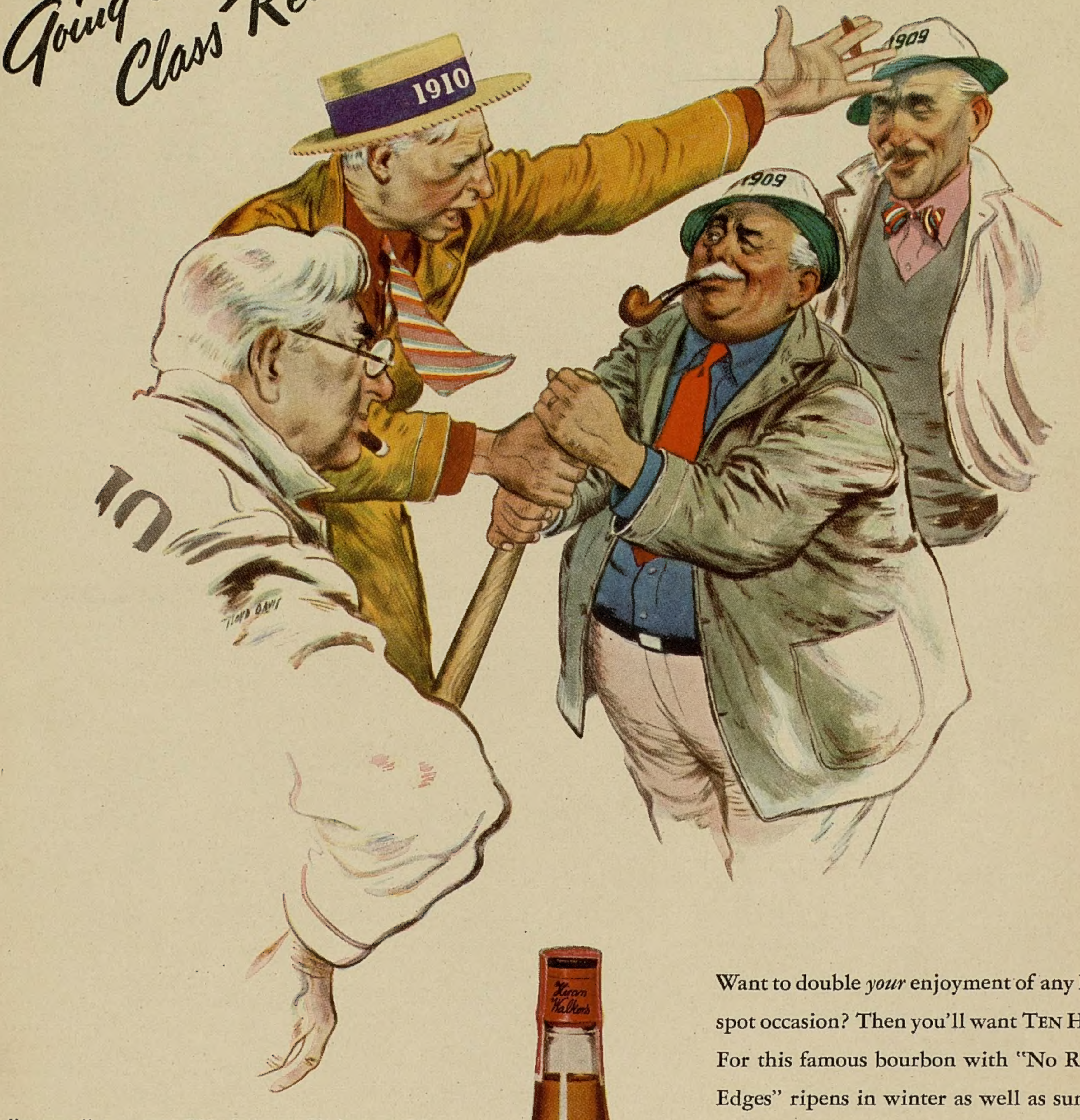
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

Going to your Class Reunion?


1910
1909
1909
10
FLOYD DAVIS

"POKEY" PARRISH: *"No fair, you little weasel! I saw you sneak that hand in!"*

BILL BEMIS: *"Aw, quit stalling! We're going to beat the stuffing out o' you guys, and then Double Our Enjoyment with a round of Ten High at your expense... Batter up!"*

Want to double *your* enjoyment of any high-spot occasion? Then you'll want TEN HIGH! For this famous bourbon with "No Rough Edges" ripens in winter as well as summer in modern weather-controlled rackhouses, week after week, month after month, in the world's largest distillery!

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THIS WHISKEY IS 2 YEARS OLD
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STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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Double your enjoyment with

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THE HIGH-SPOTS OF LIFE CALL FOR TEN HIGH

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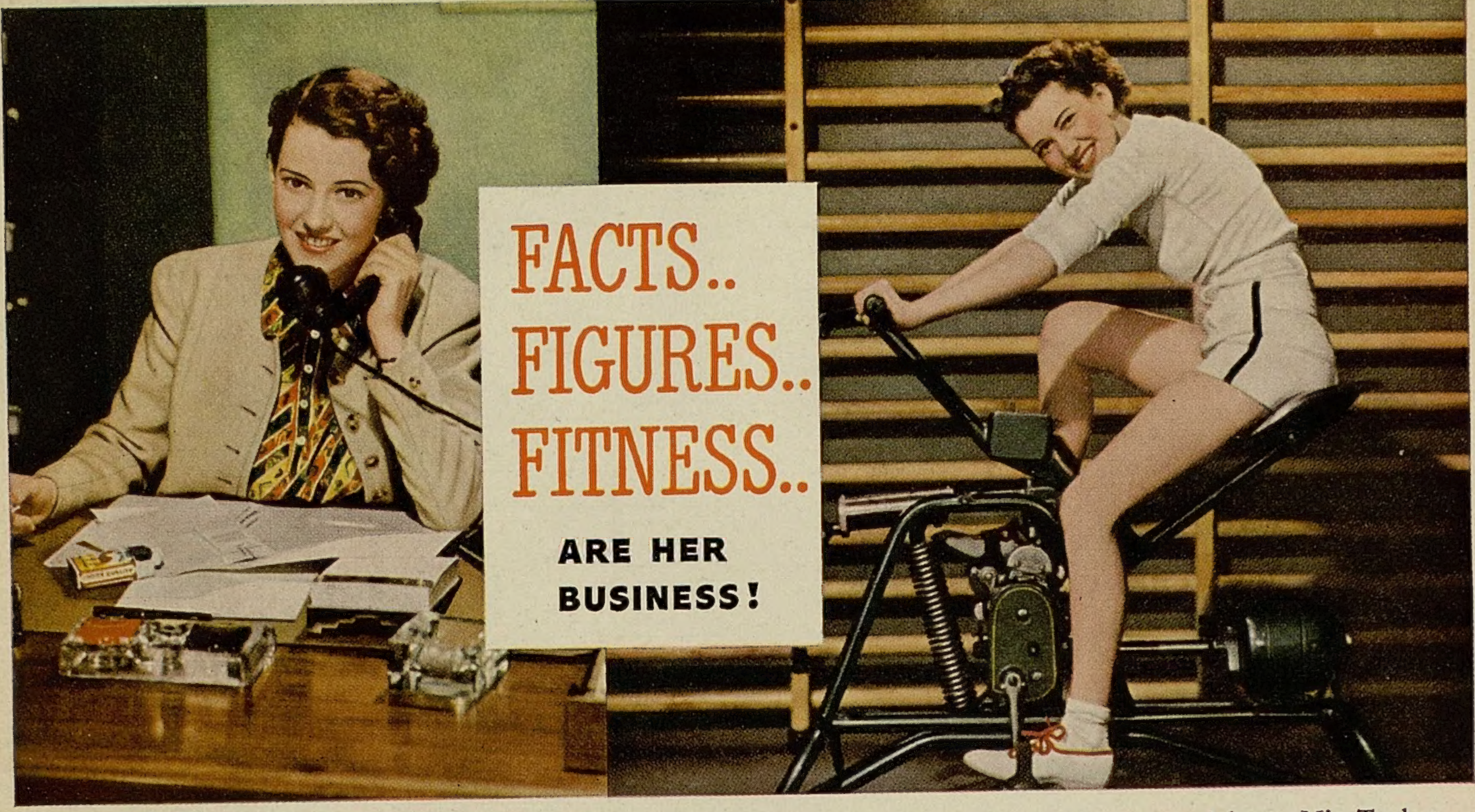

FACTS.. FIGURES.. FITNESS..

ARE HER BUSINESS!

BUSINESS GIRL—1938 MODEL—Office manager Olive Tucker keeps disarmingly calm despite nerve-nagging phones, buzzers, interviews. "If anyone needs healthy nerves, I do," Miss Tucker smiles. "That's one reason why I smoke Camels. They never get my nerves upset." Later—much later—Miss Tucker skips to the roof-top gym for a quick work-out. Next—shower—rub—a Camel—and she's off again! Tired? Miss Tucker's answer: "Camels give my energy a refreshing 'lift.'"

Cigarettes may *look* alike—but what an appealing difference there is in Camels!

As a smoker, you'll be interested to read what Miss Tucker, successful young office manager, said to Miss MacGregor about the difference between Camels and other cigarettes (at right).

WELKER COCHRAN, who has won many championships at billiards, says about *his* choice among cigarettes: "Camels give me *real* smoking pleasure. Under the strain of a championship match, Camels never make me feel jittery or unsure of my 'touch.' 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel' too!"

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic

"Olive, do you always serve Camels because you feel that there's a big difference between Camels and other cigarettes?"

"I'm very glad you've brought that question up, Helen. I've tried many kinds of cigarettes, and I'm amazed at how *different* Camels are. Camels are extra-mild—they never bother my throat. And Camels taste good, yet never leave that 'cigaretty' aftertaste. In so many ways, Camels *agree* with me."

THERE ARE LOTS of Camels around Miss Tucker's living room. Miss Tucker says: "Camels are the favorite with my guests and are delightful for topping off a meal. I smoke Camels 'for digestion's sake.'"

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER "CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!"

"You bet Camel is our choice of cigarettes," say these tobacco planters—and they *know* tobacco because they *grow* it!

Mr. George Crumbaugh, well-known planter, had his best tobacco crop last year. He says: "Camel bought the choice lots—paid more than I ever got before. Camel's the cigarette I smoke myself. Fact is, most planters favor Camels."

"I know the tobacco in various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, 19 years a grower. "Camel got my choice grades last year—and many years back. I know Camels are made from MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS."

Last year, Mr. Walter Devine says, his tobacco brought highest prices. "Camel took my best lots," he says. "Other planters also got top prices from Camel for choice grades. I'm partial to Camels. Most growers here are too."